

## Processional

Billy Corgan

The tide was laughing, our shade was sung  
Drummed past a solstice where fairies hum  
Slaved for these masters to evening's rung

Won't you christen me?  
Come on now, christen me  
To the foundings of the valley deep  
Won't you christen me  
And stake your heart on mine  
To places, other times  
It's a long way, it's a long way to get back home

On trails of Eden, sad trumpets blare  
This yearling's burden, a priestly air  
Paid for his masters as autumn's heir  
Won't you carry me?  
Come on now, carry me  
To the foundings of the deepest deep  
Won't you carry me  
And place your heart on mine  
For places, other times  
It's a long way, it's a long way to get back home

Decree Osiris to a fleeing thoth  
I oaked more knowledge than you might have caught

Paid for this master, who is the dawn  
Won't you bury me  
Come on now, bury me  
And stake your heart on mine  
To places, other times  
It's a long way, it's a long way to get back home