

## **Swingin' Utters**

### **"No Time To Play"**

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They've laid to rest morality, blessed themselves with  
immortality 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 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 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

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