

Hocico

"Bizarre Words"

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Who are you carrying all those bricks for?
You, you don't know.
Who are you crying all those tears for?
Ask while you fall.
Is this acting or entertainment?
False sympathy.
Insecure movements called depression,
False honesty.

So your past is what attacks you,
It hunts you down.
What you care is just the false truth,
From a pervert clown.
Can't stop blaming, no one listens,
Ears, ears to ignore.
So your instincts get impatient,
Darkness to adore.

Bizarre words for deviation,
Why, why resist?
Show me who you are,
Wicked passions are,
Bizarre words for deviation.

Bizarre language, touching your ears,
You, you can't speak.
There's no past goodness can fix,
Mouths getting sick.
You lost yourself in your own thoughts,
Feet can't touch the ground.
Come and save what you're losing,
Do it while you can.

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Why, why resist?
Show me who you are,
Wicked passions are,
Bizarre words for deviation.

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