In a Week

Hozier / Karen Cowley

I have never known peace
Like the damp grass that yields to me
I have never known hunger
Like these insects that feast on meA thousand teeth
And yours among them, I know
Our hungers appeased
Our heartbeats becoming slowWe 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 sawAnd 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 youI have never known sleep
Like the slumber that creeps to me
I have never known color
Like this morning reveals to meAnd you haven't moved an inch
Such that I would not know
If you sleep always like this
The flesh calmly going coldWe 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 sheepAnd they'd find us in a week
When the cattle show 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 youThey'd find us in a weekÂ (Lay here for years or for hours)
When the weather gets hotÂ (So long we become the flowers)
They'd find us in a weekÂ (Lay here for years or for hours)
When the cattle shows fearÂ (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 sayI'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

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