

In a Week

Hozier

I have never known peace
Like the damp grass that yields to me
I have never known hunger
Like these insects that feast on me

A thousand teeth
Yours among them, I know
Our hungers appeased
Our heartbeats becoming slow

We lay here for years or for hours
Thrown here or found
To freeze or to thaw
So long we become the flowers
Two corpses we were
Two corpses I saw

And they'd find us in a week
When the weather gets hot
After the insects have made their claim
I'd be home with you
I'd be home with you

I have never known sleep
Like the slumber that creeps to me
I have never known color
Like this morning reveals to me

And you haven't moved an inch
Such that I would not know
If you sleep always like this
The flesh calmly going cold

We lay here for years or for hours
Your hand in my hand
So still and discreet
So long we become the flowers
We'd feed well the land
And worry the sheep

And they'd find us in a week
When the cattle shows fear
After the insects have made their claim
After the foxes have known our taste
I'd be home with you
I'd be home with you

They'd find us in a week
(Lay here for years or for hours)
When the weather gets hot
(So long we become the flowers)
They'd find us in a week
(Lay here for years or for hours)
When the cattle shows fear
(So long we become the flowers)

And they'd find us in a week

When the buzzards get loud
After the insects have made their claim
After the foxes have known our taste
After the raven has had its say

I'd be home with you
I'd be home with you
I'd be home with you
I'd be home with you
I'd be home with you
I'd be home with you