

# Ceschi, Shame

[Ceschi]

It's a shame, to walk the streets at night  
Not knowing where you're going, just heading towards nothing  
To rest your head on cement, never feeling another's flesh  
To never wear a watch, to never hear or watch  
It's a crime, to have a disease  
To need to have to feed, desire constantly  
Oh it's pain, to love something that hates you and will not change  
It hurts, to puncture yourself  
To smoke out of a can, to dream about sex  
To shave with scissors, to wash in water fountains  
To eat the eucharist, to beg for a DIIIIIME  
It's fuckin sharp, to walk on gravel  
With bare feet in the winter, and no more friendly liquor  
To wish to be in jail, to wish that you weren't here  
To look at yourself in car windows and remember that you once had a family  
With a house and a dog and a garden  
with fake flowers and lawn gnomes and a picket fence  
In the middle of a suburb, happily married  
To a beautiful wife, with a son and a daughter AND A GUN!  
Yes a gun and the tomatoes, it's a shame  
A shame... a shame... a shame {\*echoes\*}