

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
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
More than just the blood of what we've done
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

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