

Rio, common day, another goddamn day
 A delinquent hijacks a bus
 What should have been just a mere routine
 Turns out to be horror on TV
 Negotiations pass the hours
 While police surround the scene
 With a stupid tactless strategy
 Fear inside, there's no place to hide
 One's nightmare becomes our tragedy

His mother, dead, stabbed in the back
 Revenge and grief in his head
 Living in the streets sniffing glue and cocaine
 Using amphetamines and smoking crack
 Terror that comes in the night
 Killing all his friends
 Once again he's in hell on earth
 Now in the bus victims are crying for God
 That gunman needs to be neutralized

Living among thieves, drugs and prostitutes
 A son of poverty
 A survivor of a terrible crime
 The Candelaria's tragedy

Ladies and gentlemen welcome to our freak show
 Look at this crazy man, high and out of control
 Hostages under his gun
 There's no place to run
 A number you'll never ignore
 174

"This is for real, the demon wants blood
 Everyone will fucking die, I'm driven by demons"

I don't understand, he was given a bad end
 Dead in the police car
 Killed another victim, they also took a woman
 Shot by the same police, it is fucking bizarre
 Three bullets killed that teacher
 Live on TV for thousands to see
 Disastrous police action, thoughtless unplanned
 Now a question inside, is justice really blind?

There's no place to hide from this sick war
 Fucking sick war
 At war