Depression

Hocico

Wind touches my face blowing slowly it's coldness My soul has frozen in a solitude blink making my being decline

Hiding my fears into my world
I can percieve this dark corner
these recoil's chains choke my desire
thoughts in fight, Illusions drawn in ice

Visions of pain, feelings of fault depression comes, penetrates my heart I can see a black horizon it comes to me with all it's rage (and I want to be free now)

But I don't give up

Frustrating sights, bad experiences all over me, what desolation brings

Memories hurt, deception overflowing the sense illusions fall, wishes go
I'm blind with the pain, forces left behind maybe it's the time to forget my self