

End Come Too Soon

Wild Beasts

Brake some bread
Nights dingles with the neverendingness
But nonetheless
End come to soon
Sweet concubine
The night's divine in an neverending light
of lovers
End come to soonBroken cars
Both of us without any "maybies"
But mouths that carry us
till the end too soon
Ink begins to blurt
My eyes they blurch
adrift to things
They wish they had loved
But it won't stop
The end coming too soonPushed butterfingers
Rilled me like bread
Whose dirty mouth would
Help my marrily hail
Who holds a hat in hand
Bound down on me
Who washes dreamers
In such hair rings
Whose skin is waxen
In the fading light
Who's got me dancing
like a sailing godEnd come too soon (repeat)

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