

Wounded

Keaton Henson

I would but I'm wounded
And so justify
If I could but I'm unwell
God knows I've tried

How late the murderer
Who lost his knife
And how safe the colonist
Behind his pride

I would but I'm heart sick
And cannot stand
I would but you know me
I'm half a man

And how holy the Vatican
With all its wealth
And how goddamn hard it is
To drink your health

And how fervent the weakness
Of human skin
And how hard I've tried my love
To let you in

I would but I'm wounded.