

The Canary Trainer

The Smashing Pumpkins

On the trine, fetch the reed
That was drunk of mile and meek
In bittered tears as only cruels sever thee
Yes I will let you go, I'll let you go
You broke my heart as whole
And leapt unknown and beautiful
Found where there's lilac's brawn
Idylls born of gods
Yet wrecked in man's whole cloth
I would write his calm, I'd even toll
The paper bells of Sunday's crown

In ecstasy and as given what was need
I'd toll the bells of Sunday's crown

You were that fire
That sun on me, yeah
That rooked no shade, but held dream

But then you flailed
As only fools could heather love of thee
To go this alone 'gainst time
Where I would let you go, I'll let you go
You broke my heart as whole
And leapt unknown and beautiful
They'll be no herald's hark
To cleanse a pekid calm in chapels bare and cold
I would author dawn
I'd gladly toll

In ecstasy and as given what was need
To toll such bells and drag such effigies
These paper bells in Sunday's crown
Toll as you

You stood that fire
That sun on me, yeah
Who rooked no shade, but held dream
You were that feast, babe
Containing life and lead
You were that eye that but sees