

## Suspyre "The Spirit"

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Should the images remember her  
And pull the threads of my expressions  
The songs never touched by 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 falling men  
The spirit with the breath of life

[Alto Saxophone solo: Gregg Rossetti]

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 descant: Ceara Crandall-Johnson]

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