

Waiting to Exhale

Violator

Persecuted and hunted by the police
Shotguns and bombs blazing your eyes
An addiction becomes transgression
And they will deliver the cure with despair

Suffocated for a compulsion
Poverty and drugs burning your lung
The smoke takes them to another place
No one would face this living hell

Choked
(By) seclusion
Hidden
(With) repulsion

Can't these people realize
The solution is not victimize

The hand that guide the brutality
Wounds for money cleaning the streets
The problem of abandon
Should not be solved with more injure

The mistreatment of authority
It has a reason to please the rich
They want to profit with our city
Even with death as consequence
Can't these people realize
The solution is not victimize
Products of a violent state
That are waiting to exhale

For those who born in gutters
Choice is a mean illusion
The abhorrence they know all time
Is now the reason to end their lives