

# 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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