

Triumvirat, Spartacus

A.

The day is gone
The sky is red
A bloody shine deceitful peace

It's just a break
The fighter's need
Tomorrow's sunrise waits for more

Soon the final dance begins
In the early morning sun

Think of tomorrow
Yesterday's burden
Nearly forgotten
In a corner of your mind

There's heaven above you
A starry blanket
You dream in the darkness
Of tomorrow

B.

Sky so blue the sun is shining high
On the battlefield you see them die

Fighting bravely never getting weak
There's no mercy in this dust and heat

Spartacus stands, sword in his hands
Drawing a blood line all around
Fighting so hard for a new start

He stands like a rock
In the surge of the sea
No one comes near

Suddenly the soldiers realize
They need more men to survive this fight

All confused you see them dash away
losing now but they come back some day

Spartacus knows, though he has won
Too many men of his army are gone
For him and his friends there is no chance
To fight again for their liberty
Never be free

Thousand faces without hope and home
Kind of death will be the choice of Rome

Crucifixion of a lion's food
Human victims of an age so cruel

Glory and wealth, Power of Rome
Built on the shoulders of millions of slaves
Spartacus knows, though he was close
Their chance is gone
It was all in vain
There'll be more blood and pain