

# 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