

PERFECT TRAUMA

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There is no perfect trauma
You need to own your shit
Some actions have a consequence
But you always get away with it

You don't care what people think of you
But other people do
Your path of self-destruction
Hurts other people too

Disguised, you call it self-care
It doesn't matter who you hit
You talk about empowerment
Then hide behind your tits

They hit you up to get hooked up
But you get nothing when they score
You think it makes you popular
But they treat you as their whore

Some tap on your window
And you give a little head
One day they'll kick your door right in
But it'll be the cops instead

Then watch them run for cover
Like all cockroaches do
Except the man who has your back
And through it all ...

...still loves you.