

## **Fionn Regan**

# **"Black Water Child"**

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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

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