

# Pressure (Acoustic Show With Cello - Budapest)

## 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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