Child's Play

Carcass

Raised in a nursery of rumbling brick,
Rusted iron, cracked stone and steel,
Nurtured in a barren concrete crib,
In a playground of grey, your fate is sealed,
Against a back drop of drab, cold corrosion,
We learn to dance, love, sing and play,
Razor wire the strung umbilical cord,
In an unsterile womb of urban decay,Let me take you down,
As I'm going too,Play hard - like child's play,
Playing rough - after all it's only a game,Now, redevelopment lies in ruins,
As gutted slums are sown,
Enveloping, smothering squalor,
This dereliction grows,
Outside it is now cold and dark,
Only desolation, darkness and gloom,
Not a far cry from a tortured cat,
Your cities will become your tombs,Let me take you down,
As I'm going too,Play hard - like child's play,
Playing rough - after all it's only a game,

Songwriters
WALKER, JEFFREY / STEER, WILLIAM GEOFFREYPublished by
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