Tundra Kids

No Trigger

Products of lust through incidental reproduction
A group of kids stuffed, primed and fated for self destruction
Four or five years will get the job done
Sometimes advancement comes with two or even noneBut let me tell you, with buzz cuts looking horrible and tom needing de-lousing
With the finest olive snowsuits on and goggles for reflected sun
We sing old fashioned songs and trudge through low-income housing
We press on, we press on, I'm guessing that we're close
I see some Eskimos, lost six or seven toes
And I can finally say that we'll never make it homeIt's all we know
And snowshoeing is fucking tough within this Arctic Circle pit
But I've danced worse than this
The northern lights try to reflect the path at 30 centigrade below the zero mark
The top of the world is calling
with sensors reading low on oxygen
We ask ourselves some simple questions
If not us, who?
If not now, when?

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