Holy Martyr, The Call to Arms

(The Persian envoy:) "Our archers are so numerous, that the flight of the arrows darkens the sun!"

(Dienekes (the bravest Spartan Warrior):) &guot;So much the better! For we shall them in the shade!!!&guot;

Hear the call to arms
for all those who carry a blade
To fight and to die
for the king who is going to war
The morning sun is sad
the morning light
Will we see it again? Leonidas is leading us
Ooh, can you see the sparkle of his crest?
In this day of despair
in the search for victory

For the peace in our Land we are marching to defend For the blade in our hands dying on the battlefield

Across the Pass we stand surrounded everywhere Hellas needs our blood a Martyr for this war

Brave mighty warriors! In battle blood we bring Death is what we seek to find Glory and Victory!

The sun is full of sadness we are going to die
Our weapon is our courage no regard for life
The Noble blood of Sparta falling one by one
There's no more fear within us no more tears to cry