

## Shallow Form

Brian Eno

And my shallow form  
Competes  
With the grainstorm in your eyes  
Are we broken here  
My sweet

No one ever knew  
All the days it grew  
And the ways it flew  
Right by

In the mud we come  
Undone

We are children  
Without stars

We are villains  
Without hearts

We are children  
Without stars

We are villains  
Without hearts