

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.