

## Stock Clearance

The hidden secret, the open torture  
Rapture escalating to rupture  
Yet to comprehend the betrayal  
Fails the question of renewal  
Trust and confidence shattered  
It's time to be born anew

Swear words and foul language  
Made everyday life, a sewage  
The swollen cheek, the broken bangle  
The raining thrashes connoting strangle  
The endless pain, joy never regained  
It's time to be born anew

Ignorance is never bliss  
Mockery at the efficiency you miss  
The turf to fight is off track  
Nothing left to look back  
Blurred memories reaching the grave  
It's time to be born anew

Stock clearance of the past  
Well ahead before the new cast  
Scrupulously done without a spot  
For leftovers always tend to rot  
Save the dawn for a smiling start  
It's time to be born anew

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