Esben And The Witch "Light Streams"

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You and I have become entwined
Where the calcium meets the currents at the shoreline
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 Your lights move through the ether Their machines, high mountains Swim in streams of tar

I will hunt the one that burnt out the beacon There's nothing else for us to do here We'll cut the sun from its mooring We will cut the sun from its moorings

And our hands blister as we watch it in the light streams
And our hands blister as we watch it in the light streams
Our hands blister as we watch it in the light streams
And our hands blister as we watch it in the light streams

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