

I feel the pressure pinching
I feel it strangulate
Although I'm on a path
I get enticed to deviate
Sometimes life is peircing
Just want to intoxicate
And run away from all the pain
And no longer participate, enough
Contemplation, meditation, restoration
No more frustration
We work until we break, I say break away
How much more can I take ?
Rejuvenate
I know this world can get me back up against the wall
Sometimes I feel as if there's gonna be a brawl
Sometimes I throw my hands up
Sometimes I sit and cry
And wonder if there's one that cares
If I live or die, enough
We give ourselves
But we major in many minor things
There's no one else
To change the way we're living
We must be the one