## Beth Orton "Feral Children"

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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 thereÂ's no words for the infinity of ghosts the infinity of ghosts

hold on, hold on holding back the sea seems unlikely sheÂ'll tell you i can forgive you but i canÂ't forget you and you wonÂ't forget me

hold on, hold on hoding back the fire seems to flame desire try parting the water crossing the sea sheÂ'll tell you i can forgive you but i canÂ't forget you and you wonÂ't forget me

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