

Deyarmond Edison

"Conquistadors"

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I came along on bended knee
Careful they would make it be
I was made a heart of mean
I was never hoisted

My hands, my rope
My key, my door
Yeah, compassion grows
But conquistador

Title of the song

Hitler and the twelfth Pope of Pius can't hide
I was killed by my own kind
In a Holocaust, faith burns
Yeah, you should be shocked
You should turn

My hands, my rope
My key, my door
Yeah, compassion grows
But conquistador

My blood has been spilled
Henceforth, the Catholic guilt
My blood has been spilled
Henceforth, the Catholic guilt

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