

Ancient Rites, Mithras

Mithras, God of the morning, our trumpets waken the wall!
'Rome is above nations, but thou art over all'

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'Rome is above nations, but thou art over all'
Now as the names are answered, and the guards are marched away,
Mithras, also a soldier, give us strenght for the day!

Mithras, God of the sunset, low on the western main,
Thou descending immortal, immortal to rise again!
Now when the watch is ended, now when the wine is drawn
Mithras also a soldier, keep us pure till the dawn!

Many roads thou has fashioned: all of them lead to the light,
Mithras, the soul of a soldier, teach us to die aright.

Mithras! Mithras!

Mithras, god of midnight, here were the great bull dies,
Look on thy childern in darkness, oh take our sacrifice!

Mithras, God of the noontide, the heather swims in the heat,
Our helmets scorch our foreheads; our sandals burn our feet,
Now in the ungrit hour; now ere we blink and drowse,
Mithras also a soldier, keep us true to our vows!

Mithras, God of midnight, here where the great bull dies,
Look on thy childern in darkness, oh take our sacrifice!

Many roads thou has fashioned: all of them lead to the light,
Mithras, also a soldier, teach us to die aright.

Mithras! Mithras! Mithras! Mithras!