

Anchor

Osker

Cristina, I'm tired of being so far away.
Yeah, I'm still here; I'm not going.
What if I try and stop?
I'm responsible for you.
Until the anchor breaks.
Four years ahead.
What are you thinking?
I feel so together.
I need you now.
You have faith, but I know that I won't last.
Aren't we so tired of waiting for days to end?
How do we tread on when these fuckers are making our plans?
Dear everyone, I've been thinking.
I feel misrepresented.
Things are moving to slow; I want the control of this.
"There's got to be some kind of way out of here."
It's a lie too only yourself.
When people have you figured, carvings that read, "idle will kill."
Goddamn, it gets so hard not knowing what's going on.
All the while I carry your cross.
Who owns these desires?
You haven't said a word but I understand.