

Conquistadores

Latent Anxiety

Verse A:

Uncertain destiny, they're sailing far from home.
Power and gold in mind, to build up their new dome. Verse B:
The tribes are killed and raped, the sword reigns on their way.
All know that death will come, for those who disobey. Verse C:

Under the slavery, the culture disappears.
Freedom is out of sight, for more than hundred years. Chorus:

Conquistadores.
Taking the treasure.
Conquistadores.
Searching for pleasure.
Conquistadores.
Fine acquisition.
Conquistadores.
Without permission.

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