

## 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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To make the most, before we turn to ghost

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