

## Spinnerette

### "Moving Spirit"

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Shallow minds tighten the grip  
Killing the last of the poets  
He fell down to his knees  
And drowned in the cold concrete flow

I long for what's untouched by man  
I will dismiss answers based on nothing-ground  
I forge dreams to uncoil

I long for what's untouched by man  
I even seek answers where they may not be found  
I roam these virgin soils

Atlas shrugged, I could feel  
Clouds fell from the mourning sky  
They're closing all too soon  
All too soon

Leaders of crowds turned stale, unfit to move  
Pathetic freaks endorse dream deceivers  
Antique festered minds  
Reduced to mock desire

Those who create should not corrupt their voice  
Hyped is the feeble imitator  
Seek and you will find  
Beauty to be denied

Bleeding moving spirit  
Man bleed the moving spirit dry  
Bleed the moving spirit  
Man, they bleed the moving spirit... dry

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