

# Wounded Head

William Fitzsimmons

How this feels like a floating  
For the physical form you crave  
And the gentle reminders  
Hovering still the same For the curative portion  
The dysthymic of bold and blue  
You are softened and hollow  
Reflecting this winter hue Wounded head  
You will be fine  
Your weary legs  
Will hold you in time So you open the window  
Wipe the gray from your salted eyes  
Feel the string that once broken  
Mended and slowly tied Hope for remedies comfort  
For the listless and looming moon  
And the ghost of your father  
Follow you home no more Let water run through  
Won't you open your eyes?  
Let water run through Wounded head  
You will be fine  
Your weary legs  
Will hold you in time Wounded head  
You will be fine  
Your weary legs  
Will hold you in time

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>