

Hocico, Twisted Lines

Paint again without colors
Drawing lines is not enough
All your acts aren't drawings
You can't hide them anymore
You can laugh, but you can't feign
That this line doesn't matter
You can try, but you can't get
What hands need to create

Drawings vanish, time says
You're about to paint your fate
Now watch your step or you could stumble
Stumble on your fucking dirt
You can see, but you can't face
What your fear's about to taste
You can try, but can't learn
That scorn's what you deserve

Whoever you are
Whatever you want from me
Whatever you say
Fuck off and walk

Draw yourself you'll see nothing
You're just ink in a wrong place
The wrong words, the wrong faces
Twisted lines is all what you paint
You can see, but you can't face
What your fear's about to taste
You can try, but you can't learn
That scorn's what you deserve