

Boiling Blood

Hocico

Gods were watching in the distance
the killing of their sons
they heard their desperate screams
crying, they knew the time had come

Hundreds of years ago
false men came in their boats
they tried to kill our knowledge and creed
they won, but they spread our seed
blood still courses through our hearts
blood still courses through our minds
our memories were written in blood
we still believe our glory will return

Boiling blood in our veins
burn our painful past
boiling blood
we should turn them to dust

We are the boiling blood coursing through our race
there's nothing to regret we feel the ancient grace
they killed our world, but they couldn't kill our force
gods protect us this time, come save us, we are your sons