

Cave In

Anchor

Whatever makes you tired, the resting always fails
Because anywhere you lay yourself's a bed of nails
Whenever you exhale, I breathe it in the air
You offer me a seat in your electric chair

Are you safe to leave behind every anchor in your mind?
You know better than I do, so clue me in

And every day you ask yourself, "Why was I born?"
Because every migraine feels like wearing a crown of thorns
And all the time I find you crawling on all fours
Because any movement sends you falling through trap doors

Are you safe to leave behind every anchor in your mind?
You know better than I do, so clue me in

Your tongue in cheek
Too late it's already days and weeks before we can make ends meet
Am I right? And you're wrong?
Too late it already takes too long, too much to be flushed with you
Oh, too much to be flushed with you

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Because anywhere you lay yourself's a bed of nails

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