

What a thunderous clash of civilizations
When the Christians of Spain met native populations!
The Europeans unleashed their weapons of war
To start the colonies they would rule from afar.

And of the famed Spaniards seeking riches and glory,
A few left their marks in a teary-eyed story.
But Conquistadors were a breed, ferocious and bold,
In seeking new land for the large Spanish fold.

Now, one such a soldier, Cortes was his name,
Vanquished the Aztecs, to his credit and shame,
As he tricked the grand emperor, the man Montezuma,
In a tale of great cruelty, sorrow and drama...er, drama.

You see, a legend was told, or perhaps just a dream,
In which white gods arrived with a splendor supreme.
'Twas an ancient belief that Aztecs held dear
-- So you can imagine the shock when now did appear

Some strange looking men, who came from the sea,
And stood high up on creatures that moved powerfully.
An encounter, perhaps, with a world more divine?
-- Aztecs took it on faith that such a meeting was fine.

So Montezuma did welcome this Cortes to his city,
Not guessing it would lead to disaster and pity.
-- Yes, the Spaniards attacked and near leveled the town,
Ransacking the temples and burning the ground.

Aztecs fought hard, they fought bravely and fierce,
But, alas, their weapons could neither fend nor pierce.
As thick metal armor, Spanish crossbows and cannons,
Let Cortes and his men take lives by the dozens!

And aid came as well from the tribes who did tire
Of harsh Aztec rulers and their greedy empire.
Of course, Spain would now plunder every last bit of gold,
-- But that's conquest in sum: hard, bloody and cold.

