

Kronos, Opplomak

To suffer myself, to be whipped by rods
burned with fire, or killed with steel...
If I disobey...

In times of plague, famine and death
a fantastic clamour raises from the coliseum
the circus maximus under an overwhelming sun
welcome the silver-armoured barbarian horde

Overtrained gladiators thrown in the arena
alongst chained lions and phaetonic aurigas
acclaimed by the crowd, idolized as mightiest gods
they brandish their weapons, transcending the greedy punters

By times of triumph, decadence and impericide
the chariots mark forever the sandring with their wheels
shame to the last one, honour and pride for the son chosen
while gladiators walk now from shadows to their fate

Supreme machines whose spectacle is primordial
torture and "To the death" have never existed
satisfied or repaid, are unknown words
neither lowered, nor raised thumbs...

"Sold then bought as interestless things
my still in the art of fighting
my strength in the will of survival
child, I soon learn the Dictum Primeval..."

Neither whiplashes or insults prevent me
to be entangled in the revenge spiral
one day, the gathering'll scend my grade
Quia nominor Opplomakus

Ave Imperator, Morituri te salutant
The opplon strongly hold, we brave our combat
Helios smashes us with solar might
But we must play this ever-cheated game

Moved as vulgar pawns on a circular sand chessboard
we are human bishops handled by emperor's attractions
The fantastic clamour raises again on the arena
in times of plague, famine and death

Slave...Slave then deity
Grandiose...Grandiose destiny
Dictum...Dictum Primeval
Law...Law of survival

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