

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