The Coffin Caddies
"Black White Red"

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Landscapes of shadows, Build in tints of eerie red
Cops and hookers run this city
Violent world, Violent Times
Place where money buys you time
My living hell

Born in Sin City
We bleed black, white and red
We're in Sin City

Silent whispers sadness
Absorbed by walls of tainted blood
Stories of these massacres
Population Deadly,
God has given up on us
Try to stay alive

Patches cover scars
That happened just today
Pills help an old mans beating heart
To fight crime one more day
Bow down to the cross
Preachers wash away your sins
So many sins

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