

Hocico

"Death as a Gift"

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Stormy day outside
When nothing's real
His nameless face appears

I see a man waiting for
A sign he's been seeking
Heralds of the end

So this way ends his day
His days all feel the same
Heads down, crippling steps

As misery is coming
And nothing's real
Raindrops keep falling to wet his pain

Distress in never-ending days
Hope death is for real
Distress in never-ending days
Rainfall unending

To find death in misery
A blessing in these times
The greatest gift

Espero que estos delicados sueÑ±os vuelen hacia ti
como
violentas quimeras encarnadas de ensueÑ±o y
destrucciÑ±n,
para que solo dejes de mentirte a ti mismo y sacies tu
duda devorando la soledad en este irreverente
abandono
al cual pertenecemos mucho antes que nuestros pies
caminaran estos insufribles lugares.

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