

Cult, The

"Cortez The Killer"

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He came dancing across the water
With his galleons and guns
Looking for the new world
In that palace in the sun
On the shore lay Montezuma
With his coca leaves and pearls
In his halls he often wandered
With the secrets of the worlds.
And his subjects gathered 'round him
Like the leaves around a tree
In their clothes of many colours
For the angry gods to see.
And the women all were beautiful
And the men stood straight and strong
They offered life in sacrifice
So that others could go on.
Hate was just a legend
And war was never known
The people worked together
And they lifted many stones
They carried them to the flatlands

And they died along the way

But they built up with their bare hands

What we still can't do today.

And I know she's living there

And she loves me to this day

I still can't remember when

Or how I lost my way.

He came dancing across the water

Cortez, Cortez

What a killer.

He came dancing ...

...so that others could go on...

He came dancing across the water

Cortez, Cortez

What a killer....

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