

# Dark Sunday

Hocico

It's 4 AM, I'm ready to kill  
The streets are paved with blood, the Earth stands still  
The clock is ticking for fortune and fame  
The total darkness, voices calling my name

I open the window, the voices get loud  
My knife is shining, all demons out  
You are my victim, I'll eat your soul  
Your pain is my pleasure, darkness is my home

I'm not a human, I'm just a murderer  
God killed my faith  
I'm not a human, I'm just a murderer  
God killed my faith

It's 4 AM, the birthday of death  
The wounds start to bleed, let's celebrate  
I crush your body, look in my face  
You're going to hell, just feel my rage

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Your pain is my pleasure, darkness is my home

There is no god here today

There is no god  
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There is no god

I'm made to murder, I'm made to kill  
It's a dark dark Sunday  
Your lips whisper a name, you're in hell  
'Cause it's a dark dark Sunday  
Pain is pleasure for me, I have no mercy  
It's a dark dark Sunday  
God gave man free will, God gave man free will  
'Cause it's a dark dark Sunday

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