Conquistador

Transatlantic

Conquistador your stallion stands
In need of company
And like some angel's haloed brow
You reek of purity
I see your armour-plated breast
Has long since lost its sheen
And in your death mask face
There are no signs which can be seenAnd though I hoped for something to find
I could see no maze to unwind
Conquistador a vulture sits
Upon your silver shield
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 fillAnd 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
And though you came with sword held high
You did not conquer, only dieAnd though I hoped for something to find
I could see no maze to unwind
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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