

# Light Streams

## Esben and the Witch

You and I have become entwined  
Where the calcium meets the currents at the shoreline  
I watch you lace the light across the lines  
As you die oil pours from the sky  
Engine breaks, engine blows, flicker and fade  
I stop, look to the skies with an open mouth  
The darkness fills my lungs This place is a wasteland, your wings are mine  
The lights move through the ether  
Bellow machines, climb mountains, swim in streams of tar I will hunt the one that burns out the beacon  
There's nothing else for us to do here  
But cut the sun from its mooring  
We will cut the sun from its moorings Our hands blister as we hold them in the light streams  
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Our hands blister as we hold them in the light streams

Songwriters

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