

# Boiling Blood

Hocico

Gods were watching in the distance  
the killing of their sons  
they heard their desperate screams  
crying, they knew the time had come

Hundreds of years ago  
false men came in their boats  
they tried to kill our knowledge and creed  
they won, but they spread our seed  
blood still courses through our hearts  
blood still courses through our minds  
our memories were written in blood  
we still believe our glory will return

Boiling blood in our veins  
burn our painful past  
boiling blood  
we should turn them to dust

We are the boiling blood coursing through our race  
there's nothing to regret we feel the ancient grace  
they killed our world, but they couldn't kill our force  
gods protect us this time, come save us, we are your sons