

# The Spirit

Peter Hammill

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 s  
Pirit 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 standardized.  
Though the body gets ever more root-bound  
The spirit won't be denied  
Yes, the spirit survives.

Songwriters

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