

Lord Vicar, The Spartan

Many have sung
about the Gates of Fire
About the narrow way
which leads to Hell
Guarded by the men
who never tire
Three hundred braves
who laughed before they fell

They were led by a strong
and restless soldier
At his peak
he would give his life away

Running side by side
his men would follow
A deadly wall of bone
that would remain

"Hear me, my respected brothers;
Take as many with you as you can!
Let the whole world remember:
We took our sacred oaths
and never ran"

Reaching higher every day
The soil that covers our graves
Still remembering the pain
We died protecting our way