

Love, Money

Bride

There's a war around Disneyland
And there's no love, they don't understand
Free falling through America
They have no family with gun in hand
It's a world self contained
Wear no colors but they have a name
See it in their eyes: racial genocide, blood on the street

Love, money, prison, crime
No graffiti, doing time
Safe-house, wearing scars
Got to prove who they are

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Oh, had to leave their motherland
Sanctuary for the rebel man
Where are all of your machine guns stashed?
Freedom is your cocaine in the kitchen trash
Lived in violence, yeah, all of their life
Stepped over bodies day and night
They have a habit of spreading fear
Here in America

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We open our arms
We open our doors
World on our shoulders
Hope on the shores
We have stood strong
Have bared our soul
There's an epidemic
It makes my heart so cold

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Who they are
Who they are