

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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