

'The stage we play on'

The stage made of mud and grass  
the one in which I play on  
between the white lines  
wherever I run  
wherever I dive  
the spotlight follows me

When the ball is near all eyes turn  
I can feel the weight beating faster in my chest  
and the pressure holding me down  
like a backpack of 11 shadows i carry around  
in the back of my mind

My fate racing towards me at full speed  
doubts that congest the air in between us  
but my thoughts of belief still linger  
these thoughts strengthen as the drumming build  
I can feel the beat through my vein  
*Ba-dum Ba-dum*  
each touch  
each second  
every bit closer  
its louder, its heavier  
Like this field has a heart of its own  
*Ba-dum Ba-dum*

And I catch the thunder between my hands  
for a second all is quiet  
then the silence breaks  
their voices crash into me like sudden waves of energy  
scaring away the shadows which once hung over me

the drumming forms a rhythm  
the cheers and laughs of the team form a melody  
we share this stage we play on  
like puzzle pieces that fit together precisely  
forming a perfect chorus  
and a perfect ration of laughs, encouragement and hard work  
no matter the mud  
no matter the pressure  
we play on  
fighting through the drumming  
until it creates the perfect song