

# Anathema, Pressure

As the pressure grows and these feelings flow  
trample on bodies, bodies in holes of faith  
times I've asked the lord for forgiveness  
while kept under a spell of a sweating locust's breath.  
No need to tell me 'cos its written on your face  
sliding down now with the black lights shining

I don't care where you go you won't get away from me  
black as the night is day filled with no sympathy  
marching down the hall for a misery  
I don't care where you go you won't get away from me...

Mouth tastes of sick stomach twisting inside  
everything's wrong and I can't get away  
the gravity of fear you can feel it coming near  
it's coming straight for you it'll twist and drag you down

I don't care where you go you won't get away from me...