

## Feral Children

Beth Orton

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 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  
There's no words for the infinity of ghosts  
The infinity of ghosts

Hold on, hold on  
Holding back the sea seems unlikely  
She'll tell you  
I can forgive you  
But I can't forget you  
And you won't  
You know you won't forget me

Hold on, hold on  
Holding back the fire seems to flame desire  
Try parting the water, crossing the sea  
She'll tell you  
I can forgive you  
But I can't forget you  
And you won't  
You know you won't forget me  
You know you won't forget me  
You know you won't forget me