

## **Cauldron Born**

# **"Blood Bath In The Arena"**

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The wind is moaning through the trees  
And the sorceress on her knees  
Sacrifice in the grove tonight

The legions are on their way and the Romans they must  
pay  
Sorcery to crush their might

In a world not our own a king lolls on his throne  
And faint, he hears the call  
>From a book of ancient spells  
The sorceress calls up hells  
Where the lakes of blood run down like water falls

Demon come forth  
Manifest rune Thorn

Thorn the vampire, Thorn the man  
Thorn the king from the dying land

Today all in the arena will die except you chosen one  
He who holds the sword of Spartacus  
Prince of the Erin Isle brother of the sorceress  
Armed with the sword by dead heroes blessed

Blood Bath In The Arena  
Gladiators and spectators die  
Blood Bath In The Arena  
Death on wings will fly  
Blood Bath In The Arena Thorn rides and the vampire  
horse  
Will feast  
It is the price for saving the Erin prince  
From the death the Ceasar has decreed

The magick charged blade the old druid had bade  
Be delivered to the prince  
The Ceasar will not deny the last request in his eye  
Of the doomed prince  
The blade will not mark the prince, Thron he will sense  
The magick encased within

All others they will fall in the stone encased walls  
The arena their tomb sealed

He mounts the Vampire horse  
Aerial borne upon his course

Thorn the vampire, Thorn the king  
A song of slaughter his blade will sing

Today all in the arena will die except you  
Chosen one, he who holds the sword of Spartacus  
Prince of the Erin Isle brother of the sorceress  
Armed with the sword by dead heroes blessed

Blood Bath In The Arena  
Gladiators and spectators die  
Blood Bath In The Arena  
Death on wings will fly  
Blood Bath In The Arena  
Thorn rides the great winged beast  
Tonight Thorn and the vampire horse will feast  
On Roman flesh and blood

[Solo]

Today all in the arena will die except you chosen one  
He who holds the sword of Spartacus  
Prince of the Erin Isle brother of the sorceress  
Armed with the sword by dead heroes blessed

Blood Bath In The Arena  
Gladiators and spectators die  
Blood Bath In The Arena  
Death on wings will fly  
Blood Bath In The Arena  
Thorn rides the great winged beast  
Tonight Thorn and the vampire horse will feast  
On Roman flesh and blood  
All that was left was a mountain of skulls

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