

Expurgation Euphoria

Aborted

As time passes by you inhale your last breath
With every shot you march one step closer to your death
Just a leprous mongrel digging his own grave
And paving his way through a pile of misery
Atrocity of man, symbol of decay
Intricate solution, sepsis sets in

With every shot and every high your end seeps in
The euphoria you seek marks your atrophy
Iodine reeps and marks your destiny
With an artificial high your skin bleaks,
Insert the needle, again and again

Expurgating abscess, hemoglobic decay
A rotten mess, you finally became
Expurgation euphoria, until the bitter end