

Cry Of The Afflicted "Anchors"

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Hold close your treasures
The very measure of your value here
Within these shining walls

Now, raise them higher
They'll last forever if you're careful now
If you lock them all, lock them down

Wrapped in Your precious cloak
Spun from gold, spun from gold
Useless, you're reaching back
Dead and cold, dead and cold

This weight you've trusted
Polished and sacred has you safe, secure
You lie in soothing sleep

One flash, it's happened
A last desperate moment
Now the weight falls free
But have you sunk too deep, to breathe

Wrapped in your precious cloak
Spun from gold, spun from gold
Useless, you're reaching back
Dead and cold, dead and cold

Your chest is tight, held in death's embrace
As your eyes lift up, can you see your escape?
One last fleeting glance, at the shine below
One last freedom chance, surrendered to the cold
This useless gold

Wrapped in your precious cloak
Spun from gold, spun from gold
Useless, you're reaching back
Dead and cold, dead and cold

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