

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

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