

Whithout A God

Hocico

Answers coming from answers
questions swirling around
they light the fire of cruelty
to glorify their own debility

They walk on wastelands
where steps are erased
there's no trace to leave behind
they just know there's no way to find

Blasts blow from above
beating their heads with force
deafening horror screams
deadly, fatal, touches of wind

Days in disgrace
in search of someone to blame
no one's guilty, no one's gone
they know they're nothing without a god

the mute are talking now
they scream, god's gonna forgive their sins.

And nothing will ever change.