

# Hozier, Shrike

I couldn't utter my love when it counted  
but I'm singing like a bird about it now  
I could whisper when you needed it shouted  
but I'm singing like a bird about it now

the light's on above  
but never would form  
like a cry at the final breath that is drawn  
remember me, love, when I am reborn  
as a shrike to your sharp and glorious thorn

I had no idea on what ground I was founded  
all of that goodness is gone with you now  
there when I met you, my virtues uncounted  
all of my goodness is gone with you now

the light's on above  
but never would form  
like a cry at the final breath that is drawn  
remember me, love, when I am reborn  
as a shrike to your sharp and glorious thorn

I fled to the city with so much discounted  
but I'm flying like a bird to you now  
back to the hedgerows where bodies are mounted  
but I'm flying like a bird to you now

I was hatched by your warmth  
thus transformed  
by your grounded and giving and darkening scorn  
remember me, love when I'm reborn  
as the shrike to you sharp and glorious thorn