

Between the Anchor and the Air

36 Crazyfists

I hate choking on past words, I swim upstream.
The ones to never ever let you try.
Blackout, clear hearts won't counteract; see through the dirt i
n your eyes.
You must stand on battle lines if you want to own blue skies.
Situations have turned the tide, the waters caving cast aside.
And you were barely coming through, but yet it's you, the one t
o never ever let you die.
Blackout, clear hearts won't counter act; see through the death
in our lives.
And since the dance floor has come to shine, the time has come
to light the night.
Unearth the things that you're afraid of.
Takes more than death in our lives.