

## Arch to Achtilles

Falling Up

The archers come to the edge of ferns  
The wind it floats so cold with words  
You're in an dout of sleep tonight  
And it let you to the shed to hide

Breathing in the dark  
They're finding where you are

If you are, then you know the phone's tapped  
The last of the maps are breaking codes  
You've seen the night thieves like sharpened knife bleeds though  
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The moon shows that you're in reverse  
The moon shows that you're in reverse

Breathing in the dark  
They're finding where you are

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