

Sylvan

Esben and the Witch

A golden wreath of blazing leaves
Is curling from the smoking trees
The fire snakes and sears its name
Verdant greens in an orange haze
Through blackened poles it wafts and wends
Ribbons weaving paths of flame
Yellow ghosts with fervent rage
In circles of an ancient hell
Inside the woods, run the rivers
Rippling like Tyger's fur
Rip their way through noble pines
That took so long to root and rise
Deafening the timber falls
The forest screams a thousand roars
And all because a little spark
Was curious to break the calm
A billowing of silver plumes
Dances through the wooden ruins
Memories in ashen cloud
Hanging like a sullen gown
And so they move serpentine
Adding kindling to their pyre
Watch them eat it all alive
Swallowing in ways sublime
In ways sublime
In ways sublime
A wild heat, I can feel, I can see
Inside it all, as it falls, it's beautiful
The fallen sun, warms the skin, touches deep
The crackling, a melting grin, of a burning world
Fiercely, blood streams into a sea
Colour grows, all is noise, all is red
The fallen sun, warms the skin, touches deep
The crackling, a melting grin, of a burning world
Fiercely, blood streams into a sea
Inside it all, as it falls, it's beautiful
The fallen sun, warms the skin, touches deep
The crackling, a melting grin, of a burning world
Come with me to the place where the walls are weak
Come with me to the place where the walls are weak
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Come with me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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