

Holy Martyr "The Call To Arms"

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[The Persian envoy:]

"Our archers are so numerous, that the flight of the
arrows darkens the sun!"

[Dienekes (the bravest Spartan Warrior):]

"So much the better! For we shall them in the shade!!!"

Hear the call to arms
For all those who carry a blade
To fight and to die
For the king who is going to war
The morning sun is sad
The morning light
Will we see it again? Leonidas is leading us
Ooh, can you see the sparkle of his crest?
In this day of despair
In the search for victory

For the peace in our Land
We are marching to defend
For the blade in our hands
Dying on the battlefield

Across the Pass we stand
Surrounded everywhere
Hellas needs our blood
A Martyr for this war

Brave mighty warriors!
In battle blood we bring
Death is what we seek
To find Glory and Victory!

The sun is full of sadness
We are going to die
Our weapon is our courage
No regard for life
The Noble blood of Sparta
Falling one by one
There's no more fear within us
No more tears to cry

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