

Horrible Histories

"Pachacuti"

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I'm Pachacuti, the Incan lord
All other tribes dreaded
My name means 'he who shakes the earth'
Not that I'm big-headed

When it comes to claiming nearby lands
I was the type to risk it
But it's how I treat dead enemies
That really took the biscuit

I drink from their skull
(Do the Pachacuti!)
Pull out their teeth whole
(Do the Pachacuti!)
Turn teeth into charms
(Do the Pachacuti!)
Make flutes out of their arms
(Pachacuti!)

Once on a hillside, my troops hid
To cause a rival strife
And when they jumped out, it looked like
The ground had come to life

The rocks they are my warriors
I then used to boast
And that little lie helped us win wars
But violence helped the most

I drink from their skull
(Do the Pachacuti!)
Pull out their teeth whole
(Do the Pachacuti!)
Turn teeth into charms
(Do the Pachacuti!)
Make flutes out of their arms
(Pachacuti!)

If you were a rival chief
We'd kill you fast and then
We'd stuff you like a scarecrow

But one for scaring men

Then we'd rest your bony fingers on
The stretched skin of your belly
And in the breeze, they'd tap that tum
Like a drummer, but more smelly!

Drink from their skull
(Do the Pachacuti!)
Pull out their teeth whole
(Do the Pachacuti!)
Use their skin as a drum
(Do the Pachacuti!)
I've never had so much fun!
(Pachacuti!)

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