Anchor

Osker

Cristina, I'm tired of being so far away
Yeah, I'm still here, I'm not going
What if I try and stop? I'm responsible for you
Until the anchor breaksFour years ahead, what are you thinking?
I feel so together, I need you now
You have faith but I know that I won't last
Aren't we so tired of waiting for days to end?How do we tread on when these
Fuckers are making our plans?
Dear everyone, I've been thinking
I feel misrepresentedThings are moving to slow, I want the control of this
There's got to be some kind of way out of here
It's a lie too only yourself
When people have you figured, carvings that read, idle will killGoddamn, it gets so hard not knowing what's going on
All the while I carry your cross
Who owns these desires?
You haven't said a word but I understand

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