

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