

Through the Mill

Cate Le Bon

When I saw you die the death
Whilst beating animal
I ran to approach the poachers' nest
To strip them of their epaulet You really are the maddest beast
I've ever seen before
Three hundred pounds wrapped in my cave
We going to an island I packed you up with trophy bones
And bridged you on the peak
We stayed to watch the ships come in
And drank to when the chase felt good I really could not leave him there
They put him through the mill
I rode back home to tell my friends
The moon it makes the wine taste sweet

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