

# Conquistador

## The Samples

He sees the moon reflect  
Off the shiney steel  
And though it's high above  
It looks so real  
Ships in the bay give birth  
To smaller wooden fish  
And when they reach the shore  
They look so real  
Another season gone  
And many more will come  
If you accept this now  
All will change  
They look up to the sky  
Thinking of the days  
Before their worlds clashed  
They looked so real  
Time to run and tell the others  
Dressed in steel they're on our island  
He asks the elders now  
To speak his native tongue  
He needs to hear the words  
They remember none  
Ships in the bay return  
Create a whole new race  
And though they are not gods  
They look so real  
Time to run and tell the others  
On the other side of our island  
Time to run  
On the other side