The Muse

John McArthur

God's work is plans
I stand here with a man that talked to me so candidly
More than you need to.
My lips once roosed
I feel again the blues of longing, ever longing, to be confused
He wrote me a letter
Saying he would love me better
When my poor sons begetter the rules
Spoke of love like hunger
He at once was younger, ever younger, in my hunger for a muse

Finest man that I've seen ever since my eyes have been
But his honesty did gleam me blind
Keep those thoughts from sight
Follow me into the night
And you can call on me when you need the light
Don't you be scared of me
I'm nothing but the beast
And I'll call on you when I need to feast
You know what I need
Why won't you giveth me?
Must I fall down at your feet and plead?

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