

# Pressure 4-5, Proven

Days are fading into history  
Moving forward, looking back  
Unsure if I'm finding anything  
Worth the time it takes to feel it

Revenge, hate, or solitude

It means a lot to you  
And it's so much I can't bear it  
And so what I'm trying to prove  
Is that things like this do scare me

Time collapsing, what the future holds  
So uncertain, what's the point?  
Live in fear and trap yourself inside  
Walls so high you can't get out

Trapped inside yourself again

## CHORUS

Face your fear and  
Find a place where  
Nothing can phase you  
Except the truth

It means a lot to you  
And it's so much I can't bear it  
And so what I'm trying to prove  
And I mean it seems like things like this  
Do scare me