

# Light Streams

## Esben and the Witch

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  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>