

Arghoslent, The Banners Of Castile

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...