

Manipulation in Time

Suspyre

The Spirit listens to sounds outside her window
As she stands in direction for me
Dressed down before the angels of broken wings
And her movements in shape for the scenes

The Singer wals in walls with shadows on his face
So many thoughts on a distant mind
Mistaken by sanded visions of youth
So overcome by threads of time
(Threads of time...)

Cleansing with all the spirit
To wipe the skin clear of the day
Fade away into the essence
Of the water that runs in pain

Guitar solo: Gregg
Guitar solo: Rich

In a Singer's daydreams we find
We could hang upon her eyes
Wipe away the flesh of her
Colored dark by sweet goodbyes
(Sweet goodbyes)

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