

Pressures

Parkway Drive

Their voices search for me through the darkness, yet I feel desire's cold grip upon my heart no more.

My solitude.

My shield.

My armour.

My solitude.

My shield.

My armour.

Tested with full force.

I have seen the face of death and I, I choose choose not to accept its form.

I have seen the face of death.

An army of demons summoned forth, upon this endless night they swam.

The fire in their eyes, like new Suns shire through the abyss.

I taste the fear.

I see the weakness in their eyes.

They cannot hide as I devour all.

As the mountains crack and the oceans boil, a fury-tempered heart is forged.

Within the flames, this current of corruption will cease.

As the mountains crack and the oceans boil, a fury-tempered heart is forged.

Within the flames, this current of corruption will cease.

I taste the fear.

I see the weakness in their eyes.

They cannot hide as I devour all.

An army of demons summoned forth.

Upon this endless night they swarm.

The fire in their eyes, like new Suns shine trough the abyss.

For I have seen, I have seen the face of death.

I have seen the face of death and I choose not to accept its form.

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