



1. Adult insult from such a little child
 -one of the signs of the times that we live in.
 Whole generation grown up crooked, wrecked & wild
 pressure's just too much to hold their own
 and they give in.

[HOOK]: Wild ones' hot guns burning with desire
 -Children straying in the mire! *
 World conditions life-&-death-ly dire
 -Just Children playing with fire. **

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TIME: 3:48

2. Whole cities no one pities cry rivers of rain
 none yet old enough to tell what it is they feel.
 They hadn't heard the word nor meaning of "abstain"
 Too late to wait the card of death was waiting
 in their deal. [REPEAT HOOK]

DATE WRITTEN:
 June 1-3, 1995

STYLE/ARTIST/MARKET:
 Lazor-rock. Spring-
 steen.

3. They're too young to even yet identify
 the fears hidden by tears their youth too soon had faced.
 There's no hope of ever going back to find out why
 For their dwindling remnant that reality's
 by now erased! [REPEAT HOOK]

4. The winter of their life gone before spring came
 before age could show its face of grace and elegance.
 A headstone all alone but the weeds that hide their name
 a missing epitaph — none had learned to spell
 ignorance.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

5. Specious loves & mixed bloods slay so many young
 -cuts them down before they even reach their teen years.
 No antidote - too late to live once they got stung
 the hot iron of reality they see now
 how it sears. [REPEAT HOOK]
6. It's the invincibility of youth's bold stance
 annihilated by their own misled defiance.
 Their highs shot down so low they never even stood a chance
 Battling their reflections seen as
 implacable giants.

[REPEAT VERSE 4, REPEAT HOOK, & FADE]

END

* Alternate this line as:
 -Children fraying in the pyre, (and)
 ** "-Our" Children playing with fire.