

## 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

This is the green lift, this is the archer  
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  
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