

# Shame

Andy Mineo

You fly in circles around my head  
While I sit on the edge of my bed  
I cry, oh what have I done again?  
'Cause I'm 'bout to hate who I am  
'Cause I'm 'bout to hate who I am

I chase the moment that when I had it I felt alive  
But now that the thrill is gone I feel dead inside  
I feel like everyone know the secrets I wanna hide  
And everytime they ask me how I'm doing I just say I'm fine  
Too embarrassed to share it or maybe too much pride  
I create my own prison, holding the keys inside  
Punishing myself for all of these crimes  
And I'm trying to convince God I'm not a waste of his time  
What's wrong with me? Am I defective?  
I keep on making a mess  
Why can't I ever get it together?  
Soon, people gonna find out I'm not what they expected  
They see who I really am then I end up rejected  
I try to stand tall but these knees are collapsing  
Instead of asking for help these apps distract me  
So lonely, but so many people friended me  
While I post, I hope one day to be happy as I pretend to be

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Uh, I was thirteen the first time my momma caught me watching porn  
She started screaming, she couldn't believe her last born  
Was dapping in something so destructive  
I wish I could have said it was my last time but naw it wasn't  
And the more I thought about it  
The more I got bothered  
These women I'm objectifying are somebody's daughters  
I really never thought I had a problem until it followed me to college  
And I felt debilitated by it's bondage  
Became a Christian, heard about God's power  
Couldn't see it in my life but I could tell you all about it  
Overloaded with knowledge, making so little progress  
Became a public figure but my struggles were in private  
Only started tasting freedom when I'm being honest  
And I learn that when I am weak is when I'm seeing God the strongest  
I know some people gon' be quick to throw stones  
But I'll take all of those hits to know that you're not alone  
And after 28 years of life I decided  
Everybody's crooked, some just have a better way of hiding it  
Oh how good does freedom taste  
I hope they gon' give me the forgiveness they gon need one day  
I pray

Jesus He washes away of all my sin  
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