

# 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