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 controlIt's gonna be
A long cold winter
The skeletons of trees
My black water childIf 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 charmsIt's gonna be
A crooked little winter
The skeletons of trees
My black water childShe'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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