

Sinking Is Swimming

Waking Ashland

Black sun, white horse, and down in the valley
Was once, now is no more
The river is turning all bloody
Night is young
The moon is full

The walls are all out to get me
The days have grown long
My heart has grown cold
From the poison you keep on feeding
I am still learning now.
Sinking is swimming.
I am still learning now.
Sinking is swimming.