Conquistador

Saxon

Distant lands are calling you
From far across the sea
Waiting for the stories to be told
The winds of change are blowing down
Across the Spanish main
They carry you towards the land of goldConquistador, I see you leaving
Far away you have to go
To distant shores they are calling
Crying out across the seaYour stallions ride across the land
Your conquest has begun
We're searching for the kingdom of the sun
A mighty empire found you there
The like you'd never seen
The palace lay before you like a dreamConquistador, I see you leaving
Far away you have to go
And to distant shores they are calling
Crying out across the seaThe dynasty of Inca gods
No longer rules the land
The sun has set upon the golden king
In galleons anchored off the shore
Their spirits will remain
Your destiny conquistadors of SpainConquistador, I see you leaving
Far away you have to go
And to distant shores they are calling
Crying out across the sea

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