

Pressure

Mors Principium Est

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