

Modern Painters

Destroyer

Modern painters can't decide
why every time she smiles it's just a dream
of a world inside...
There's a world inside...
There's a drunkard picking fights with the bride
on what we thought would be a new, new day... You could always stay in tonight,
and see if what the walls have been whispering is right...
I mean, that shit is right up your alley, isn't it?...
A girl in every port,
but the world still makes sport of you, saying -
"Go find a reason... Call it Helicopter Season...
Now, repeat after me -
Is it for This I have hunted?"
Field and Stream:
our second favorite magazine about new ways of living...
Modern painters can't decide...
(don't cry)

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

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