

455-1000  
Shame

Shame  
Now there's a voice that hovers high  
Shame  
The one that tells you not to cry  
Shame  
The wagging finger in the dark  
Lurking, killing spirit like a shark

Shame  
Destroying self for no good reason  
Shame  
Matters not the time or season  
Shame  
Echoes of a fractured past  
Holding, hanging spectre ever lasts

Shame  
Embarrassments best friend  
Shame  
An entire lifetime on the mend  
Shame  
Demanding that we shed not a tear  
Losing image we may disappear

Shame  
What a waste of time  
What happens if you don't wake up  
All that shame, such a crime  
Best get busy living  
All of us will someday be dyin'  
shame