

## Antigone Rising

### "300"

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Beneath the barren hills  
Near the roaring sea  
Like some deformed form  
Of some primeval myth  
Carnival of blood begins  
Amputated bleeding soul  
Fell on the battle ground  
Piles of dead body lay  
Frozen blood all around  
Spears thrusting deep down  
In this unholy feast  
Vehement of Spartans flared  
Masters of swords and spears  
Fear they never knew  
In masters lingered thirst  
Welcomed the grey dawn  
Outnumbered and a forlorn hope still exist  
But the Spartans defied the relent  
The mighty doom's on  
Awaiting for the day  
One more day to forever enter hell  
This is Sparta!  
Immortals laid down on the ground  
To the death they were always bound  
Death beheld thou no more pain  
Death be thy final praise  
Ere passed the great Spartans  
Resting on their majestic grave  
Stirring at the world they lived in  
3 days of fortitude  
3 days of grace  
We are not your fantasy warrior  
This is the story of the fortitude  
We are, eternally born to fight  
Remember this, this is Sparta!

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