

Michael McGuire "This Time Last Year"

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THIS TIME LAST YEAR

If the universe was measured in inches per light years,
I guess there
would be no way to separate the tissues from the tears,
suffering is our
travelogue whether we park or roam, the path of our
pilgrimage
becomes the habit of our home.
Dreams inextricable webbed into your memories, we
wander the
stripped guts of time.
There were no epiphanies just the milk of daily bread,
just the metered
rhymes of the hauntings of my head, Iâ€™m a hundred
years older than I
was this time last year, I still no not where I am but I
feel Iâ€™m something
near.
Nothingness divine mothers sensationâ€™s plague, till
we slip the bonds of
time incognito.
If what I am is any reference to what I used to be, I
guess all those little
moments are still locked inside the mass of me, I take
a mirror and hold
it to the stars of the ever dreaming night, and the
suffrage of time is
nowhere there in sight.
The dead are the mute prompt of the living will or no.
the atrophy of
years belies the quantum leap of days and draws the
going from the go,
the past gathers itâ€™s worship like any sacred cow, but
this time last year
will always be now.

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