Anchor

Cave In

Whatever makes you tired, the resting always fails
Because anywhere you lay yourself's a bed of nails
Whenever you exhale, I breathe it in the air
You offer me a seat in your electric chair

Are you safe to leave behind every anchor in your mind?
You know better than I do, so clue me in

And every day you ask yourself, "Why was I born?"
Because every migraine feels like wearing a crown of thorns
And all the time I find you crawling on all fours
Because any movement sends you falling through trap doors

Are you safe to leave behind every anchor in your mind?
You know better than I do, so clue me in

Your tongue in cheek
Too late it's already days and weeks before we can make ends meet
Am I right? And you're wrong?
Too late it already takes too long, too much to be flushed with you
Oh, too much to be flushed with you

Whatever makes you tired, the resting always fails
Because anywhere you lay yourself's a bed of nails

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