

Mors Principium Est, Pressure

Pride
Kept me strong
My faith was weak, I could not build upon

Their hands
Strangled me.
I asked if death perhaps could intervene

Sweat
Burned my skin
And just like me it made this wound unclean

A ghost
Teasing me.
I could not let him see my segrecy

This time the weight is off my back
I kept myself sincere
The pressure had to leave

This hour the boiling blood has calmed
I kept myself serene
The pressure had to leave
The pressure had to leave