

# 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

No police, no summons, no courts of law  
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No mitigating circumstance  
No lawyers fees, no second chance

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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No mitigating circumstance  
No lawyers fees, no second chance