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## 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)

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

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