

# Tilt, Die Of Shame

i'll never tell my parents  
i would die of shame  
i cannot disappoint them  
sully the family name  
so i must seek a solution  
all on my own i'm afraid  
the father of my child is a child  
and he has run away

the water is warm  
the water is warm  
lulling me to sleep  
the bloom of blood  
filling the tub  
granting me release

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i can't be you mother  
i am way to young  
i wish i were older  
i could give you love  
now i must take my chances  
try an outdated technique  
oh god the pain advances  
i am feeling weak

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i see my reflection  
in my goodnight bath  
i can here the raven  
nevermore i gasp  
i could not ask for a doctor  
without parental consent  
unsterile length of a wire  
brought us to the end