

Death On The Festival Circuit

Destroyer

I mew and crow to fight my way through the snow.
Scratch the surface just to find a second surface.
I begged the merchants, "Please serve a purpose other than treason!"
There must be another reason to play these songs
Best known for being bludgeoned into something to own.

The money's been bought up and, surely woman, you can feel it.
And the music's all washed-
up. They'd rather sell it than steal it.
As the festivals run dry, these whorish children can't look you
in the eyes
As you turn them out and turn them into something beautiful.
For the party of the century is still looking for a reason to be.

The money's been bought up and, surely woman, you can feel it.
And the scene, it's all washed-
up. They'd rather sell it than steal it.
As the festivals run dry, sweet whorish children, please look them
in the eyes.
They turn you out and turn you into something less-than-
beautiful again