Haunted

The Smashing Pumpkins

Along the banks of rivers Zion
Sang a fallen and forsworn
The chain
Of human rage
And let between an ocean rain
And lambs so led, I stayed

If this be life, our evening's prayer
Or death's denouement
A thorned idyll that's offered no one
And I've stood for no one
Then father, I'm nowhere
I'm no closer to your throne

Swirling forth, the sea conscripted
Each, the dead and nursery rhyme
At voice
A trailing drone
And baptized by the breath of pain
I crossed heart's knave and swore

If this be life, our evening's prayer
Or death's denouement
A thorned idyll that's offered no one
And I've stood for no one
Then father, I'm nowhere
I'm no closer to your throne

Swirling forth (Swirling)
The dead and nursery rhyme

If this be life, our evening's prayer
Or death's denouement
A thorned idyll that's offered no one
And I've stood for no one
Then father, I'm nowhere
I'm no closer to your throne

Pacific glass, these gifts rend senseless
And knell, repentless
The auger of the cosmic traveler
As God's own straggler
Who's vowed, unopposed
To embody word and shore

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!