

My Favorite Year

Destroyer

You in white, and me in grey go well tonight.
So let's linger here.
This used to be my favorite palm tree--
I was starving in that shithouse, the world.
But now it's gone,
and the whole point of everything's the "moving on."
Well, let's see, a calm and a storm and--okay!--a star's born.
Now let me just sit here and eat these almonds, on 3 and 4 and.
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Beware!

Nicole, she, blasted on ecstasy
in some East Pender hovel circa 1993.
It was a good year, it was a very good year.
And now it's gone,
they're saying the whole point of everything's the "moving on."
Well, I can't help but feel somewhat opposed to this,
my shit having been torched by fascists.
Though, in some small way, we're all traitors to our own kind..
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