

This Is Our Lot

Wild Beasts

By smirking prank of fate,
We find ourselves dancing late,
Like young reprobates. By the milky light of the mighty moon,
Find someone to nuzzle to,
And waltz from the room. We're all quiffed and cropped,
This is our lot,
We hold each other up heavy with hops. By smirking prank of fate we wiggle and kick like bobbing bate,
And wait for a bite.
By the milky light of the mighty moon,
Find someone to nuzzle to,
And waltz from the room. We're all quiffed and cropped,
This is our lot,
We hold each other up heavy with hops. My darling,
My dumpling,
My plump hearts a thumping- begging you to come to me.
I couldn't be more ready,
I couldn't be more ready.
A glottal stop.
Bottled up.
Waiting for the penny drop.

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