

Samples, The "Conquistador"

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He sees the moon reflect
Off the shiny steel
And though it's high above
It looks so real

Ships in the bay give birth
To smaller wooden fish
And when they reach the shore
They look so real

Another season gone
And many more will come
If you accept this now
All will change

They look up to the sky
Thinking of the days
Before their worlds clashed
They sound so real

Time to run, tell the others
Dressed in steel
They're on our island

He asks the elders now
To speak his native tongue
He needs to hear the words
They remember none

Ships in the bay return
Create a whole new race
And though they are not Gods
They look so real

Time to run, tell the others
On the other side of our island
Time to run on the other side

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