

# 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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