

## **Ray Wiley Hubbard**

### **"Wild Gods of Mexico"**

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There's a lot I don't understand  
There's so much that I don't know  
Lately, I've been thinkin' 'bout the wild gods of Mexico

Mr. Campbell says they was feathered serpents  
Highly revered a 1000 years ago  
Now a days, nobody much recalls the wild gods of  
Mexico

Hearsay's got 'em viscous and vain  
Demanding blood and flesh and bone  
Sacrifice was what it was, for the wild gods of Mexico

The woman I love desired a child  
She abandoned hope as we grew old  
In desperation I swore an oath to the wild gods of  
Mexico

With conviction and for recompense  
I took a dog and I cut its' throat  
Drained the blood into a wooden cup  
For the wild gods of Mexico

Now there's a lot I don't understand  
There's so much I don't know  
Someday soon I'll tell my son about the wild gods of  
Mexico  
Someday soon I'll tell my son about the wild gods of  
Mexico

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