

Skunk Anansie, This Is Not a Game

We bathe in the illusion
That you will care for us
Your silence breeds confusion
And the world goes bust

We fight for our survival
Like some old sad cliché
Their failure have no rivals
But shame

This is not a game
People's suffrage
This is not a circus
This is not a game

You scream for some explosion
Then smother all faint sparks
There's power in confusion
To be gained

This is not a game
People's suffrage
This is not a circus
This is not a game
People are in pain
This is no illusion
This is not a game

This is not a game, game, game
This is not a game
People's suffrage
This is not a circus
This is not a game
People are in pain
This is no illusion
This is not a game