

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.