

No Time To Play

Swingin' Utters

They've laid to rest morality, blessed themselves with immortal
ity gazed into the eyes of innocents as the blade was pulled o
ut merrily I'd beg and plead if it made sense to me, if I though
t it'd make a difference to quit is to lose, so I suppose I'm c
onceding defeat from weariness

They say

"No time play, you cannot stay,
appreciate the mess I've made"

Then they turn their backs and walk away

I've seen young bystanders get shown the view from their watch
towers and with their stealth and stench transform these tyke
s into another great lot of admirers

I don't blame traders ah, how ignorance is bliss it's so fuckin
g easy to be bought and sold when you're a young and stupid kid