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Grave Digger "Forecourt To Hell"

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Smell the sweat of their bodies Hear the screams of the mob Feel the heat of the atmosphere It's crackling... see gladiators are here

Morituri de salutant We are raising the flails Morituri de salutant Our lives are for sale

Steel meets steel in the forecourt of hell Where slaves of the universe say farewell Blood runs red when the fighting begins In the forecourt of hell no one will win

The gates are opened, drums of death start to sound The roman emperor establishs the round Hate and anger drawn in their faces The crowd celebrates with rejoicings and embraces

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The mighty and strongest will survive There will only be one who will leave alive There's no grace for the struck men Heads are rolling before the fighting starts again

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