

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!