

# Cries In The Wind

## Anathema

Reaching out...  
How things look different on the way down  
Disillusioned, I've lost desire  
Will I burn in the unforgiving fire? From the flames, I walk away  
I've found a way to erase the pain  
An empty bottle, my receptacle  
A guardian angel called escape Don't dwell on the forthcoming  
As I know it won't be happening  
And you know, when I'm gone  
You'll hear my cries on the wind

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