

## 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