

Cops Are Out

Battalion of Saints

Cops are out, I run and hide
They're looking for me, and I don't know why
I'm so confused about their plight
You're not safe when you're out at night
You'll have to die to please all of them

The cops will die, there is no choice
For taking the law in their own hands
Who they don't like they'll arrest
The people rise to take their lives

Cops are out, I see what they're up to
They want to create fear. A police state is clear.
They say "oh no, we're here to help"
Who are they joking, do they think we're blind?
As the club hits you, up side your head

[Chorus]

Cops will die, die, die!
The cops are out