

# Cry Of The Afflicted, Anchors

Hold close your treasures.  
The very measure of your values 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.  
Useless, you're reaching back dead and cold.

This weight you've trusted.  
Polished and sacred has you safe, secure.  
You lise 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?

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.