The path has been cleansed.

The cancer makes me no longer miss the limb.

No longer drawing from me.

Out with the sick and also the well.

I no longer fear this change.

It only means I have a chance, the chance that was absent before.

In the wake of loss I see clear.

All can be spared, all can be wasted.

But this is not a waste, it's a sacrifice.

One that I'm willing to make.

Out with the virtue and also the vice.

I no longer fear this change.

It only means I have a chance, the chance that was absent befor e.

In the wake of loss...

And without those nerves it no longer hurts to remember.

I no longer fear this change.

It only means I have a chance, the chance that was absent befor e.

In the wake of loss I see clear