

Osker, Anchor

Cristina, I'm tired of being so far away.

Yeah, I'm still here; I'm not going.

What if I try and stop?

I'm responsible for you.

Until the anchor breaks.

Four years ahead.

What are you thinking?

I feel so together.

I need you now.

You have faith, but I know that I won't last.

Aren't we so tired of waiting for days to end?

How do we tread on when these f**kers are making our plans?

Dear everyone, I've been thinking.

I feel misrepresented.

Things are moving too slow; I want the control of this.

"There's got to be some kind of way out of here."

It's a lie to only yourself.

When people have you figured, carvings that read, "idle will kill."

Goddamn, it gets so hard not knowing what's going on.

All the while I carry your cross.

Who owns these desires?

You haven't said a word but I understand.