

Tumba

Los Pus

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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