

War Dreams Of Itself

The Smashing Pumpkins

Oh, Babylon, Babylon!
Spill the secrets
And then you'll tell me
When this is over
Overdone and over-out

Folded papers
Those saints at labor love but fall
In Babylon
Babylon bombs

There's thrush in the flue
Come here mighty Orcus
And swing that cue
Yeah
A 21st-century schism
On a 21st-century loom of red, white and blue

Heavens to Betsy
There is a place for a street named "Disgrace"
Six-six-cicada
Six-six-cicada
House on a hill for a street named "Disgrace"
I'm awakened
I'm awakened
I'm awake

Yes, I'm no fake
In a Babylon, Babylon groove, boy
There's thrush in the flue
Come here mighty Orcus
And swing 'round that cue
Yeah
There's thrush in the flue
Come here mighty Orcus
Sing 21st-century gloom

Oh, Babylon, Babylon!
They fear I'm awakened
They fear I'm awakened

This world may be over
But when I'm with you
There's no place to hide

Yes, I'm no fake
In a Babylon. Babylon groove, boy
There's thrush in the flue
Come here mighty Orcus
And swing that cue
Yeah
There's thrush in the flue
Come here mighty Orcus
Sing a 21st century

Heavens to Betsy
There is a place for a street named "Disgrace"

Six-six-cicada
Six-six-cicada
House on a hill for a street named "Disgrace"