

## The Myth

### "Days Of The Eagle"

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He makes eagles and ocelots dance!  
Come to see the Huexotzinca  
On days of the eagle loudly cries the Mexica: War!

Battlefield is the place!  
Where one toasts the divine liquor in war,  
Where are stained red the divine eagles  
Where the tigers howl!

Where all kinds of precious stones rain  
Where wave headdresses rich with fine plumes  
Where princes are smashed to bits  
"there is nothing like die in the war!"

Nothing like flowery death; so precious!  
To Him who gives life; far of I see it!  
My heart yearns for it!

And they called it Teotihuacan  
Cause it was the place where Lords were buried  
Thus they said:

"When we die, truly we die not,  
We will live, we will rise...  
We will continue living"

Thus the dead one was directed, when he died

Awake the sky is red blood

Thus the old one said  
That who has died has become a god  
Meaning "he has died"

"already dawn has come  
Already sing the colored guans  
Fire colored swallows  
Butterflies fly"

Even jade is shattered  
Even gold is crushed

Quetzal plume are torn

One does can live?

... forever!

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