

## Shudder Like Crows

Brian Eno

Huddle close as  
Breath suspends  
Encircle us and  
Never end

A quiet life where  
We can blend  
Hidden thoughts  
With sweet lament

And we shudder like stones  
And we shatter like bones

All the love that  
Is denied  
Rushing in and  
Running by

How we like to  
Ease the itch  
Nothing left to  
Bury it

How we like to  
Soothe the sting  
Nothing left but  
Everything

And we shudder like crows  
And we shatter like homes  
Like bones  
Like bones