

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