

## Anchor & Braille

### "Black Water"

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We are the unsuspecting victims of circumstance.  
And we tried to hold you up when your weakness could  
barely stand.  
I tried to accept this funeral as something I could bear.  
You've gone up in smoke and whiskey, a victim of  
everything.  
I look at you now, it's getting hard to breathe.  
I watch as time rolls right through you and me.  
From the bottom of my heart, my God I miss you very  
hopelessly tonight.  
I'd walk right through these walls for a second with you,  
A pack of smokes and me tonight.

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