

# Wounded Lovers Son

Keziah Jones

Let me see where you belong  
ill take the pain in my side as a mother loves a son  
feeding me your curious meal  
ill be home when i know where you come from  
tenderly cuz its a plural case

All our saviours are gone  
im a wounded lovers son

Are you free in this curious place?  
are there any trees is there a river?  
or does the water stand alone?  
speak to me with your fallen believers on  
are there any seasons for the sinners?