

## 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)