

Falling Up, Arch To Achilles

The archers come to the edge of ferns
The wind it floats so cold with words
You're in and out of sleep tonight
And it let you to the shed to hide
Breathing in the dark
They're finding where you are
If you are, then you know the phone's tapped
The last of the maps are breaking codes
You've seen in the night thieves like sharpened knife bleeds through
The moon shows that you're in reverse
The moon shows that you're in reverse
Breathing in the dark
They're finding where you are