

# Spirogyra, Old Boot Wine

Don't be scared of shadows  
Nasty man who look  
Lots of rotten bullies  
Pushing you around  
They will never steal  
what it means to feel  
The wonders of being without  
Where I stand it seems that existence is resistant to despair  
Now I know my life has not been easy  
But at least it has been there  
Sometimes there'll be good times  
Some folks can be kind  
But the wind that blows inside us  
will be blind  
For this time I have waited for ages  
All my ages have been dried  
I've been lost in the swelling of oceans  
All my notion have been hide  
Over every mo hill  
Under every mind  
For the essence of notion is devotion to will

So you see I'm not going to mind it  
Or define it with degrees  
Every inch of being is like old time  
Is the right time to be free