

Songs About the Sunset

Michael McGuire

I've got so much on my mind that belongs somewhere else,
Gets so hard to separate your selflessness from your self,
But if I care so much why do I wonder why I even care at all,
Can you inspire someone to flight that's barely fit to crawl.I'd rather write songs about the sunset,
But this world's crucible needs a poets fire,
I'd rather write songs about your eyes,
But all hark the revolution to inspire.All the people huddle and hungry in the shadows of machines,
Trying to figure out if this is the meaning just what that means,
But we confuse the way it is for the way it has to be,
As if the system's stomach was part of our own biology.I'd rather write songs about the sunset,
But this world's crucible needs a poets fire,
I'd rather write songs about your eyes,
But all hark the revolution to inspire.I'd rather be the scribe that put the stars in the heavens of your dreams,
Instead of the whistle blowing herald singing of these blank verse schemes,
I'd rather be the ghost writer for god's fool just to see you smile,
Instead of the gossip of the devil's patsy throwing some more garbage on the pile.But mankind's petty gods are
all man-made,
His flesh the address to which his debts will be paid,
But now is the time to take his soul to the river,
And turn his death media into the art of a liver.One day I'll write songs about the sunset,
One day I'll sculpt the living beauty of your eyes,
But now I must chant hymns of warring wonders,
For now I must sing the revolution to rise.

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