

## 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