Pressurized

Pink Turns Blue

Search for soul in soullessness
A desperate memory of it all
Kicking against that sort of thing
How can I feel pressurized

Feeling I know what to expect
Some awfully deranged stuff in there
How exciting a life you lead
It flatters me sometimes

Feel pressurized

Pale blue eyes, tears of mirth
I'm not going to run away
Obsessed irresponsibility
Getting madder, falling to pieces

Feel pressurized

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