

Suspyre, The Spirit

Should the images remember her
And pull threads of my expressions
The songs never touched her scented skins
In regret of strong emotions

She prides herself on desert skies
Finds pleasures in the sunsets of her mind
Drinks the weeping tears of fallen men
The spirit with the breath of life

Alto saxophone solo: Gregg

I knew before the spirit took her
I saw right through her azure eyes
The warm vibrations that came in floods
Her songs that rained in tearful lines

The sands of her...
The dreams of her...
The darkness of her...
The spirit of her...

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