

Interpol

"When The Metal Meets The Flesh"

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When I come down, in the arena,
I know I fulfill a sacred act.
The bravery of fighting the beasts
Turns my death into a feast.

Gladiators spill the blood
For the glory of their God.
For the last time we see the sky,
We, who are about to die...

When the metal meets the flesh,
I defy death!
With my shield, or on my shield,
I'll finally meet the Elisian Field
In death...

The only fear that I know
Is to lay down dead by the end of the show,
But if it happens, I'll keep my breath,
'Cause "Pollice verso" means my death.

Any moment could be the last,
There is no future, there is no past.
My fading breath is all that I feel,
The end is near, the end is real.

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