

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 doud 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

Breathing in the dark
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