

City Of Daughters

Destroyer

Oh, City of Daughters,
Is that what you wanted to be?
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Is that what you wanted to be?
Oh, City of Daughters,
Is it not safe to say you've come when called?
A minor point of contention:
It's the pointlessness of the invention.
Trust, there's no need to remind us
We're all dying alone tonight!

In a City of Daughters.
Sister, I confess, I have forgotten just what it is that you wanted to be.
Fluffing and a-folding those clothes that you were sold in
To servicing what it is you always wanted to be.
In Vancouver, things are simple when they fit you to a "T".
Once again, you have refused the new pornographies
A minor bone of contention:
It's the soullessness of the convention.
Rock 'n' Roll sure came through for you.
Why would anybody want it to?

What is it about music that lends itself so well
To business-as-fucking-usual?
A minor source of contention:
The resourcelessness of the convention.
Rock 'n' Roll sure came through for you.
Why would anyone want it to
When we can burn the living
Proof, go!