

The Smashing Pumpkins, Glass And The Ghost Children

To the center of the earth
Or anywhere god decides
Full of fever pulling forth
We hear our call as all
To the center of the earth
As if written in
DNA is reaching out
To your frequency
I want to live
Don't want to die
I want to live
I want to try
All in prayer
Prayer in all
All are scared
Scared of all
Black rooms are calling
To men in leather coats
White labs are cooking up the silver ghost
The glass migrates under her translucent skin
And all the spiders wonder what we've got us in
All is you
You are all
All with you
You in all
I want to live
I don't want to die
I want to live
I want to try

So beats the final coda
Of a vinyl storm
One more cherry cola to lift up her dead arms
A dream of soft focus sunsets filters thru the din
We are losing contact as she dials it in
She can hear glass calling
Or is it someone that looks like him
She eyes tv reflection and nods a knowing look
She says it doesn't matter
She never liked her looks
I have seen a thousand fractures
I have seen everything
Cause knowing is its own answer
Love something in a book
There's not much left to ponder
Not much left to cook
As she counted the spiders
As they crawled up inside her
As she counted the spiders
As they crawled up inside her