

Cortez the Killer

Built to Spill

He came dancing across the water with his stallions and guns
Looking for the new world and the palace in the sun
On the shore lay Montezuma with his coca leaves and pearls
In his halls he often wondered the secrets of the world
And his subjects gathered round him, like the leaves
around a tree
In the clothes of many colors for the angry gods to see
And the women all were beautiful and the men stood straight and strong
They offered life in sacrifice so that others could go on
Hate was just a legend and war was never known
People worked together and they lifted many stones
And they carried them to the flat lands but they died along the way
And they built up with their bare hands what we still can't do today
And I know she's living there and she loves
me to this day
I still can't remember when or how I lost my way

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