The Matador

The White Buffalo

They call him the matador
He settles all the scores
He kills in plain sight
With a blade and a smile
Well he dont know what to think
He aint had enough to drink
Will he take him by surprise
To see the whites of his eyesWell he'll settle things in the sun
Plays god like the chosen one
Well he's storied from town to town
Kills for sport and pride
The matador raised his blade to the sun
To show the blade, the damage is done
Children cry in their mother's arms
As the people replied with a deafining swarm
The crowd rose as the blood's running warm
They call him the matador
He settles all the scores
He kills in plain sight
With a blade and a smile
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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