

# Hocico, Wounds

Rise from your deep wounds  
From the wounds of the past  
The gray skies where doubt flies  
Cover all eyes with dust

Cold the winds blow  
While rancor grows and stays  
Bitter tears inside blind eyes  
Their justice is a fake

Nation this time is ours  
You beated nation  
You won't cry this time  
Nation, revenge is ours  
Just beated nation  
Just believe this time

I promised you I'd die today  
Tears won't wet your eyes

I'll be by your side to rise this gun  
The gun I have in my hands

We'll see them bleed, reaching the end  
They'll draw our smiles

Nation I just feel kind of away now  
But I'm still brave

I see some blood running out  
So let's take what is ours