

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)