

# Good Riddance, The Process

Braced against the grip of choices  
Memories of the gentle ways  
Stained by a thousand voices  
Yearning for a shaft of light

Catergorized  
And labeled an affliction  
Delivered naked into this world  
Dehumanized  
And cast down  
From the savage grip of the process

This is not some kind of holy vision  
Holding back a great dogmatic tide  
Rinsed clean of servile derision  
Gaining passage to the other side