

Hocico, Drowning

Inside everybody fights
Inside everybody burns
The time hangs from the ceiling
Inside everybody drowns
Inside no one ever feels
Inside no one ever knows
The ice melts while we call out
Inside no one ever hears us
Inside everybody cries
Inside everybody melts
Who's that looking for meaning?
Inside everybody's dead
So where's the grace? Where do we find it?
Inside the thorns? Inside the frames?
So why the pain? And why the suffering?
Is there a reason? Will we ever know?
It's what you bleed
It's what you've done
It's all the pain behind the tears
These words that lie under my tongue
Just let it go
Just go