

# 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 eyes Well 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>