

## Bird of Winter Prey

William Fitzsimmons

Be still  
Bird of winter prey  
Lay down  
Your faster thinning frame

Be gone  
The salting of the wound  
Return  
The harvest we once knew

We're more than just the blood of what we've done  
We're more than just the blood of what we've done

Dry mouth  
The water soon will rise  
New birds  
Will feather up the sky

Shake until they pass  
What words of them will last

We're more than just the blood of what we've done  
We're more than just the blood of what we've done  
Let sleep your eyes until the morning comes  
We're more than just the blood of what we've done.