

# Waking Ashland, Sinking Is Swimming

Black sun  
White horse  
Is fallen down in the valley  
What was once  
Now is no more  
The river is turning all bloody

The night is young  
The moon is full  
The wolves  
Are all out to get me  
The days have grown long  
My heart has grown cold  
From the poison you keep on feeding

I am still learning now  
Sinking is swimming  
I am still learning now  
Sinking is swimming