

Hocico "Was A Time"

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Deep in their wounds
there's something strange
bad signs of death
foretelling the plague

While their strength drains out
they lose their hope
wating for a cure and a blessing
wating to be saved

Their faith decays, internal struggle
altered bloodstream in their veins
Their faith decays, internal struggle
fate's marked in their face

The rays of light are fading fast

The sun's turning black, seas are turning red

this will be the end of an insane age
forever they defied your power and force
now they realize they're naked souls

There was a time to get the meaning of things
There was a place to be just as we are
There was a time to forget all our fears
There was a place to forgive all injures

Crawling they clamor for their souls to be restored
to pursue the air as once they did.

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