

Hocico, Fed Up

The solution is candies for the oppressed
The solution is sex for the obsessed
The solution is playing as the rest
Your temptation will stay at last

Keep on walking and climbing up the walls
Keep on walking your feet will eat the dust
Keep on walking and try to disbelief
What you dream before you go to sleep

Dont think too much about the things at night
Dont think too much those creatures have a price
Dont think too much and swallow all your pride
Until your senses are fed up with this life
Dont read the warnings go straight and start to fly
Dont read the warnings, old road to paradise

If you want to believe
In a destiny, if you want to believe
In a twisted desire in a manic disease

If you want to believe
In a destiny, if you want to believe
In a twisted desire
In a plastic dream