

Feast of Tongues

Los Campesinos!

Love lies bleeding in dead bouquet, dread the dripping years and wish
away each day
Swear I'd live through all of your nightmares if it meant that I could
sleep okay
She says the body is keeping score, lost in sudden death, she can't take
it no more
And if laughter's the medicine we need then this misery is therapy

I want the trust of every animal
Gonna bay for the blood of those that are hurting ya
When the black cloud comes, if one flame flickers
We will feast on the tongues of the last bootlickers

Love lies bleeding's a sobriquet, as the petals fall the pet names do
the same
Keep a list of what ails me, tare to the elderly skeleton inside my frame
Time will come when we know that we oughta, drive to the horizon of American
Water
Bankrupt, a frozen donation thermometer
Grab you by the hips and say it's you that I'm grateful for

I want the trust of every animal
Gonna bay for the blood of those that are hurting ya
When the black cloud comes, if one flame flickers
We will feast on the tongues of the last bootlickers

To the tune of the National Anthem
Of a country that didn't survive
In a language I'd learned and forgotten
I'll stay home keep the garden alive

I want the trust of every animal
(A milestone, a millstone
A molehill, a molehill to die upon)
Gonna bay for the blood of those that are hurting ya
(A milestone, a millstone
A molehill, a molehill to die upon)
When the black cloud comes, if one flame flickers
(A milestone, a millstone
A molehill, a molehill to die upon)
We will feast on the tongues of the last bootlickers
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To the tune of the National Anthem
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