

# Beth Orton, Feral Children

Feral children in the pouring rain  
for every constellation she might navigate again  
each and ever 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  
theres no words for the infinity of ghosts  
the infinity of ghosts

hold on, hold on  
holding back the sea seems unlikely  
shell tell you  
i can forgive you  
but i cant forget you  
and you wont forget me

hold on, hold on  
hoding back the fire seems to flame desire  
try parting the water crossing the sea  
shell tell you  
i can forgive you  
but i cant forget you  
and you wont forget me