

Looter's Follies

Destroyer

You can huff, You can puff,
But you'll never destroy that stuff.
Finally, I see why I suppose,
Kids, You better change your feathers,
You'll never fly with those... things.

These nights the boys sing, "Hello, Emptiness"
I heard you're alright.
I heard you're alright.
I've heard of you.

A body aching, fragile and pale.
Dark valleys, a house, its trail.
Why can't you see that a life in arms,
And a life of mimicry,
It's the same thing.

The room was crowded,
And though you couldn't care less about it.
That much was true, that much.
Another version of this miniature Rome to set fire to.
Why did we stop fucking around you?
Girls, like gazelles, graze.
Boys, wearing bells, blaze new trails in sound.

I looked up, I looked around.
A famous Toronto painter shot me down.
Oh, I've busted my ass on these streets too long,
He said "I set fire to the bed and tore, tore his gown".

Felt some mercurial presence hitherto unknown.
It was the sun.
It was a stone falling through blank space.
It was that jewel-encrusted roan getting in my face.

Looked across the way to the princess rooms.
I saw brides and their grooms.
Heard the sound of bells ringing.

Cinders look back fondly upon a house on fire.
When across an ocean.
We go.
We row, and we row, and we tire

Now, step out of the darkness and into the light.
Yeah, it's common knowledge: I've been doing alright.
No, I can't complain.
On the east side midwives' lives go down the drain.
All cause our babies are dying. (screaming)

I lifted the veil to see nature's trickery
Revealed as pure shit from which nothing ever rose,
Because nothing ever could.
I swear somewhere the truth lies within this wood.
And i swear looter's follies has never sounded so good.
And win or lose, what's the difference?