

Pressure 4-5, Even Worse

Could I be right?
This is a fight
We can't give up, we can't care
About God
About the Devil
About the top, the bottom or the middle
Weak to believe, weak to conceive
A concept 'cause it's comforting
But you should've realized this in not your right
It's more like a trial

This is not your purpose
This is not why you were born
Sickening your devils
Even worse'

Coming alive, being contrived
Two things that are separate, independent
But you lied, tied it together
Test it out on the future
Picking of sides, product of your fight
Now the planet divides

This is not your purpose
This is not why you were born
Sickening your devils
Even worse, your gods

Go ahead and decide
For everyone what the right thing is
Just keep self-destruction
Because you know just what is right

Could I be right?
This is a fight
I can't give up, I must share
About truth, it's fundamental
And the only thing that's real

This is not your purpose
This is not why you were born
Sickening your devils
Even worse, your gods