

# 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?  
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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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