

Heart Attack

Hocico

I want to sing this evil prayer
To the loathsome bastards like me
They understand what I'm saying
Our days are numbered, no more playing
'Cause we destroy all what we love
'Cause destroy the smile and the soul
'Cause we destroy all what we love
'We are selfish and don't care much

My days are numbered, I deserve to die
Don't bless me now with a heart attack
I know myself I did some wrong
But I'm not ready yet to depart
I had a face, a reason to fight
Now I'm just a joke in my mind
I had a face, I had a soul
But now my heart just wants to stop!

Heart attack!
It's a heart attack!

This is an evil prayer to the bastards like me

We are an evil creation, a cruel twist of fate
Tell me a different story something about real pain
I wish I could change the past now but I know I'm not god
I realize I'm just human and my heart will stop!