

Smashing Pumpkins, Behold! The Night Mare

I've faced the fathoms in your deep
Withstood the suitor's quiet siege
Pulled down the heavens just to please you

Appease You
The wind blows and I know

I can't go on digging roses from your grave
To linger on beyond the beyond
Where the willows weep
And the whirlpools sleep
You'll find me

A course tide reflects sky

And the night mare rides on
And the night mare rides on
With a December black psalm
And the night mare rides on

What I fear is lost here
The wind blows and I know

All you have to do
Is run away and
Steal yourself from me
Become a mystery to gaze into
You're so cruel
In all you do
But still I believe
I believe you

So may you come with your own knives
You'll never take me alive
With all the voice of what is true
Is there nothing I can do?

I can't go on digging roses from your grave
To linger on beyond the beyond
Where the willows weep
And the whirlpools sleep
You'll find me

And the night mare rides on
And the night mare rides on
With a December black psalm
And the night mare rides on

I've faced the fathoms in your deep
Withstood the suitor's quiet siege
Pulled down the heavens just to please you
To hold the flower I can't keep