

Premonition

Ninety Pound Wuss

A quick glance forward
Only lends a hard hand backwards
Leaning not on self alone
Yet feeling sufficient for life giving forces
Recklessness ends all possibility of future
In this dark age
We've destroyed through murmuring
Gestures which confront ourselves
And I cry out Lord take me now
I know it's the end
She said our time lasts
I guess she proved herself wrong
I thought I know the love of two
I forgot three makes a trinity
Three's a perfect union
I can sense the end in your eyes
I hear your thoughts in my memory
How could I forget
The close proximity of your face
I guess we all stumble sometimes
Lord I cry at your feet

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