

# Fionn Regan, Black Water Child

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 blackwater child

if you don't love me, well, don't shove me  
out into the dark  
without a flashlight or a spark.  
any stitches cling like bitches to my arms  
for all my charms.

it's gonna be a crooked little winter  
the skeletons of trees, my blackwater child

she's walking home  
to the devil's flowers.  
the broken bones  
of heavy hours.  
we stayed out late,  
it's a lighthouse trait.  
and we'll take our time