

# 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