

## Misery Index "Conquistadors"

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At dawn he rides, the fleet sets sail, the tanks will roll,  
when Mars screams,  
Across the world, our children wake, abandoned  
offspring, writhing there,  
Choked by the hidden hand of God,  
The swansong is on his lips, an albatross hangs from  
his red neck,  
The doves are dead, the hawks are free, to propagate  
the burdens of empire,  
What eyes have seen the world,  
From well-worn knees,  
Where corpses lay at soldier's feet,  
Conquistadors - God Speed!  
The Prophet and the angel,  
Inside his oval lair,  
She whispers to his empty head,  
"Conquistador... war is peace",  
As infidels in Eden's garden... we'll tear out the  
serpent's eyes,  
"A class filth infested, the heathen of the Holy Land -  
We'll trample, stomp, and segregate them  
Their God is dead-infected, they're rats within our  
shrines -  
Conquistador... why would I lie?  
Have another drink of wine,  
Toast it to the terrorist,  
You're brothers in each other's arms,  
Doppelganger's in distress,  
The clash of the fools, he arrives,  
Blinded and faith-martyred,  
Cleansed and reborn,  
As the suicide crusader with the passion of Christ  
armed,  
In the shadow of the crescent moon,  
The crucifix shines in its petrol graveyard,  
In what God's name shall they rule?  
...the Cowboy and Caliphate, in love with each other.

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