

Night Waves

The Smashing Pumpkins

On splintered glass, we creep
And while this town's asleep
I am prone to weep in a violet storm
So lay my wreath as fault
And waste your prose on all
These nights ain't worth their out
On circles alone

Oh my, how the mighty smite
What smoulders, what survives
To destroy all that needs to turn
So everything'll turn out right
There I go again

Come, oh come as doom
As windows to the room
So it's too soon
We whistle to that tune of 'Ophelia'
And die until we'll die no more

There I go, again
Casting doubt and then
Leaving home to mend this broken world

Come, oh come as doom
As windows to the room
So, it's too soon
I miss Ophelia
Who died until she was no more

So there I go

With my pal, ol' dread
Forbidden cities end
And no friends amend
This debt of air
Are we null at keel
Where mistakes appeal
And mandrakes stomp their heels
On our circles alone
There I go