

## Twisted Lines

Hocico

Paint again without colors  
Drawing lines is not enough  
All your acts aren't drawings  
You can't hide them anymore  
You can laugh, but you can't feign  
That this line doesn't matter  
You can try, but you can't get  
What hands need to create  
Drawings vanish, time says  
You're about to paint your fate  
Now watch your step or you could stumble  
Stumble on your fucking dirt  
You can see, but you can't face  
What your fear's about to taste  
You can try, but can't learn  
That scorn's what you deserve  
Whoever you are  
Whatever you want from me  
Whatever you say  
Fuck off and walk  
Draw yourself you'll see nothing  
You're just ink in a wrong place  
The wrong words, the wrong faces  
Twisted lines is all what you paint  
You can see, but you can't face  
What your fear's about to taste  
You can try, but you can't learn  
That scorn's what you deserve