

Harum Procol "Conquistador"

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Conquistador" by Procol Harum

lyrics by Keith Reid

Conquistador, your stallion stands

In need of company

And like some angel's haloed brow

You reek of purity

I see your armor-plated breast

Has long-since lost its sheen

And in your death-masked face

There are no signs which can be seen

And though I hope for something to find

I can see no place 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 hope for something to find

I can see no place 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 hope for something to find
I can see no place to unwind
Though I hope for, something to find
I can see no place to unwind

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