

Hocico

"Ladykiller (Don't Rape The Dead Girl)"

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The music her hair used to make goes with the wind
It's listened by the animals the night breeds
Her head lies on the bloody rocks
Staring to a mute sky full of doubts
Bitch your mine under dessert's sky
Screams and laments will fill the night
I just wanna fuck you
May my words make you fly?
I prefer to see the falling of their grace
They won't get me 'cause I'm just their disease
Cold blooded disease
Ladykiller's my name
Cold blooded disease
I rape
Your nipples dance with my teeth
I pull them out to the extreme
I just wanna hurt you
Black hair dances with the wind
I wish to see you tied, dirty, confused
I wish to see you undressed, trembling, confused
I wanna cut you up tonight
I wanna chop you off

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