

# The Spirit

Suspyre

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 fire

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...

Vocal descent: Ceara Crandall-Johnson