

Michael McGuire "This Weary World"

Visit "[This Weary World](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

THIS WEARY WORLD

The days run river with time's casual urgency,
prolonging agonies;
feeding dreams, if we could deconstruct the moment
to the
components of it's making, time is the predicament
we would find
ourselves in, all this losing is exhausting we suffer
each our own
indentured Eden, doomed and bound to find a healing
quality in the
very venom, for if there is to be a heaven this earth
must be thy
vessel, and it looks long and long upon the survey of
this despair.
I cant for the life of me, look past the misery, of this
weary world.
Demographic dogma unbinds the spiritual synergy,
casting our souls
to wander the wilderness alone, breeding false gods to
reckon our
own device, and gorge our gut at the expense of our
brother's need,
huddled in a hush of electric river gospel, the binary
blueprint the
ego's architect, falling forward of the uncertain
gravity of improvised
empires, with the very flight that we seek determined
by the scorched
earth skies of our wrecked aviation.
I cant for the life of me, understand the stupidity, of
this weary world.
Deformed hulks of ancient engines litter the newborn
works, the
placenta of the receded flood echos birth agonies, with
the glossolalia
of infinite decimal babel, lost civilizations in white noise
transistor
transit, just the background radiation of the frenetic
friction of the
motion, fueled in it's own exhaust a market driven

matrix of waste,
puzzling over the exhumed fossils of ancestral demise,
making mystic
tellings of fallen fortunes in lieu of the virgin's
currency.
I cant for the life of me, feel hope in the posterity, of
this weary
world.
This chronic forecast is meaning's barren tongue,
each broad band
docket a custom dialect of nonsense, source signal
decoded at the
end user's discreet demolition, this agency of baptism
sanctifies the
victim's complicity, so what is born of mother love
seeks it's death in
father lust, and this withered beauty gilded in the rust
of obscene
ages, finds no saviour worthy to the title of it's
rescue, just the radio
wave babel that ends up bickering amongst the stars.
I cant for the death of me, explain the immortality, of
this weary
world.

Visit [Michael McGuire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.