

# Hocico, The Shape Of Things To Come

Into the realms of hate  
Into the realms of war  
No we're not dreaming  
Now try to run away  
As fast as you can  
Outside these grounds of hell

A burning world consumes  
The flames are everywhere  
Their eyes full of pain  
Once fiction was our dream  
Now fiction is our hell  
We shaped our glorious end

As world comes crashing down  
No more screams are heard  
No we're not dreaming  
Everything here has changed  
Everything is destroyed  
The fiction becomes truth

Wish there was a reason to stop this madness  
You go keep tasting your own decadence

Bloody times, no one can talk  
A glorious suicide to end up alone  
Nobody escapes what we've done  
In this bloody wasted place

And certain things remain untold  
Deep in ourselves a twisted soul  
And that's the shape of things to come  
We try to change it but it's too late  
Now we're just living annihilate  
And that's the shape of things to come