

# Joy Electric, I Beam, You Beam

Laser boy I'm called  
The one who makes and creates toys  
For imaginations to become what they were once  
Long before the hourglass was cast we were ageless  
Coloring the phantom ghost of time with our last breath

I Beam, You Beam  
I Beam, You Beam  
There's nowhere else for love to bury deep herself  
Or scorn, the last parting sigh  
Of stillborn saintly souls  
Arise my love

Eager for the march  
Through rainbow arch  
I proclaim much  
All the ancient fathers rest their heads  
In observed watch  
Wizards bring a dark curse to the land  
With wand in hand  
From a book of black words comes the name  
Of a lamb slain