

# Heartist, Pressure Point

You sneak your way in while I'm sleeping.  
You're like a rat living life in a hole.  
Abuse my body while I'm dreaming  
In search of silver and gold.  
Steal a piece of me.  
Spread your disease to everything,  
But keep your eye on me.  
I'll rip your teeth out and take back my soul.

Write me out and I'll show you what you're missing.  
Tear me down. I'm starting to see through the fiction you're feeding.  
Sell yourself to the people you're deceiving.  
Come clean with your secrets.  
Your conscience will bury you  
I'll dig the ditches.

You're just a leech with no conviction  
You'd bleed me out if it furthered your goals.  
You've made a game of all your treason,  
And flash a grin as the pieces fall.  
Here's your chance to make  
Up for the lies and words you break.  
Don't turn your back on me.  
Give me a reason to crush what's left.  
Give me a reason to show you the end.

Write me out and I'll show you what you're missing.  
Tear me down. I'm starting to see through the fiction you're feeding.  
Sell yourself to the people you're deceiving.  
Come clean with your secrets.  
Your conscience will bury you  
I'll dig the ditches.

Your pride will take it's toll.  
I'm settling the score.  
This is where your road runs out.  
Always searching for an easy way.  
But it won't be through me.

Write me out and I'll show you what you're missing.  
Your pride will take it's toll.  
Sell yourself to the people you're deceiving.  
Come clean with your secrets.  
Your conscience will bury you  
I'll dig the ditches.