

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try an outdated technique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