

Kinda Dark

Destroyer

You wandered in there, you wanted it there
You wanted it in there, every night you took the air
Gasping for anything -
There sits the Boston Strangler

Calling all cars! The palace has a moss problem
It glows in the dawn... light...
Goes wherever you go, sewn into your hem

It's me vs. them...

First us versus not a goddamn thing
Then The Blind Bitch vs. The Clucking Hen
In a ring, around the razor's edge...

"Kinda dark in here," she says...

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