

Pumpkins Smashing "Age Of Innocence"

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we dismiss
the backroads
and ride these streets
unafraid
resigned to
scraping paint
from our bones
unashamed
no more the eye upon you
no more the simple man
desolation yes
hesitation no
desolation yes
hesitation no
as you might have guessed
all is never shown
desolation yes
hesitation no
and in my prayers
i dream alone
a silent speech

to deaf ear

if you want love

you must be love

but if you bleed love

you will die love

no more the lie upon you

cast in stone and autumn shade

desolation yes

hesitation no

desolation yes

hesitation no

as you might have sensed

we won't make it home

desolation yes

hesitation no

before the rites of spring

come to mean all things

a little taste of what may come

a meer glimpse of what has gone

cause for the moment we are free

we seek to bind our release

too young to die, too rich to care

too fucked to swear that i was there

desolation yes

hesitation no

desolation yes

hesitation no

as you might have guessed

we won't make it home

desolation yes

hesitation no

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