

Trauma Bonds

High Vis

Buried too many too young
It's a short life, tears on my Gore-Tex
We're defective and numb
When the party's over
It's over, and where do we run?

I've known this lot for too many years
We're not driven by hate, we're just slaves to fear
And are we still lucky to be here?
Are we still lucky to be here?
Are we still lucky to be here?

I wish I could say
Something sane to wash away
And annihilate the trauma that we save
It might take just one
Reason inside to carry on
Or something sharp to cut these trauma bonds

I can't vouch for everyone
But if it's on, it's on
I know a spot that stays away from the sun
Do what you like
Cans, packets and fights
A world to stay away from

Something beyond the sweat and tears
The blood is enough to keep us in the clear
And are we still lucky to be here?
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And annihilate the trauma that we save
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