

# 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?