

The Stills, Destroyer

And you don't seem to miss me
And you're eyes sag
So don't make a goddamn sound
I'm coming to your town

I will destroy you
Your soul impedes on mine
Let go my free will
I can't stand compromise
Only when you're dead
I'll make you mine

And the arrows are pointed
And the archer's delighted
The thrill, the smell
The shit I've been put through
An angel to no one
I hate you and you're blood
So don't make a goddamned sound
Cause I'm coming
To your town