

Destroyer

"Self Portrait With Thing"

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Honey, I know I know, you were born to give...
And I also know I'm not the one you've been dying to
slip off with into the Night...
Cherished radical, I always knew you had it in you...
Trials by fire are so easily won -
just try not to burn and things might not get worse...
Hollowed-out valleys now rattle with the curse that
tonight is not your Night... It's not your Night

Well, I followed the cries to a second-story flat and,
in praise of bad luck, I threw down the homemade hat
she made...
Soon, the feral beast did beautify our wounds with a
body that knew -
you shouldn't hurt the ones you love... unless you really
want to...

Tried to celebrate the world, not hurl insults at a girl...
but that finite rush which destroys every one of us is
good destruction...
Yeah, Hannah, you heard it here first - It's the good
destruction...

Now it's one forty-five and for some reason it's the
season of trying to stay alive...
So, let's stick together and breathe beneath the
weather...
It will be our doing...

Son, given the right occasion, I'd put myself up for sale
to post the necessary bail that would free you from This
kingdom...
but tonight is not your Night...
It's not your Night...

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