

# To The Heart Of The Sun On The Back Of The Vulture, I'll Go

Destroyer

I memorized the moves of a great culture.  
It gave way to the vulture and me.  
So, I decided to be through with the assassins and the kids,  
And kill for the thrill of silencing.

Yes, throw yourselves away,  
Don't save yourselves.  
Throw yourselves away,  
Don't save yourselves.

Father tried to find her,  
But she's not there.  
Guess I lost those tracks in the City of Despair.  
And, winding round the fact that things fall apart,  
Have a heart sister!  
Don't you know you started to?

Yes, throw yourselves away,  
Don't save yourselves.  
Throw yourselves away,  
Don't save yourselves.

In a theater of impatience,  
Records cause culture  
As records break records.  
On the back of the vulture,  
I'll go to the heart of the sun.  
We have set the controls for one

Shhh...

Just like days of old,  
Bad horses still get sold.  
Mistakes get made, I mean we blaspheme.  
Like mad eagles who think they've made the same one's extinct,  
Girl, you've got another thing  
Coming.

So, throw yourselves away,  
Don't save yourselves.  
Throw yourselves away,  
Don't save yourselves.

In a theater of impatience,  
Records cause culture  
As records break records.  
On the back of the vulture,  
I'll go to the heart of the sun.  
We have set the controls for one.  
I'll go to the heart of the sun.  
We have set the controls for one