

# Demon Daughters

Phantom Planet

Here come the swooping hawks  
Down blocks we've all forgotten  
Clutching old friends in their talons  
Down from the sky to the way back  
Of his mind  
To pick it clean, to leave nothing behind

They go from high school to high class  
To higher than highnesses  
They're casting spells, can't you tell?  
We're helpless, hard to recover  
For the dusty antique lover  
But for one thing  
There is always another

Demon daughters  
They're all partners  
Heads together  
Summon their fathers  
And all hell's fury  
Judge and jury  
You better hurry  
Get him off his back

All the red, red eyes are up in the sky  
And the figures they belong to are preparing to dive  
Yeah they were fast as the speed of light  
Whistling by me and they took him down  
It was ever so gently

Demon daughters  
So hot and bothered  
Burning irons  
Don't get much hotter  
It boils up his head  
All over his bed  
You better hurry  
Get him off his back

I found him under  
A mountain of blankets  
And he was shaking  
It's what they fostered  
A child, a monster  
His head looked crooked  
Then shook and shattered  
You bastards  
You hatched her  
You hatched her

So they have finally broken  
That pumping organ  
Playing old numbers  
On it again  
Something dark and true  
We all can sing to  
I know the chorus now

My brain's turned black

Demon daughters

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