

# Hocico, Poltergeist

Turn on your senses with the last moonlight tear  
let out the spirits of your broken ears  
In the surroundings you hear a sweet voice  
that makes echo in your lips

And that compelling voice seems to never stop  
we keep on listening our blood flows to the top  
strange intentions is what we perceive  
don't wanna be another preys of fear

Don't close your eyes wait for the morning to come  
you turn around and still it's twelve o'clock  
a thousand memories pass through your mind  
you see the ghost of the past

And flying images lurk around us  
we feel the cold air stabbing our lungs

Don't wanna see all these things are real  
we can't resist anymore this feelings  
have all this nightmare come out from our minds?  
or is this just the way reality cries

The jaws of death are drawn in the sky  
we ain't seeing another ray of light  
we are caught in the words of the night  
our ears are bleeding, no way to go outside

Tonight we'll see this time it's true  
we're living in the darkness  
I wanna scream, you want it too  
we'll never see the light

And flying images lurk around us  
we feel the cold air stabbing our lungs  
the voice is still here covering the night,  
making our ears bleed, cutting like a knife