

# White Sheet Lightning

Tiny Ruins

In starts up the staircase and in fits to the room  
As swathes of ocean meet, melt and form again  
In measures, colours decrease in the steam  
As in my roof-top white sheet lightning dream

Catacomb village, sandalwood your skin  
I'm your tether's end, you're my everything  
Oh honey biscuits, when I sensed you'd outdone me  
Could have forged up the mountain, I left for the forgery

Striking a claim for us, apply the flames to us, softly  
It's a delicate business, and you know just how to charge me  
Is that something taking shape, is that something taking flight  
?  
So carried away, lightening, sheets of white