

Pressure

Anathema

As the pressure grows and these feelings flow
Trample on bodies, bodies in holes of faith
Times I've asked the lord for forgiveness
While kept under a spell of a sweating locust's breath.
No need to tell me 'cause its written on your face
Sliding down now with the black lights shining I don't care where you go you won't get away from me
Black as the night is day filled with no sympathy
Marching down the hall for a misery
I don't care where you go you won't get away from me Mouth tastes of sick stomach twisting inside
Everything's wrong and I can't get away
The gravity of fear you can feel it coming near
It's coming straight for you it'll twist and drag you down I don't care where you go you won't get away from me

Songwriters

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