

June

Destroyer

I'd be lying if I didn't say
Fortunes wheel's just for show
In this brutal turning
Nothing changes the slow grind away
Fancy language dies
And everyone's happy to see her go
Everyone's happy to strike for more pay

Happy to strike for more pay
Happy to strike

I'd be lying if I didn't say
Fortunes wheel's just for show
In this brutal turning
Nothing changes the cold light of day
Fancy language dies
And everyone's happy to see her go
A snow angel's a fucking idiot

Somebody made a fucking idiot
Someone made in the snow

Then you look up by chance from the disco dance
You're doing into the light of the moon
It's June and you've been proved
Yes, you are renewed
Yes, you are renewed

I think it's you
I think it's you
I think it's you
I think it's you
I think it's you

Oh Aggie, your beating heart was a carriage made of gold
How the arithmetic of this guitar melts your heart is beyond me
And when I say beyond me, I mean beyond me
Love ya, I barely know you, it goes to show
Who really knows what love is?
The branches, the breeze, the roiling seas
None of it seems worth mentioning
And I'm in the process of figuring it out
Even if it's elementary
A scrapyard angel, wings of brass
Ash, a river called trash
And speaking of lifelike, this is what life's like
You thread the needle, then the needle's dry
You thread the needle, then the needle's dry
"Inward Crackle," says the fink to himself
Go off like a, go off like a, go off like a, go off like a
Go off like a hydrogen bomb
But I do radiate a certain glow
It flutters and fades, a Ferris wheel on the run from the snow
You have to look at it from all angles
Says the cubist judge from cubist jail
The sky glows, the heat is unbearable, parrot weather
My decision is final, a crazy game

I traded the moonlight for the morning dew
I know dusk when I see one
I know rust when I see it
You come out swinging but you go down swinging too
You pay good money for a million dollar view
Flipping the pages of Chatelaine
The rude empiricism of every troubled loser
Quote, unquote, unquote
A moment alone please
A moment alone please
A moment alone please
With this, with this
With this rhapsody
With this rhapsody
Vital information from where I'm standing
Low-born Madonna
With their typewriters in the rain
Clacking their misfortune, speech, speech
A figure of light's trapped inside it
How's it France? Where'd you go?
And while we're on the subject of psychotic passwords
Honing in on nothing, everywhere Rome goes everybody wants her
Oh fuck, I feel like a discovery someone once saw
On a clear day
Dump him