

## Michael McGuire "Trial By Ordeal"

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The world is trapped inside my head, it's digging a  
hole to bury its  
dead, the river is pushed with water and blood, wine  
water dreams all  
stuck in the mud, confusion is real in the death colored  
sky, a wedding  
for bridesmaids honeymoon f\*\*\* and die, man talks to  
himself thinks  
it's god talking to him, details of death drawn by his  
dream life whim.  
I know it's happening, I'm not innocent, I know it's  
happening, the  
machine my will.  
Since Sophia died cant get these bloodstains off my  
mind, in the  
residue of her soul there is no trace of humankind, her  
consciousness  
lingers in my head like a ghost, now hell is all that's  
left of the  
heavenly host, angels are circling my head like  
vultures, they fly thru  
the skies of this trash can culture, the river has  
swallowed every  
sinners last breath, blind justice is served by the mercy  
of death.  
I know it's happening, I'm not innocent, I know it's  
happening, the  
machine my will.  
Don't live for that moment never is now, we never  
knew why so we  
figured out how, I did my best it never amounted to  
much, trying to  
teach my feelings how to touch, but this god spinning  
globe this ink  
rot map, smelled like the bait and turned out to be the  
trap, words  
commit suicide and news cheats on his wife, they took  
the dead body  
of Babylon and brought it back to life.  
I know it's happening, the machine my will, I'm not  
innocent, trial by  
ordeal.

Taken in the night by a horse with no rider, the moon  
whispers her  
shape and suddenly Iâ'm right there beside her, I know  
your dying lover  
will you die for me, I will do anything to set your beauty  
free, than take  
down my hair and wrap it around your throat, and jump  
into the river  
and see if you can float, if you don't I'll kill you  
quickly if you do I'll  
choke you slow, because there's only here for me no  
matter where you  
go.  
It don't mean nothing and it thinks it means me, this  
drop dead night I  
could never see, my mind is near I can hear it mumble,  
the storm is  
coming I can hear it rumble, Christ has turned the  
water to rust, the  
second coming the gospel lust, I feel different now  
more star than  
light, I'm as heavy as the belly of the night, take a  
killers kiss and then  
burn your lips, pump your dead man's semen  
between her hips, this  
globe now hangs in empty space, no judge drunk jury  
to hear our case,  
I feel the night eternal hush, I saw the last virgin blush,  
a world for a  
world and an eye for an eye, we lived the way that we  
wanted to die.  
It's happening, virgin, Sophia, god, world, death,  
gate of god.

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