

Light Streams

Esben and the Witch

You and I have become entwined
Where the calcium meets the currents at the shoreline
 Watch you lace the light across the lines
 As you die, oil pours from the sky
 Engine breaks, engine blows
 Flicker and fadeI stop, look to the skies with an open mouth
The darkness fills my lungsThis place is a wasteland, your wings are mine
 Your lights move through the ether
 Their machines, high mountains
 Swim in streams of tarI will hunt the one that burnt out the beacon
 There's nothing else for us to do here
 We'll cut the sun from its mooring
We will cut the sun from its mooringsAnd our hands blister as we watch it in the light streams
 And our hands blister as we watch it in the light streams
 Our hands blister as we watch it in the light streams
 And our hands blister as we watch it in the light streams

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