

# Through The Woods

The Phoenix Foundation

Through the woods in to the clear  
I will take you there, my dear  
Make paper planes from out of the fear  
And let them fly away

And I will hold you in my arms  
But charmless arms can sound alarms  
And harm is only an arms length away

And something snaps and life dissolves  
In the furthest of your mind's resolve

You're on the dark side you're on the dark side  
You're on the dark side of me

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You're on the dark side  
You're on the dark side  
You're on the dark side of me  
You're on the dark side  
You're on the dark side  
You're on the dark side again

You're on the dark side  
You're on the dark side  
You're on the dark side of me  
You're on the dark side  
You're on the dark side  
You're on the dark side of again