

# Holding Your Breath Across The River

All Them Witches

Holding your breath across the river  
Twice the broom fell, you hear your mother  
Someone is surely to come

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Longer and longer at the bridge  
The blue in your face, the tunnel of your eyes  
The acorn on a ledge  
Try to keep back the old guards  
All voices of rage, all voices of thunder  
All voices

Just holding your breath across the river  
Twice the broom fell, you see your mother  
Someone is surely to come  
Someone is surely to come  
The aperture of your eyes  
Further and further and dark  
Like tunnels  
Dying for want of air  
[?] the trees doesn't look the same  
It used to never change  
And then it does

Use your passport to these times  
And then one day you just never return  
Holding your breath  
Holding your breath across the river  
Someone is surely to come