

Marc Almond, Cara a Fara (Face to Face)

Full Moon
The herd is in calm
No sun nor sand
Only night and beast
Sleeping in the fields
Begging to live
Passing so much pains
To carry on living
Black prairies
And a knife of light
Dare to earth
Of an Andaluz boy
Bullrings of villages in fiesta
Looks for the opportunity
Under the sun of the siesta
Bullfights for what they give him
The poison
Of the fear and the courage
Blood, steel
He doesnt think in the worst
Face to face
The little bull and the boy
The dew will lick their bodies