

Trespassers William, Anchor

Oh our dance was slow
And you fumbled with my hands
Whisper "time to sleep"
You have dreams awaiting your tired mind
Does your heart get weaker
When you think how far we've to go
Forget all the promises
You're tired and you're drifting and you're low
And if you can't steer
Then it would be safer to drop the anchor
And if you can't feel
It's selfish to use up all of the bandages
I can read your eyes: if this is real then it'll end
I shouldn't look so surprised
This happens over and over again
Does your heart get fiercer
When you think someday i might go
Forget all the promises
You're tired and you're drifting and you're low
And if you can't steer
Then it would be safer to drop the anchor
And if you can't feel
It's selfish to use up all of the bandages
When you're alone
When you're hollow
Then you'll ask me to
Come and fill you come
And feel you
Don't think i will do