

The Matador

The White Buffalo

They call him the matador
He settles all the scores
He kills in plain sight
With a blade and a smile
Well he don't know what to think
He ain't had enough to drink
Will he take him by surprise
To see the whites of his eyes

Well he'll settle things in the sun
Plays god like the chosen one
Well he's storied from town to town
Kills for sport and pride

The matador raised his blade to the sun
To show the blade, the damage is done
Children cry in their mother's arms
As the people replied with a deafening swarm
The crowd rose as the blood's running warm

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