

End Come Too Soon

Wild Beasts

Break some bread,
The night's been blessed,
With a neverendingness,
But none the less,
End come too soon

Sweet concubine,
The [night's] divine,
In a never ending line of lovers,
End come too soon

On the cusp,
The both of us,
Without any maybes but musts,
That carry us,
To the end too soon

Ink begins to blot,
My eyes are blood shot,
They've seen things they wish they had not,
But it won't stop,
The end coming too soon

Whose butter fingers read me like Braille?
Whose dirty mouth would have made Mary hail?
Whose wholesome heart had bore down on me?
Who ushers dreamers into such harems?
Whose skin looked waxen in the failing light?
Who down right danced me like a sailing kite?

The end it came and went too soon