

Wedding

Poliça

All white wedding
Barricade, cocaine
A Cecil sergeant soldier
We don't even know his name

Brim brim when we lose they win
Keep it cooking, all the cops want in
Brim brim when we lose they win
Saying hands up, the bullet's in

God was si-silent
Bed of nails
Chains that sail
Ash and rope
Pay my bail

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All around me fire
Every voice is like a click
Trigger after trigger
We don't even know we're sick

Leaders, we have none
But the worst of your ways
There are no such things as make-ups
We don't even know their ways

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