

# Wounded Sky

Charlotte Hatherley

Broken lullaby  
Released into the sky  
Finding a way to navigate  
In a fog of love and hate

Divine symmetry  
Keeps her close to me  
Carving a way into every space  
Woven in a serenade

Sometimes all I want to say is  
I don't mind  
Mother when I let you through  
You take me to the arms of Santa Maria

You took a ride in a  
You took a ride in a wounded sky  
You took a ride and you bless my soul  
In a wounded sky

Keep your voices down  
She turns at the slightest sound  
Flying in on a wing and a prayer  
Fighting battles everywhere

Storm is about to break  
So I'll head out again  
Who made it my mission to keep you here?  
Who says I have to hold you near?

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