

Nortec Collective "Centinela"

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The story starts; it was a late November night
She had a flower in her hair; he had his uniform on
tight
He patrolled his watch, like nothing else was wrong
She danced by him with her face as pale as dawn
He looked into her eyes and saw nothing there
He said, "Excuse me seÑorita, but I don't believe
we've had the pleasure"
She said "Of course you know me; I'm here every year,
But don't you get to close when I'm dancing my dear"
He thought, "How can I not fall in love with that,
A pretty little women with an attitude to match"
He reached for her hand, and she wasn't impressed,
She wanted little to do with his gentle caress.
Won't you dance with me tonight?
Hold my hand under the moonlight
All we have is just today
Until my bones just blow away.
And this happened every year ..
Every year like clockwork.
But let me first tell how it really began.
About ten years from exactly this date
A young man was sent away to fight in a far off place
La Centinela had to say goodbye,
Had to leave his home and his lover's pretty eyes
It broke her heart and she wanted him to stay
But not even her gentle hands could persuade him
another way.
He was gone for what seemed to be years,
And his beautiful lover counted everyday with tears.
November 1st was the last time she cried
Thinking he'd be coming home but all she heard was
that he'd died.
She was told he was a brave young man
But it was news his young lover just, she just couldn't
understand.
So she drowned her sorrow and her soul,
The only way she knew how
By throwing herself into the well.
She thought together, they'd be together in the
afterlife.
Won't you dance with me tonight?

Hold my hand under the moonlight
All we have is just today
Until my bones just blow away.
But what she didn't know, is that she had heard wrong
The young man did return, only to find that she had
fallen
Her untimely death meant that they were now both
alone
Never to dance together again or see how old that they
had grown
The next day he placed flowers by the well
Burned candles in the evening wishing he'd been the
one that fell
He knew seeing her, wouldn't happen with just tears
So he decided to wait for her, like she had done for all
those years
November 2nd from this point on
He made sure he patrolled until the break of dawn
So they could dance together, for just this one day,
Holding hands with his calavera on El Dia de la muerte
Won't you dance with me tonight?
Hold my hand under the moonlight
All we have is just today
Until my bones just blow away.

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