

Michael McGuire

"The Way Of The World"

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Man seems like a speck in the universe, his death is a
blessing his life is a
curse, born into a world of for each his own, take
anybody else's but leave
mine alone.
Like a blind runner into this race were hurled, you
better run fast or you'll
hold up the way of the world.
Paradise was lost because man wanted to be god, now
the best we can do
is decorate the land of Nod, it's a serious job for the
serious minded, and
a futile job for the furious minded.
Like a fat rat around which a snake is curled, you'll be
squeezed to death
if you get caught by the way of the world.
But it's such a tragedy, this sorrowful symphony, who
knows what it's
supposed to be, it don't make no sense to me, I try
making the best of it,
but it all seems full of shit, maybe I'm a masochist,
cause I just cant seem
to quit.
Check out the view from the edge of a knife, one sides
living one side life,
the universe is just a speck in my mind, and what's
good for the man is
good for mankind.
Yet these faithful flags are unfurled, you'll get run
over if you stand in the
way of the world

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