

Matador

Faith No More

When lonesome came over me
A future shadow
Her ghost stood there, sang to me
Farewell, so long

I'll awake you
From this living sleep
We'll walk the shore
Where you were born
And bedded me

Although I cheat for the things
March forward, my son
A battle beyond frozen hills
Only for doubters

We will rise from the killing floor
Like a matador

The stained glass
A bovine ass
Can see right through
Every truth-soaked lie

Letters will trace every step
Out of this world
With every date, every date

We will be where you will be no more
No more

The stained glass
Or the hangman's ass
Would serve you well
Now we're comin' back

Out of the words
Of these ghosts
We'll jump the gates
And left to rise, we will rise

We will rise from the killing floor
Like a matador

And the dead live
May the dead live
And the dead live
What more can we give?

May the dead live
May the dead live
And the dead live
The dead live...