

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 lungsThis place is a wasteland, your wings are mine
The lights move through the ether
Bellow machines, climb mountains, swim in streams of tarI 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 mooringsOur hands blister as we hold them in the light streams
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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