

Funeral Dress, Violent System

Broken window, graffiti on the walls
Fear on peoples faces
Afraid to walk the streets today
To get beaten up in this insane nation

Gangs on the corner
Police with bulldog faces
The smell of crack all around
See their empty faces

We are living in a violent system (violent system)
They're against me in this violent system (violent system)
Everything bores me in this violent system (violent system)
They are against me

Bomb the system, bomb the law
Let them see you're not a clown
Don't let them bring you down
Let them see that you know how

The whole world is turning crazy
With a bang it brings you down
Before you decide to do something
You better take a look around

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