

Michael McGuire

"The Little Picture"

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THE LITTLE PICTURE

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From his eyes; the light that pities the earth; enters a
man's being, all
he knows is informed by this hallowed heat of heaven,
his way untold;
the burden of his concrete singularity incommunicable,
born of Adam's
star; to walk the street of his days in songs of ecstasies
and unsung
agonies.
Becoming a reckoned wonder; abjuring the abstract
resources of fate,
a man baths in his tenuous gathering of motions and
musings, in
hopes to conduct the nexus of his flesh to his fantasy,
and in the
wandering thereof he is every stranger's mirror and a
fixture of god's
focused hunger.
The emptied oceans of his love; testimony of his
drained benevolence,
he builds upon stone; labors upon thought; in keeping
with his will, his
works and aspirations nurse and bleed his exponential
cravings, the
wending of routine avenues offers the dialectics of his
own particular
puzzle.
In the vast backyard compendium of his glorified vision
subsumed in
simple sight, he is the bones of the atlas; the tilt of the
un-massed
earth, all things that swim in the eye of his canvas and
break from the
song of his brush, he is artist only; despot; god of all
design by
passional fiat.
Breathing antinomian; he contains the chaos and order
of his own
figured cosmos, with no reference to calculate the
fragile frame of his

soul, in the daily gestation of his bread he construes no
divinity in his
own demise, put to the heat of suns he will burn in his
instant; despite
their eternity,
Written into the machine language of waiting; is the
wholesale
disconnect of days, this is the dowry of his soft
equilibrium; the
figurative continuity, elemental mercy graces every
constructive
tendency of his motion, one solar spasm in a star a
million light years
away and he would carry a different soul.
The euthanized eons of time's dream's suffer his
brief waking, the
trifles of filling empty time and bills to pay; all he owes
is what he is,
the sum of his wishes an investment on what he could
be; but where
there are bills there are bill collectors, all he does will
some day be
dreams for the dust to dismantle and distribute back to
the dreaming,
The history that is built in his day may not notice nor
mark his little
life, all he knows and feels feeds the captured animal
of his
unknowable soul, the intimate voice of the god of his
consciousness;
only he knows it's music, and the empire of his
senses erupt and
erode; moments to memories to decay then dust and
nothingness
eternal.

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