

## **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