

Falling Sickness

"Streams Of Woe At Acheron"

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Turn away I'll pull the fangs out
Spinning room it's getting dark
This is the green lift, this is the archer
You never say that
This is the green lift, this is the archer

This starry night, the blue of seas
Are lifted off the ground
So poised and still, the figures hold
That I will not be found

Turn away the Islet spiders
Gloaming pulse, the Siletzs stole

This is the green lift, this is the archer
You never say that
This is the green lift, this is the archer

This starry night, the blue of seas
Are lifted off the ground
So poised and still, the figures hold
That I will not be found

This is the green lift, this is the archer (x4)

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Are lifted off the ground
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