

We are crossing the heartland
Deep inside in the realms of ancient Greece
A path that have walked 300 men and a brave warrior king

They fought for the future of the land
And with pride they served a higher cause
In a battlefield that was mend to be well known

Cause they have dared to raise their swords
Against two million men they fought
Death is waiting for those who tried
And even the Gods have cried

For the land for the king
Debt of honour to steel
They stood for the right
And till the last of them died
Cause the ground was painted red with their blood through the gates of fire

The story is being told so many times
But still is drifting in our minds
Those Sparta's sons have hunted the fate of internal life
And when time comes you have got to know
There is a burning flame in us all,
And march like them in the very path of glory

Long haired divine heroes came here to the gates of fire
To fight for their pride to stop the darkness over the light.
300 against hundreds of thousands 3 days of horrible massacre.
Faces transformed into death masks.
Their eyes dreadful holes... and victory was so close.
Then the betrayal.
They left their broken bodies one by one on the battlefield obeying the law of Sparta.