

# Nasum, Scoop

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...