

# Love, Money

Bride

There's a war around Disneyland  
And there's no love, they don't understand  
Free falling through America  
They have no family with gun in hand  
It's a world self contained  
Wear no colors but they have a name  
See it in their eyes: racial genocide, blood on the street

Love, money, prison, crime  
No graffiti, doing time  
Safe-house, wearing scars  
Got to prove who they are

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Oh, had to leave their motherland  
Sanctuary for the rebel man  
Where are all of your machine guns stashed?  
Freedom is your cocaine in the kitchen trash  
Lived in violence, yeah, all of their life  
Stepped over bodies day and night  
They have a habit of spreading fear  
Here in America

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We open our arms  
We open our doors  
World on our shoulders  
Hope on the shores  
We have stood strong  
Have bared our soul  
There's an epidemic  
It makes my heart so cold

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Who they are  
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