

# Tumba

## Succulent

People  
This is not a film  
This is my song  
Now pick up your shovel and  
Dig  
I don't want to bring your Gods down babe  
I don't want to bring your Gods down babe  
Their flesh and blood for you too real  
The wine that flows from their nostrils  
Too red  
Their master strokes too fundamental  
Their saint soaked cathedrals too done  
I don't want to bring your Gods down babe  
I don't want to bring your Gods down babe  
The ferocity of their cat claws too steel  
And we the weak kneed weeds of their  
Weaker breed never paused to feel  
We're not the masters of the land we survey  
But I guess you'd come to that conclusion  
When you're ready in your own time anyway  
I don't want to bring your Gods down babe  
I don't want to bring your Gods down babe  
Because their armour and their crest cuts too deep  
And the cold landcliffs where they rest are far too steep  
But I just wanna say to you that like your  
Gods, your guilt and your beliefs I too wanna be  
With you 'til the very end babe

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written by BROWN, CARLINHOS/KIDJO, ANGELIQUE  
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