

Stone Gossard, Anchors

The hopeless immortal's beginning to fade
Wrestled down with anchors, impervious chains
The ocean's electric reduced to a buzz
The pills turn the popper, he probably would
The standoff mechanic of cognisance, sighs
Mulls brooding through the alleyway, a harbinger's night
He pulled the remains, and teeth from the tree
When he sat down in memphis, he bound it on a hill
How to take it all in stride, win your soul and mind the light
How to live around the storm, wind and pressures to befall
Here's a question you might need to ask
What's self destruction and how can we last?