

# Hocico, Spirits Of Crime

Possessed by spirits of crime  
The wound shell leave wont heal  
I foretell a violent ending  
Cause they cant escape from this

Shes opened too many doors  
But cant see what she looks for  
She stops her watch every hour  
So her time doesnt run away

Is it a knife or a blade?  
The shape anger takes  
Evil rises again  
It never happened before  
Feelings consumed them all  
She will stop the pain

A dagger cuts the air both breathe  
A dagger marks the end  
No crying, pain goes away

Suddenly it happens,  
she turns into the thing she was afraid of  
Suddenly it happens,  
he turns into the thing he despised his whole life