

Conquistador (Live)

Procol Harum

Conquistador your stallion stands in need of company
And like some angel's haloed brow
You reek of purity
I see your armor plated breast
Has long since lost its sheen
And in your death mask face
There are no signs which can be seen
And though I hoped for something to find
I could see no maze to unwind
Conquistador a vulture sits, upon your silver sheath
And in your rusty scabbard now, the sand has taken seed
And though your jewel-encrusted blade
Has not been plundered still
The sea has washed across your face
And taken of its fill
And though I hoped for something to find
I could see no maze to unwind
Conquistador there is no time, I must pay my respect
And though I came to jeer at you
I leave now with regret
And as the gloom begins to fall
I see there is no, only all
Though you came with sword held high
You did not conquer, only die
And though I hoped for something to find
I could see no maze to unwind
And though I hoped for something to find
I could see no maze to unwind

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