

Cries on 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