Arghoslent "The Banners Of Castile"

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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...

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