

# The Spaniards

Billy Corgan

Butcher bows  
Sparse trails of haunted conquests  
Through gales of spotless sunsets boon  
O' gentlemen who suffer bright  
It's so here we divvy up the blight  
To speak while irons spark  
Mark maids, my spoils are given rot  
Take me as I am

Fearing aught  
Upswept to unlaced bodice  
To furies, I gave notice sight  
Filled dragons full of graves  
With pretty-8's we cried out of grace  
Till past was all but kept  
'Tis strange, the felled and the effects  
Giving blood, yet nothing of the best  
Mistook the misdeeds of the blessed  
Take me as I am