

A new beginning, a fresh clean path
Yet slightly curved and striving to come back
The one you thought you were is gone

A loss of faith, all bridges burned
A strong commitment to return
and find the place where it all began to... burn!

A failure, a disgrace
You'll get yourself erased

An old replacement will not do
Only fresh young meat will satisfy you
The purist in you tells you to stay clean

Your conscience now removed with haste
The stench of death reveals the taste
So precisely portrayed within frames - then replaced...

...the stench of death reveals the taste...
...an empty shell is all that remains...
...slow death...