

Michael McGuire

"Underground Heaven"

Visit "[Underground Heaven](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's all the roman passions trapped in the rusted chain
link of suburbia,
an angel equipped with the common limbs of erotica,
thump of a bass
drum picks up the pulse of her unlabeled parts, she
plays for the erected
tower of a man behind a mask behind the motor of
hearts.
Who has just met a girl on the internet, who says her
modem is always
wet, who's secrets he would love to pet, the shadow
of his smile is met.
His redemption as big as god forgiving the smallness
of her life, lost in
the fluid hands of lethe no ones mother or wife, in this
feast of flesh and
abstract touch and feel, thought and time collapse on
themselves and
sensation is the measure of the real.
Tonight the club meets at midnight, she thinks as she
sits at the traffic
light, aroused by the touch of her memory's sight,
can't wait to melt into
the moonlight.
The dogma of his nature the lust for the wives of Cain,
he craves the
unloaded caress of a storm that breaks some new
lovers rain, la fiesta the
sense of sound drown in the depth of music wild, in
this orgy of wine
wedded lovers egos are parked where bodies are
piled.
Tonight we bring home the nearest star, underground
to the core to heal
the scar, of the life that has kept you from who you are,
the light that
never travels this far.

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

