

Archer

Billy Corgan

I'll go under if you go too
Ripped from the sun, yet born anew
You make it so, you make it known
I'll pace these steps with you
Waiting on a teardrop to explode
Be thorn, be hope, be monstrous
Right there where you are
Take flight, take fear, say "all good night, now!"
Right from sleepy hour
Faith has its fire and with it, form
I speak of love, impressed with the fluff
What lies beyond mere days
But far beyond, God waits

The angel strikes beast as any man
On pillored fire come out of ash
I scribed your tome, I aim what strove
To rail against proof
Twistin' round our teardrop as it explodes
Take flight, take fear
Rake slumber right from sleepy eye
Be thorn, be hope, be monsters all
As if there's no desire
I weep for love and it's surreal
Goodbye, dear one, I haven't given up
I'm just the archer for the sun
Where forever is undone