

## Titus Andronicus

### "Ecce Homo"

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Okay, I think by now we've established  
Everything is inherently worthless  
And there's nothing in the Universe  
With any kind of objective purpose.  
And you can scream for a hundred years,  
Split the sky with a thousand curses  
To tell the evil that men do,  
Honey, you wouldn't even scratch the surface.  
Too many implications  
Not enough time to make them explicit  
Too many generalizations  
Not enough time to make them specific  
And I spread my vile seed  
From the Atlantic to the Pacific  
Now I'm begging you on my knees  
Please don't make me get down and sniff it  
Cause if I got more comfortable  
Surely, I'm more complicit

Fat off the fruit of the tree of ignorance  
I was born into this now I'm dying because of it  
Yes it's us against them again  
Smashing the system into the dirt now  
We gobble brown M&M's  
Put the whole thing onto a t-shirt  
I heard about Audre and the master's tools  
Something about Joe chasing a storm in a mug  
I could have sworn I saw the lord of the strummers  
Standing on line at the salt mine with the slugs  
And it's such a weird world  
It feels real wrong smiling  
Sea to shining sea, Jersey sliding  
And I'm fronting like a living boy on a long island

I heard them say the white man created existential  
angst  
When he ran out of other problems  
Cause the thing about those problems was  
Typically, more money would solve them  
We're breaking out of our bodies now  
Time to see what's underneath them

I heard about my authentic self  
What would I say would I ever meet him?  
I guess "you're guilty of a terrible crime"  
And I know it was my birth.  
Doing twenty-six to life now on planet earth  
I was taken in to custody by a janitor  
You know our life is laborious  
But admit it's predictable  
When all the figures are fungible  
All feelings are malleable  
I'm desperately addicted, but functional.  
Don't want to be evicted from the wonderful  
underworld

Look at this youngish man  
Already half way off with his pants  
He's doing something weird with his hand  
He's got a multitude of outrageous plans  
And he's still trying to cough up  
That which he choked on in the churches  
Look at him now loitering in front of a vacant storefront  
Bearded and bedecked in Army surplus  
Don't know why it's so hard giving a sh\*t  
When everybody's telling him he's full of it  
He forgets if he felt oppressed or depressed  
Or which one came first in this crazy mess  
If he's taken too much, or not enough  
Or which one was the worse one with this sort of stuff  
And he was so unsure if being ignored  
Was half the pain of being observed  
And that's a lot to say without a word

But I know it's a lot more than just being bored.  
I know it's nothing more than just being bored  
I know it's a lot more than just being bored.  
I know it's nothing more than just being bored

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