

# 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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