

# Metal Church, Weight Of The World

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You're caught in a vice by your own device, torment and pressure, a way of life  
You felt the stardom and tasted the fruit, you claw your way back  
It's all that you can do  
Falling from grace, so many have done, get to the top and bask in the sun  
Make some mistakes, it's part of the game, when you play it everything's to gain  
The weight of the world upon your shoulders, it's the weight of the world  
The struggle within archaic desire, claim your right and devour  
All that surrounds you, all you can take, don't let your last  
Be your last mistake  
The pressure is building, the vice becomes tighter, under the gun and into the fire  
Burning and burning, no escape to be found  
The weight of the world is keeping you down  
The weight of the world upon your shoulders  
The pressure is building, an unwilling soldier  
The weight of the world is keeping you down  
Oh, your world is crashing down to the ground