

## The Spartan

Lord Vicar

Many have sung  
about the Gates of Fire  
About the narrow way  
which leads to Hell  
Guarded by the men  
who never tire  
Three hundred braves  
who laughed before they fell

They were led by a strong  
and restless soldier  
At his peak  
he would give his life away

Running side by side  
his men would follow  
A deadly wall of bone  
that would remain

"Hear me, my respected brothers;  
Take as many with you as you can!  
Let the whole world remember:  
We took our sacred oaths  
and never ran"

Reaching higher every day  
The soil that covers our graves  
Still remembering the pain  
We died protecting our way