Anchors (one Of Those Uncertain Hands)

Songs: Ohia

we're close, the lamps are burning blood on the chance that we'll survive to need such a desperate light my bones shall rise up muskettes my feet are at the threshold and disaster warms our soil(x2) so left with sleighting hands the boats they've pawned for stranding we will drown them like their anchors(x2) my bones shall rise up anchors my feet are at the threshold and disaster warms our sails