

# Grave Digger, Forecourt To Hell

Smell the sweat of their bodies  
Hear the screams of the mob  
Feel the heat of the atmosphere  
It's crackling!  
The gladiators are here!

## CHORUS

Morituri te salutant  
We are raising the flails  
Morituri te salutant  
Our lives are for sale  
Steel meets steel in the forecourt to hell  
Where the slaves of the universe  
Say farewell.  
Blood runs red when the fighting begins  
In the forecourt to hell, no one will win.

The gates are opened, drums of death start to sound  
The Roman Emperor established the round  
Hate and anger drawn in their faces  
The crowd celebrates with rejoicings and embraces

## CHORUS

The mighty and strongest  
Will survive.  
There will only be one  
Who will leave alive  
There's no grace, for the struck man.  
Head's are rolling,  
Before the fighting starts again!

## CHORUS