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