

His Grinning Skull

Wild Beasts

How can you pine anymore?
It is beautiful
and for all
unavoidable
so these are his bones
and his grinning skull
so now he is home
to the bluebottles
he who was your bull
and made the shadows run
and I understand
In all things he was quite the man
but now perched on his skull
he now wears cuckold's horns
and they're growing full
pushing through the soil
pools gathering round my knees
temptation leers at me from every door
so these are his bones
why won't you leave them alone?
worms crowding her feet
trying to pull me back to their holes
tap-tapping in the room below
nothing more than dead piles of bones
saying:
'I'll eat this young whelp's heart I will'
'I'll eat this young whelp's heart I will'
'I'll eat this young whelp's heart'
HEAVE-HO
HEAVE-HO
with fists for spades we raid his grave
with big black boots we stomp the roots
with fists for spades we raid his grave
with big black boots we stomp the roots
and HEAVE-HO
HEAVE-HO
HEAVE-HO
HEAVE-HO
HEAVE-HO
heave-ho