

## Death as a Gift

Hocico

Stormy day outside  
When nothing's real  
His nameless face appears

I see a man waiting for  
A sign he's been seeking  
Heralds of the end

So this way ends his day  
His days all feel the same  
Heads down, crippling steps

As misery is coming  
And nothing's real  
Raindrops keep falling to wet his pain

Distress in never-ending days  
Hope death is for real  
Distress in never-ending days  
Rainfall unending

To find death in misery  
A blessing in these times  
The greatest gift