

Streams of Woe at Acheron

Falling Up

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

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