No Time to Play

Swingin' Utters

They've laid to rest mortality, blessed themselves with immorality, gazed into the eyes of innocents as the blade was pulled out merrily i'd beg and plead if it made sense to me, if i thought it'd make a difference to quit is to lose, so i suppose i'm conceding defeat from weariness
they say, "no time to play, you cannot stay, appreciate the mess i've made" then they turn their backs and walk away
i've seen the young bystanders get shown the view from their watchtowers and with their stealth and stench transform these tykes into another great lot of admirers
i don't blame traders ah, how ignorance is bliss it's so fucking easy to be bought and sold when you're a young and stupid kid (Koski)

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