Death Of Manolete

10000 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 Picadors stood eyes ablaze
To view brutal contest in the vale of years
Courage unfailing 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

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