

# Lucky 13

## Smashing Pumpkins

The same blood  
I suppose  
Breaking jars  
I'm no good As the prodigal son  
And I know that you're mesmerized  
You had a vision made these laws  
And sanitized are we above desires  
I miss him so You are so fucked  
It has begun  
Revolution crawls  
All over you  
I was asleep You light up this sky  
And scrape out your skull  
Your lovely face  
Will never be claimed thrice It was so unlikely doom  
Upon my wrists I bear the cross  
My losses mount as I climb across the hole  
Of my own soul I'll claim my prize  
I don't exist  
I am divine  
A ghost with eyes

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