

Hocico, Bloodshed

Innocently they got there
On that night of rage
Through their pores we saw the source
Of what makes us rave
Then the wrath would come along
With a violent frame
And an arrow would cross their hearts
Nothing stopped our massive assail

The fists, the screams, the struggle
The wrath, the rage, the bleeding

They were lightening the flames
Of our fire, we just made them pay

Bloodshed
None of them could flee
We listened to their plea
Bloodshed
They wanted to bleed

As wrath shots came to us
We felt glorified
We let our fists be our voice
And they covered the night
We dressed our hearts in black
To continue the fight
And a ray guided our hate
Where night shows it's evil side

Blood is what they wished
Someone had to pay