

Trauma

"And So I Was Thinking"

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What does all of this mean
Because I cannot feel a thing
Just when I think it's okay
You throw a wrench in my machine
It's as if I have a lamp
And all the bulbs are burnt out
I try to find a few more
But you got 'em all behind locked doors
There's a dead cat in the box
On the ground beside me
Is this a metaphor of my flesh
In this house if I'll repute
Or is it just a dead cat in a box
On the ground beside me
With no meaning at all
In a world that has no meaning
Durer and Schagall don't give no altar call
So why you setting me up
So I can take a fall like the A-Team
And B.A. Baracuss
Who likes to cause a ruckus
Just like me and my boys in Travail
You know we're on a war path
We'll drown you in a blood bath
And you know we'll grip you fast
Some of you will hate me because of this poem
Even though my struggles you just don't know 'em
Your judgementalism tilling me who I am
I'm sorry my friend I'm only just a man
I could be fake and force you through a door
I could be face and be a corporate whore
Or I could be real and make you think twice about
What it means to follow Jesus Christ
I'm still trying to figure you out
Sometimes you don't carry a lot of clout
But then you show me your true self
And see how pitiful I am

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