

# Stressed

## Phora

Hammering pulse, bloodshed eyes  
Restless thoughts, sleepless nights  
Out of reach, out of mind

Restoration, medication time  
This is the confession of a man who admits  
(I cant complete this)

This is losing ground, losing grip, losing it  
(Im way beyond your reach)

This comes from a man who is about to pass out  
(I cannot hear you shout)  
This souls lost and it will never once again be found  
Cuz there are no rebounds in the final round

Push push push push it  
Stretch a little more, faster than before  
Gotta reach the call

Gotta climb the wall  
Last man to fall  
Still missed it all  
All these creepy smiles  
Glancing down the aisle  
All Gods graciousness deprived

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