

# Procol Harum, Conquistador

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