

# 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