

Conquistador
Procol Harum

Conquistador your stallion stands in need of company
And like some angel's hallowed 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

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
I know your jewel-encrusted blade has not been plundered still
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 respects
And though I came to jeer at you, I leave now with regrets
And as the gloom begins to fall
I see there is no, only all
I know you came with sword held high
You did not conquer, only die

Though I hoped for, something to find
I could see no maze to unwind
And though I hoped for, something to find
I could see no maze to unwind

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I could see no maze to unwind

Written by: Keith Reid, Gary Brooker

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