

# The Banners Of Castile

Arghoslent

Spurred on by hope of conquest  
Lusting for spice and gold  
Into the churning seas  
In the frail bark of tiny boats

Embedded in the soil of every continent  
The bones of our ancestors lie  
Testifying to a higher mandate  
Sent down to warring soldiers

In the shadows of our banners  
The indigenous bow to their masters  
O' mighty winds caress our sails  
And take this wrath away

Men of awesome might  
Blue blood bred of steel  
On cloven hoofs they ride  
In the banners of Castile  
In the sign of the martyr's cross  
We torch the tropic fields  
To the windswept shores of gold  
With the banners of Castile

For blood and gold,  
The banners of Castile are raised...