

The factory's deep in a patch of trees, no path to lead you there,  
where I'm soot-clad seeking a masterpiece and it's bad to breathe the air.  
But you'll find in exchange with the violent arrangement I've made  
with these aisles of blind dedication, with the banging of carbon  
and the making of art, you have to relate to a diamond to make one

The steel hands in which coal is pressed are  
Akin to those on a gold rolex  
Without the role of a closing gap  
I'll grow old at the bowl-o-mat

All my coulds can't adapt to cans if  
I've got the goods but I lack demand  
If I wait for the push of a passive hand  
My greatest works will be accidents

But I'm no pro crow, I can only wing it for so long  
When I'm low on coal I skip the shipments and go home  
I'll lay and shift in the blaze  
If I'm unwilling to praise-

Pressure!

What will be left of my breadcrumb trail?  
The P.S. to my flesh E-mail  
The brief message my headstone wears  
Best be worth all the breath I've snared

Are these gems why I don't fear death?  
'Cause I'll descend into broken breath  
My bones are but local guests  
But my soul will be sold and kept

Pressure!

Pressure!

Oh, crush me, oh, crush me, oh crush me alive 'til I live!  
Oh, I'll let my body die  
If my diamonds can survive  
Forever  
No pressure