

# Elbow, Little Beast

The whole towns slippin down a hill.  
Like the spine of something dead.  
Slide in shadow cobble-creep.  
Burn your mark and leave.

The trench conventions yellow eyes  
Follow her the local flower  
The girls a priest (to me at least)  
Since baptism peroxide.

And fear is not respect. Correct.  
But it's the best you're gonna get  
Sharp blow to the bridge of the nose  
Sharp blow and anything goes.