

# 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 doesn't think in the worst  
Face to face  
The little bull and the boy  
The dew will lick their bodies