

A Portrait of the Trequartista as a Young Man

Los Campesinos!

Now is time to take recourse, to drag my bones from 'neath his
corpse
Retract the blade within his heart, inscribe our initials in th
e bark
Of every tree in every woods. In ink red blood, can you imagine
?
While wearing his head as a hood. I'd take life for a crime of
passion

Lies told

Darling, if I had the choice, I'd excavate his throat of voice
and corrugate his vocal chords to play a tune to please the Lor
d.
Make him recite this murder ballad, a sombre tune told by a bor
e
Pump blood around the limp and pallid, harmonising as you snore
d.

Lies told

One day when I'm older, I'll write it all down
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We all know we're gonna die
We're a speck of dust in a bad God's eye
He rubs us clean, but love is blind
A balloon artist kisses porcupine