

Buffalo

Alt-j

Breathe on me my buffalo
Your eye warms to a warning
of a death without words
I am here
Laughter swallowing cups of pride
Inside it paints me
With a bitterness I loathe
For the future tributes
A tome sunny green
Breathe on me my buffalo
Your eye warms to a warning
of a death without words

I am here
Laughter swallowing cups of pride
Inside it paints me
With a bitterness I loathe
For the future tributes
A tome sunny green
The buffalo from buffalo
who are buffaloes by the buffalo
from buffalo
Buffalo are the buffalo from buffalo
And all's above lay
Pay tribute to the future death
of our tome Sunny green.

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