

## Crows

Talos

You speak  
The silence of me  
Go cradle the mountains  
And search out violent needs

Our hearts  
Shook vanishing stars  
From shivering islands  
That drop like tossed leaves

At the sun  
With a cry  
Notched from the silence  
Aim at the sun  
With a cry  
Blackened by silence

You carved  
My love  
With numberless scars  
Turn up stagger on  
Blind bullet  
Forced from the seeds

While you go  
This love  
Blackens the silence  
Do we know  
Of love  
Blind in the silence

In cold, wild waters, we stung out slow  
(In cold, wild waters, we stung out slow)  
Defined in wars, light, we bleed out gold  
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