

The Spaniards

Billy Corgan

Butcher bows
Sparse trails of haunted conquests
Through gales of spotless sunsets boon
O' gentlemen who suffer bright
It's so here we divvy up the blight
To speak while irons spark
Mark maids, my spoils are given rot
Take me as I am

Fearing aught
Upswept to unlaced bodice
To furies, I gave notice sight
Filled dragons full of graves
With pretty-8's we cried out of grace
Till past was all but kept
'Tis strange, the felled and the effects
Giving blood, yet nothing of the best
Mistook the misdeeds of the blessed
Take me as I am