

This Night

Destroyer

They led us on...

They said it would be yours...

Tear down the borders, stop patrolling the shores,
let us in...

We wrote a winter song...

Come on, come on, come on, come on...

Don't shelve the opera,
you've been working This long on it...

Twelve years on the Eastside,
and still so house proud...All the neighbourhood angels,
are humming the psalms (hum along...)
to themselves again...

Oh, they seem to think that when you show up
you'd look good in somebody's arms...

Oh, you should have been a clerk...

You should have stayed a stranger...

You should have just done the work...

But it's too late now, school's out...Wildcats - you were supposed to go wild...

Butchers - you shouldn't be obsessed with a child...

Now Diorama Pete thinks he just sunk the fleet...

Much like him, you know I live to be cornered. So come on...Hey, Easterner, open your mouth...

Don't speak in tones...

I know there's beauty in the bones of the dam that burst...

I know you look good in the shadow of the Diamond Monger's thirst,
but get out...

To the west there is an ocean...

There's a mountain on the right...

Now will you walk away

or take the blame for the unfortunately-named
children of This day... Children of This Night...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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