Hocico, Untold Blasphemies

Come here my little son come I'll heal your sins Come on tell me more come about the house of filth That you try to hide

How does it feel to touch your sister's lust? She's just flesh like you family of hogs Playing old games

Confess tell me why? You lie Confess flesh is all you are, filth

Every touch it feels like a god's bite Beat my body hardly don't ask me why

Crucify your lust, lick the hanging cross Never walk out from me or you'll be lost

Fluids, brutality among the scum Your mother's a bitch as well Her place is not home Confess how your bodies dance The dance of silent flesh Confess how every night she's pleased Hogs of sin playing old games