

3 Inches Of Blood, Trial Of Champions

Enslaved by warlords from faraway lands
Forced into a life of slavery
Forced to fight your brothers for rulers so cruel
A killer instinct your only escape
Feroocious battle
Must fight to survive
Each weapon an extension of your strength
All victories add greatness to your name
Fight to the death
There will be no surrender
Your cunning must be afforded
There will be no remorse for those who gamble with your fate
Freedom
Through killing strangers will it come
You fight to live
Freedom gained with every shiv
You need to prove
Prove your worth
To ascend to the Trial Of Champions
Every fight a battle to the death
Your fate lies in the hands of fools
A meager wager more precious than your life
When the thumb comes down
You know just what to do
Kill! Kill! Kill
It's your time
Do what must be done
Every day you fight
Every day you win
Taking the life of the Emperor
The ultimate reward for surviving the Trial
You will not die in chains
A champion you are