

# 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 scald my grade  
Quia nominor Opplomakus

Ave Imperator, Morituri te saluant  
The oplon 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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