

## **Falling Up**

# **"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

[Chorus]  
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 lidt, this is the archer

[Chorus]  
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]

[Chorus]  
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  
And on towards the fortress...

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