

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 none
But 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 home
It'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?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>