

## Sol Invictus

Folkodia

Arising with the morn,  
Returning with the Dawn -  
Setting the sky afire  
The invincible sun!

Mithras, immortal god,  
Lead us to the battle front -  
Our legions are moving out  
Bathed in the light of thy glory!

God of the morning,  
Thou, slayer of the bull -  
Give us strength to fight  
Grant us the honor to die...

Mithras, invincible sun,  
Thy brilliant rays of light  
Illuminate the sigils carved  
On the formation of our shields:

We march away  
To distant lands  
To set for thee a shrine  
In ivory and gold...  
Mithras, invincible sun.

Thou, slayer of the bull  
Give us the honor to stand  
And face the enemy anon!