

# Tea Lights

## Lower Dens

On the high seas,  
I'm the north wind.  
In the lighthouse,  
The eclipse.  
I hear you cry to no one in particular,  
"Bury us with our ships."  
Tea-Lights in the sand  
Tea-Lights in the sand.  
Tea-Lights in the sand.  
Tea-Lights in the sand.

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