

# Conquistador

Saxon

Distant lands are calling you  
From far across the sea  
Waiting for the stories to be told  
The winds of change are blowing down  
Across the Spanish main  
They carry you towards the land of gold

Conquistador  
I see you leaving  
Far away you have to go  
To distant shores  
They are calling  
Crying out across the sea

Your stallions ride across the land  
Your conquest has begun  
You're searching for the kingdom of the sun  
A mighty empire found you there  
The like you'd never seen  
The palace lay before you like a dream

Conquistador  
I see you leaving  
Far away you have to go  
To distant shores  
They are calling  
Crying out across the sea

The dynasty of Inca gods  
No longer rules the land  
The sun has set upon the golden king  
In galleons anchored off the shore  
Their spirits will remain  
Your destiny conquistadors of Spain

Conquistador  
I see you leaving  
Far away you have to go  
To distant shores  
They are calling  
Crying out across the sea