

Macaco, The Blow

You never told me that our lives
were like a dream
their money becoming scarring supernovas
they need the blow they need no brains
bring down the courtin like an ax
bloody teeth are fowling
like roothing apples from the trees
I never knew the leaf
was quickly turning over
they need the blow they need no brains
bring down the curtain like an ax
Bones, bones, under water
Bones, bones, under water
Echalos pa fuera
Manipulaci´n sigues el camino perpetuo del ladr´n
pero ninguno de tus pasos tiene valor para nosotros
Roba que roba que roba
pualadas traperas de guante blanco
que tu ley te tapa y tu jams sales condenado.