

# Anathema, Cries In The Wind

Reaching out...  
How things look different on the way down  
Disillusioned, I've lost desire  
Will I burn in the unforgiving fire?  
From the flames, I walk away  
I've found a way to erase the pain  
An empty bottle, my receptacle  
A guardian angel called escape  
Don't dwell on the forthcoming  
As I know it won't be happening  
And you know, when I'm gone  
You'll hear my cries on the wind