# Altar, The Stress Factor

I need control of time,
My head's exploding now
I've lost the grip of it,
It's getting out of hand
It's overwhelming me,
Schedule is full of shit,
Can't someone spare me now,
I'm getting sick of it
I know I made that promise
To help you out
Of your sorrow
Stop haunting me
Today is not tomorrow
The stress factor
The new world disaster
This is the age of panic
We want to live it faster
Day by day this social cancer
Sure will take us one by one
An epidemic that will surely
Take millions
Together we create this
Circle of priorities
United we will end up,
In this pool of misery