

Holy Martyr, The Lion of Sparta

In the foray of the fight
A sweet whisper ascends into the sky
Is the whisper from the Martyr
Who will rise again no more
His soul's ascending into the sky
He's a fierce foe on the battlefield
Defeated on the Pass now he's dead
now he's dead!

But his glory will be eternal
Of Noble origin his birth
And Noble his spirit
Dressed by Courage and Honour
Pride his daily bread

I was born to die on the battlefield
A life so short destined to find
The Glory and the Victory
Through the ages and pages of History

On a green mantle of spring
His body lies

Red hair soiled by blood
Sweat on him dripping pain
Trampled down by friends and foes
'Till the end of this brutal fight!

Sparta!
Can you hear my voice?
Can you hear me cry?
Can you hear my breath?

Sparta!
Can you hear my call?
Can you see my fate?
Can you hear my name in the wind?

"An army of three hundred men will arrive
They'll try to defend our Mighty Homeland
Leonidas will come for the final stand
He will pay with his life oh hallowed be thy name
Go stranger and to Sparta tell faithful to her laws, here we fell"