

Body's Made Of Hand Grenade

BEXEY

My mother in and out of court like a referee
Baby sister crying
And repeating please don't let him see me
And he don't deserve a name
Told my sister the other day
I'll happily do life in prison to keep you safe
She was in mums stomach
He kicked em both down the stairs
And put out his cigarette on my mothers cold flesh
And back then...
I was probably bout 10
I wasn't there
If I was, I wouldn't be here and neither would he
Id be locked up
Like all of this I'm brain but I'll release it
Womens refuge, missing my mum I had to sneak in
Keep my voice low
No natural la that refugees bring
Watched my sister take her first steps
As I'm internally bleeding
No I can't tell if they just shivering, freezing
Or just tryna stop the tears streaming
Every member of my family
Second letter up in their name is an 'a'
But mine has a 'e' in
My brother was joking
Saying I'm adopted because of that
Not funny I was young at the time I believed him

And they say a photographic memory
A blessing and a curse yeah
Lessons to be learned pages to be turned
Ooh la la la la ain't a natural la
When them refugees break down
Ooh na na na na na ain't a naturla la
They scream the whole place down