

Anathema, Pressure

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 'cos 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...