

Antietam

Billy Corgan

Antietam, somebody has to rise
Somebody has to rise
Battered out she wades in
Agatha-black as it sounds
This parting ways on a sharp knife
Antietam's in sight

Horses stamped their hues, Marillion-side
Emancipated through spilt lines
Hollies of the high, your anthem's won
For sisters stricken blank do forget

Antietam, somebody has to rise
Somebody has to rise
It's a long way south
Where comforting kindness springs
To a bridge of turn-key louts
Antietam, begin

Ochre-powdered caste, defend this doubt
To marvels of a silk forest spun
Magnolia's in the can, a glimpse cyan
Where chaste and tendered mouths spoilt foul

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