

## Anchors

### Cry Of The Afflicted

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