

Beneath the Red Eagle

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Once this day was but a dream
Yet now I'm here and this is real
This moment will live on through all times
The hills of Spain I'll leave behind

Today I'll join the legion with pride
The time has come to say goodbye

Today, my son, we must part ways
Go forth beyond the hills of Spain

O, my son, the heavens you could scale
Yet only Gods may live forevermore
As for man, nothing of his days remains
Unless you earn yourself a name

Beneath the Eagle you will march
To fight for Rome, to slay or die
Under the Eagle you will ride
To fight to the end and then fight again

To fight to the end and then fight again
If word should come of my demise
Then do not cry and keep in mind
That I'll have found a good way to die

So march, my son, under the Roman Eagle
On the road from where there is no way back
Let your dreams forever be your guide
And inspire you to deeds of heroic might
Yet you, my son, unlike other men
Are blessed with a special trade
To look beyond the veil of time
And turn the hand of fate

Beneath the Eagle I will march
To fight for Rome, to slay or die
Under the Eagle I will ride
To fight to the end and then fight again

To fight to the end and then fight again
If word should come of your demise
Then I won't cry and keep in mind
That you'll have found a good way to die

Doubt is lurking in my mind
For what I've seen in my weirdest dream
Eternal life, it can't be real
And though indeed I will earn fame...
History will erase my name