

Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, The Toro And The

Howling in remembrance, an animal has died
I'm hollowed out but resonant, a void is amplified
And abandoned shy
My animus was lost I found, when I looked back in time
I can see the where and how, but I don't know the why
Or if it's right to try
The best advice I ever had was leave what was behind
But did i see some value there, or am i going blind?
Is it all in my mind?
Like when you want it easy and you've got an uphill climb
Why would you give power to the ones who robbed you blind
Yet another time?
You've got a choice: it's the toro or the toreador
Your brides are not all as weak as what you take them for
This mean arena is all the things it seems and more
Well that final day will come, it comes to everyone
The accidents of birth can make it hard to speak one's mind
But I believe there's power here, just not that I can find
And I'm not aimed on dying
You're in a dance and you must maintain until it's done
You've got a chance to retake a bit of innocence
You didn't choose to commit, but you're committed
So put some passion in the play, because we all go anyway
Trying to find a fact to frame, a fully righteous fire
Everyone wants body counts, and not just want to cry
Is it alright?