Anchors

Secret & Whisper

The ocean dwells in lonely life and storm
How different am I from wooden boat that barely stays afloat?
And too many ropes are tied
And I realize we have to make the bestGive me this moment; I'll wade into the ocean
Anchors drag me down to depths of sea
Where creatures can watch me drown
The hands are reaching in from overboard
The sounds are even too distressed to try and tape record

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