

Brave Bulging Buoyant Clairvoyants

Wild Beasts

C'mon we're young, we're young
Yet we'll be dead as soon
C'mon we came, we came
From our mother's womb to swoon

Brave Bulging Buoyant Clairvoyants
Adopting this young spirit of sin
To make the most, before we turn to ghost
Before, old friend, life's just a means to an end
To make the most, before we turn to ghost

Swig the bottle, bottle
Slap the face of Aristotle
Race me, Race me, Race me, Race me
In yer fourth hand jalopy

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My mother, she said, "you don't delve in taboo".
But mother, my moribund will come
When I'm through with taboo

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That sink and pull in the guts
That's this foolhardy flux