

Death as a Gift

Hocico

Stormy day outside
When nothing's real
His nameless face appears

I see a man waiting for
A sign he's been seeking
Heralds of the end

So this way ends his day
His days all feel the same
Heads down, crippling steps

As misery is coming
And nothing's real
Raindrops keep falling to wet his pain

Distress in never-ending days
Hope death is for real
Distress in never-ending days
Rainfall unending

To find death in misery
A blessing in these times
The greatest gift