

The Trauma Model

King 810

"The trauma model.

People who have known to find genetic abnormality all within a range of normal;

And somethings come in from the environment to hurt them.

Now it could be a bullet, could be a car, could be a virus or a bacteria,

it blows from the environment to throw them out of balance."

A child sits alone and listens to his mother cry

About how she wants to die because she cannot provide

And her children sleep together because its so cold outside

And she don't know that he hears her but she keeps him up all night

And his sisters will be mothers like her

And his brothers absent fathers like theirs

Hell grow up to shoot some men so in turn hell get shot back

My bullet wounds start to ache I predict rain

And that's pain

And that's pain

A child laid alone couldn't sleep shed toss and turn

Fidgety and finicky like the skin she was in burned

And her father had to teach her what a mother only should

And it took her further than any college degree could

What the boy liked the most was the way she never let it show

And since he found her body he just sits out on the coast

All alone with the oceans moan skipping stones with her ghost...

And that's pain

And that's pain

And that's pain

And that's pain

Its the motherfuckin' boogeyman

I drop to my knees and pray that I can change my ways

I've been watching people die since I was a boy

My own life don't even matter to me imagine how I feel about yours

Growing up just means a game

where two kids fight over a weapon and the loser is slain

You best be man enough to squeeze the gun

right in his heart because his head won't always get it done

And that's pain

And that's pain

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And that's pain

And that's pain

And that's pain