

# 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 hazeThrough blackened poles it wafts and wends  
Ribbons weaving paths of flame  
Yellow ghosts with fervent rage  
In circles of an ancient hellInside the woods, run the rivers  
Rippling like Tyger's fur  
Rip their way through noble pines  
That took so long to root and riseDeafening 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 gownAnd so they move serpentine  
Adding kindling to their pyre  
Watch them eat it all alive  
Swallowing in ways sublime  
In ways sublime  
In ways sublimeA 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 worldFiercely, 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 worldCome with me to the place where the walls are weak  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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