

## Death Of Manolete

10,000 Maniacs

There were women holding rosaries  
On the day Manolete died  
Teenage girls in soft white dresses  
Standing silent peace respecting  
Groups of boys held in their hands  
The fragments of a shattered idol  
The old men with their traditions challenged  
Refrained from tears  
Neck neck hook  
Poles of wood  
The Picadores stood eyes ablaze  
To view brutal contest  
In the vale of years  
Courage unyielding  
Agility exhausted  
Youth entered challenge  
Reached for title shelved  
Patrons in attendance  
To disarm a common myth  
Homage played to the victor of immortality  
Cloaked in bold tones  
In the stockyard the beasts  
Did climb their barriers  
Bid by a frenzied ring  
Bred for one purpose only  
To die in man's sport  
Dash against his spindle  
An instant fell to wounding  
On the day  
Swords penetrating  
On the day  
Torches igniting  
On the day  
Flower wreaths encircling  
The day  
On the day