

1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal "Death Of Manolete"

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[lyrics: Natalie Merchant/music: J.C. Lombardo]

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 picadores stood eyes ablaze
To view brutal contest
In the vale of years

Courage unyielding
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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