

The Empty Bullring

Kate Bush

Disappears through a window.
Out of my mind
Trying to keep him at home.
Out into Rome
In the early hours,
Leaving me here
Like Tamblaine in her Tower.
You are going
To the empty bullring,
Taking your red cloak
To regain something.

Oh, you rolling matador,
Kill in your eyes
For the toro
That shut the door
To glory and gore.
The throw of the rose--
It's all you lived for,
But you've lost it all.

Your red streak
On the plot where many feet
Left it incomplete.
But you kept the meaning.
You feel him charge again,
And you feel him cut you down
Right on the spot
Where you thought
You were ground for good.
These flights of fantasy
Make your wounds more sore,
But you've every right
To even grab at the last straw.
Oh, Lord...

Oh, you rolling matador,
Kill in your eyes
For the toro
That shut the door
To glory and gore.
The throw of the rose--
It's all you lived for,
But you've lost it all.