

Hocico

"Untold Blasphemies"

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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

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