

The Meetings of the Waters

Fionn Regan

Ferns, they will bend
And the moon, it will send
Slide down your collar
Your bones, they will mend
I know they will

All quarried out
But not [?] of your sting
I know your storm light will rise
Up again
Across the wave

The meetings of the waters
Just below the ribs
To the higher reach
From the roots of love
Meetings of the waters

Your skin
Taste of gorse flowers
As we lie in the dark

Mouth is of sapphires
When you speak
There's a spark
Across the room

The meetings of the waters
Just below the ribs
To the higher reach
From the roots of love
Meetings of the waters
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Heartaches in the woods
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