

Matadors

Floater

Watching like wolves inside of a cage
The kids and the old. The sick and the weak
Their cameras flash away
The age of Matadors has come
The blood on the sand. The beast and the man, they know it has
to end this way
They say, "Hey! Ole, ole!"
They slash away. Ole, Ole!
Don't mind the gunfire in the night
Just hold me tight and we'll be alright if we can hold the line

They're taking over 2 by 2
Death in their eyes. The dim and the wise see it coming
They say, "Hey! Ole, ole!"
They slash away. Ole, Ole!
Watch them spin. The spears go in. Reach up to the sun
On bended knees, with a dying wheeze, prepare another one
And they say, "Hey! Ole, ole!"
They slash away. Ole, Ole!