Project Silence "Pressure__revolution (Perverted Remix)"

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Pressure of my vengeange A star lit by my wrath Our race - superior Lift up thine spirit to higher depths

The weight of your sins Keep you down Pressed to the ground Beaten onto the dust

The weight of your hate Dims the vision Sweet tears of joy bleed from your veins

Downwards

pleasant thoughts can be decieving Leading you towards this temple of flesh and light

Stand alone on the edge Of this void and emptiness

The cities, the lights, these lifes The ghosts in the machine

This Pressure binds all of life into a hollow shell, imitating lesser gods

Unleashing a revolution Offering another solution Man made god to sweep away the errors

Pressure

Pressure

Revolution

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