

Hocico, Depression

Wind touches my face blowing slowly it's coldness
My soul has frozen in a solitude blink
making my being decline

Hiding my fears into my world
I can perceive this dark corner
these recoil's chains choke my desire
thoughts in fight, Illusions drawn in ice

Visions of pain, feelings of fault
depression comes, penetrates my heart
I can see a black horizon
it comes to me with all it's rage
(and I want to be free now)

But I don't give up

Frustrating sights, bad experiences
all over me, what desolation brings

Memories hurt, deception overflowing the sense
illusions fall, wishes go
I'm blind by the pain, forces left me down
it is the time to forget my self