

Smashing Pumpkins "Lucky 13"

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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

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