

Reduced and erased you are  
Pulled down, beaten up  
Caressed by pain and smashed with a fist of steel  
On a journey so wide that your senses they collide  
Desperate struggle against the will of fate  
It's sealed before you've any chance to break the cycle

A sufferstream runs through me  
I have to let it out  
My outburst comes near thee  
You've got to let me be

Putrifacated acts still stop the future  
With that progress in mind we feed on the feeble