

Shrike

Hozier

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

Driving along, following your form
Hung like the pelt of some prey you had worn
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
Ah, but I'm flying like a bird to you now
Back to the hedgerows where bodies are mounted
Ah, 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 your sharp and glorious thorn