

Pietasters

"Infinite Shame"

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My stomach lurches like a radar sweeps
Through days and hours and dragging weeks
I'm pandered down this primrose path
Where I can't cry so I must laugh
I once was bitter now I'm shy
But now I'm bitten I'm as sly
As all the effluence of youth
Malice for some
Charity for none

This is the place where I do pray
But answered in that special way
This is the place where I'm alone
My seed will always go unsown
And through the effluence of youth
Fighting through your eyes comes truth
So long neglected now deployed
Against the fruit of your own loins
Infinite pills
Finite thrills
Infinite mass
Infinite chills
Infinite toil
Infinite blame
Infinite trash
Infinite shame
Infinite power
Infinite time
Infinite waste
Infinite crime
Infinite lead
Infinite games
Infinite trials
Infinite flames
Infinite pills
Infinite thrills
Infinite mass
Infinite chills
Infinite toil
Infinite blame
Infinite trash

Infinite shame

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