

Anchors

"Quite Content"

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Downtrodden hearts again in halfway homes
And fighting bitter with the rats and losing streaks,
amen.
And it just ain't living, no,
This cold will cut you to the marrow of your bones
And leave you old and screaming 'do not resuscitate! '
You know those shadows don't come cheap.
It's just the branches and me now.
It's all that I can I say, I never had that much at stake,
But I'll be alright.

I'm retreating back to the barrens where the wind blows
cold,
Safely out of sight and slightly out of time.
Down with the falling snow, down with a digging soul,
And I'm never coming back.

So salt your leeches or wear them like a badge of
honour
It's all the same out here, and dead as dead
Or caught between the heavens and the sad, sad soil
Just let the dead men sleep tonight.
And the song of the siren is so sweet sounding
When you're caught in the middle of drinking and
drowning,
But before too long you'll end up like all the rest
wishing you never knew me.

So sing it loud- 'hallelujah! Hell, I wish I never knew ya'
Let it rattle through the rotten wood and drown out in
the street,
I'll sing it loud- 'heaven help me you'll be fucking dead
without me.'
You can save it for the devil but for now let the dead
men sleep.

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