

## About A Dead

Hocico

You said he's around us  
Well, then tell us where?  
'cause you went back to your place  
And there was no one  
To help wipe out the disgrace

Hey you Mr. Priest  
If you can speak to god  
Tell me, did he offer the kids  
Who you raped while you  
Prayed for your soul

God is dead  
God is a noise in your head  
Can he talk to you?  
Not to me  
God is dead  
God is a waste in your brain  
Can he talk to you?  
Not to me

You said he'll bring peace  
Well, then tell us when?  
You expect us to live in fear  
Of motherfuckers who kill  
for a god who's dead?