

Black Water Child

[Fionn Regan](#)

Down here underneath the microscope
It's hard to cope
Don't hide your face in your hands 'cause if your eyes play tricks
It's outta my control It's gonna be
A long cold winter
The skeletons of trees
My black water child If you don't love me, well, don't shove me out into the dark
Without a flashlight or a spark
And these stitches cling like bitches to my arms
For all my charms It's gonna be
A crooked little winter
The skeletons of trees
My black water child She's walking home to the devil's flowers
The broken bones, heavy hours
We stayed out late, it's a lighthouse trait
And we'll take our time, time

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