

DURESS

When I'm under extreme stress everything in me less than perfect is made manifest.

Sounds I can't hear, colors I can't see, to some this seems no way it can be.

We see as real what is unreal,
because of continuous nights lived behind steel.

Prisoner's trapped in a war of thoughts.

The desire to preserve self-become your natural walk.

That's why there is no feelings. Death becomes fair dealing, and you can take your pick
of the individuals that's willing.

Your body becomes weak, maybe it's air that it seeks,
This is A spiritual choking,
One of the devil's greatest feats.

All evil becomes legal this is torture, You think it's a sequel.

Eternity that burns with infirmities,
the rage of a man when the realizes his childhood was
filled with disadvantages
and so much mismanagements.

Even in signs of hope more times that likely they Just tighten the rope.

I'm talking from a deeper perspective, grab the mirror and see the true reflection.

Steps must be taken,
every corner of this place is like a volcano being awoken.

So much fiery behavior,
can't no man be prepared for the legions of invaders.

Nowhere to turn to save us, when we surrender
to everything except the Savior.