

A Fatal Desire

Hocico

Disappear, out of my sight our future's clear
Disappear, just fade away
we got lost, among the ghosts
that live inside your door
we got lost, there's nothing I can do

Disappear, follow your steps towards the end
Disappear, behind all your flesh games

And your flesh's calling on
when you are mad and enraged
is your flesh calling me?
calling, calling to die

Disappear, follow your steps towards the end
Disappear, behind all your flesh games
Once you are gone
your fantasies will hide beneath the storm
Once you are gone
You'll sleep with the rats

And your flesh's calling on
when you are mad and enraged
is your flesh calling me?
calling to die