

# Tecato

## Snot

What  
Growin' up in broken homes  
You find yourself at ten years old  
Runnin' drag and startin' fights  
But minors hide behind their rights  
Start slow with beer and pot  
But soon you're bored with what you've got  
Try some dope at first for kicks  
You'd promised that you'd never fix  
Fade away from the path you choose  
You stuck your arm  
Started to  
Lose  
Surround yourself with pain and strife  
A downward spiral is your life  
Some years later your life's a shell  
Still locked inside this living hell  
Only to cope you leave your house  
Now meet the cops your luck's run out  
Got no love end up in jail  
A few more beefs a five year tail  
Prison term  
Before too long  
Your number's up  
Now you are  
Gone  
And thrown away the key  
Jails, institutions  
And death  
Think I'm fucking kidding?  
Now it feels just like a dream  
But it's not what it seems  
Gotta block out the screams  
I'm too tired to defend  
Bring my life to an end  
This I can't comprehend  
But it's coming  
Now the needle's in my neck  
I know that mine is not

The only life I've wrecked  
Now that I know the battle can't be won  
Selfishness weighs a ton  
Lookin' out for number 1  
As if my life was so pretty  
Now things look shitty

And there's no one to save me from  
Fuckin' pain  
It burns hot from the inside out  
Now there ain't no doubt  
How this 'bout started out  
Now they've finally brought me down  
Sympathy can't be found  
Locking doors the only sound  
I've screwed over all who care  
It's only fair  
They've stripped my soul bare  
I can't take it  
Now it starts to come on strong  
The long arm of the law  
Coming down on my head  
It's been so long  
Since I have felt the sun beating down from above  
Without bars on my cage reminding me  
That I got screwed up  
And I've got no love  
From a truck  
What the fuck  
I'll keep truckin' down  
I'm locked in this cell  
Kickin' it in hell  
Ain't no joke the straight dope started out  
Locking doors the only sound  
Jails, institutions  
And death  
Think you can take your pick?  
Kickin' dope in a jail cell  
You wanna die it feels like hell  
Muscles ache you cannot sleep  
Stomach ache you cannot eat  
Do your time and make parole  
Now you're free  
Out of this hole  
Think you'd learn and start to cope

But from the gate you score some dope  
Nothing changes  
You start to regress  
You're all strung out  
Life is a mess  
Once again

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