

About A Dead

Hocico

You said he's around us
Well, then tell us where?
'cause you went back to your place
And there was no one
To help wipe out the disgrace

Hey you Mr. Priest
If you can speak to god
Tell me, did he offer the kids
Who you raped while you
Prayed for your soul

God is dead
God is a noise in your head
Can he talk to you?
Not to me
God is dead
God is a waste in your brain
Can he talk to you?
Not to me

You said he'll bring peace
Well, then tell us when?
You expect us to live in fear
Of motherfuckers who kill
for a god who's dead?