

Wild Beasts

"End Come Soon"

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Break some bread
The nights been blessed
With an never ending nest
But nonetheless
End come too soon

Sweet concubine
The nights divine
In an never-ending line
Of lovers
end come to soon

But all the cost
Both of us
Without any maybes
But it must carry us
To the end too soon

Ink begins to blot
My eyes are bloodshot
Dancing things they wish they had not
But we both stop
The end come to soon

Whose butter-fingers rip me like bread?
Whose dirty mouth have would have me merry head?
Whose wholesome heart bobbed down on me?
We wash your streamers into such herrings

You skin looked waxen
In the fading light
Moved down me, dancing
Like a sailing kite

Ooh
Yeah-o, Yeah-o, Yeah-o, Yeah-o...

End come soon end come too soon
End come too soon end come too soon

End come too soon

It comes too soon
It comes too soon
It comes too soon
Too soon
Too soon
Too soon

It's too soon...

The end it comes too soon, too soon, too soon, too
soon
The end it came too soon

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