

# Feral Children

[Beth Orton](#)

Sat on her steps, in the pouring rain  
Saw every constellation she might navigate again  
Each and every line she might wear in time  
Baptized by the rain and the euphoria of pain  
Could kiss or punch, sober or drunk  
Lifted way high or taken down deep into  
Blue space where the rules change  
Feral children know how to survive  
Feral children can fight for their lives  
Feral children hear what no one knows  
There's no words for the infinity of ghosts, the infinity of ghosts  
Hold on, hold on  
Holding back the sea seems unlikely  
She'll tell you, I can forgive you  
But I can't forget you and you won't, you know you won't forget me  
Hold on, hold on  
Holding back the fire seems to flame desire  
Try parting the water, crossing the sea  
She'll tell you, I can forgive you  
But I can't forget you and you won't, you know you won't forget me  
You know you won't forget me  
You know you won't forget me

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