

# 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 seen  
And 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 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  
And 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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