

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