

Weight Of The World

Metal Church

[K. Vanderhoof / K. Arrington / R. Munroe] You're caught in a vice by your own device, torment and pressure,
a way of life

You felt the stardom and tasted the fruit, you claw your way back
It's all that you can do

Falling from grace, so many have done, get to the top and bask in the sun
Make some mistakes, it's part of the game, when you play it everything's to gain

The weight of the world upon your shoulders, it's the weight of the world

The struggle within archaic desire, claim your right and devour

All that surrounds you, all you can take, don't let your last

Be your last mistake

The pressure is building, the vice becomes tighter, under the gun and into the fire

Burning and burning, no escape to be found

The weight of the world is keeping you down

The weight of the world upon your shoulders

The pressure is building, an unwilling soldier

The weight of the world is keeping you down

Oh, your world is crashing down to the ground

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