

Anon

Billy Corgan

Love bears a serpent high on holy cross
From whence came loss
Flags of the prophet wave in a bromide march of chromium dusk
Hymns, stay wronged from a cheap funerary arch
Impatient though I am
As your servant I'll breathe fire

Once had
Fools stand
Stand, said I
More than I
More than I can fight
'Cause I won't find more than I

Love bears our serpent high
Love bears our serpent high

Great stands the burden
Poor, the leaden soul
Our cast, windblown
Stoned out of Eden
Storied on every road
To where, once known
Mysts would gather
'Round our tears and tide
As auspicious this form of life
It makes prodigious these paths to I

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