

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