

The Smashing Pumpkins, Lucky 13

The same blood
I suppose
Breaking jars
I'm no good
As the prodigal son
And I know
That you're mesmerized
You had a vision, made these laws
and sanitized, are we above desires
I miss him so

You are so fucked
It has begun
Revolution crawls
All over you
I was asleep
You light up this sky
And scrape out your skull
Your lovely face
Will never be claimed thrice
It was so unlikely doom
Upon my wrists I bear the cross
My losses mount as I climb across the hole
of my own soul

I'll claim my prize
I don't exist
I am divine
A ghost with eyes