

# **There Are Pleistocene Perils**

## **"Little Grey Fox, Out In The Cold, Can You See Past Your Nose?"**

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It's flight or fight,  
And my eyes are wide  
My mouth is full of unfiltered air  
And my ribs are heaving  
And my hair is bristled and prickly  
An adrenal being, we are!

I could have told you that fighting was foreplay,  
But I couldn't stop staring at the blood on my knuckles.  
It's these brutal consistencies that make me a thing you  
should despise,  
But you will not flip the latch free.  
My osteums are humming still,  
With the quake of your hold  
I should want to stay,  
But my bones want to leave,  
And I go where they go.

It would be wrong to say that the steam that rises  
From an open body in the cold is the greatest relief  
Which is why I say it, probably  
With a mouth full of blood,  
And I leave the meat to rot

Little, little grey fox  
Out in the cold  
Can you see past your nose?

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