

Peter Green

"The Spirit"

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Such distance to the tips of the fingers,
the ganglion loom jerks inside;
the body grows steadily stranger
but the spirit won't be denied.
That sharp halogen flash jars the eyeball,
the limbs pump in overdrive;
the body grows seemingly weaker
but the spirit won't be denied.
Yeah, the ash-mark stands out on the forehead
as the vacuum sneaks up on the eyes;
the body becomes a constant traitor
but the spirit won't be denied.
And they call that living a normal live,
but normality's not standardised.
Though the body gets ever more root-bound
the spirit won't be denied
Yes, the spirit survives

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