Arch To Achtilles

Falling Up

The archers come to the edge of ferns
The wind it floats so cold with words
You're in and out of sleep tonight
It lead you to the shed to hideBreathing in the dark
They're finding where you areIf you are, then you know the phone's tapped
The last of the maps are breaking codes
You've seen the night thieves
Like sharpened knife bleedsThrough the moon shows, you're in reverse
The moon shows that you're in reverseBreathing in the dark
They're finding where you areBreathing in the dark

Songwriters

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