

Sepultura, The Hunt

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 Dive 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 Lawyer's 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...

And 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

No Police, No Summons, No Courts Of Law...