

Hocico, A Broken Glass

I dream of killing myself, I'm in front of a screen
it reflects my dead shape, but death has never scared me
I break the screen I think of fleeing, I start to hear a melody
that guides my will to understand why my deathwish is so real

I get out for a walk and I can not find anymore
a feeling that makes me stay everything looks so grey
a broken glass touches my neck, I want to cut my innocence
I'm hypnotized looking the glass, I want to feel it's coldness

I flee from the land of the sin
I want to hear one last melody
I want to flee

My life runs out, I've given up, don't care about my family
there's no doubt they won't care too, it's time to bring my destiny

A broken glass cuts my neck, I start to feel a bit tired
all around turns to red, just hope death arrives in time