

The Poor Souls Of Pompeii

"The Pressure"

Visit ["The Pressure"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

A thousand butterflies
And I apologize
If I masquerade around
Like I do not fuck up myself

Twenty-seven days
And tired of the chase
And all I have is you so
Please don't let go of me

Your arrow is heading for my heart
But please don't, it's hurting far too much
And all this pressure is only gonna get worse
I beg, the remedy's not enough
The doctors are running out of luck
And all this pressure is only gonna get worse now

Turn your pretty blind eye
If I lie to you sometimes
They're only little white lies
But they make you die a little
The peg's not gonna fit
But you won't give up on it
And the last thing that I saw was
You there, with your wings pinned

Your arrow is heading for my heart
But please don't, it's hurting far too much
And all this pressure is only gonna get worse
I beg, the remedy's not enough
The doctors are running out of luck
And all this pressure is only gonna get worse now

Your arrow is heading for my heart
But please don't, it's hurting far too much
And all this pressure is only gonna get worse
I beg, the remedy's not enough
The doctors are running out of luck
And all this pressure is only gonna get worse now

