

The Hunt

Sepultura

We went into town
On the Tuesday night
Searching all the places
That you hang about

We're looking for you
In the back street cellar
In the drinking clubs
In the discotheques
And the gaming pubs

We're looking for you
You will pay the price
For my own sweet brother
And what he has become
And a hundred other boys and girls
And all that you have done

We picked up the trail
At the seven crowns
One of your cronies
He was doing your rounds

We followed him
Just a silhouette figure
Up market pass
Where the headlamps shine
On the broken glass

We followed him
Over the bridge by the old canal
Where the shadows dance
On the lighted wall
He stopped to light up a cigarette
And we dived into a doorway

No police, no summons, no courts of law
No proper procedure, no rules of war
No mitigating circumstance
No lawyers fees, no second chance

There are lasses getting trouble
On their own home beat
There are old folk battered
In the open street

In this city of ours
There are eyes that see
But say nothing at all
There are ears that hear
But they don't recall

In this city of ours
So we followed your man
Back to your front door
And we're waiting
For you outside

?Cause not everybody
Here is scared of you
Not everybody passes
On the other side

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We could spent
Our whole lives waiting
For some thunderbolt to come

And we could spent
Our whole lives waiting
For some justice to be done
Unless we make our own

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