Thermopylae

Ancient Rites

Sons of Laconia, under Lycurgian law
300 noblemen, ancient world in awe
Facing Xerxes might, no hope for victory
Still Persian blood coloured the Aegian SeaGo, tell the Spartans, stranger passing by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.Lacedaemon's mothers gave birth to men,
Withstanding thousends again and again
None will behold the Eurotas Valley no more
This sacrifice needed to silence Persia's roarNo matter how fierce the spirit or mind
Blades striking, the kings' heart declined
Round he spun, and down he fell
No scream, no word, no cowardice yellSymbolic sacrifice, all for the Hellenic land
Spartan codes of honour and inspiring guiding handNo Spartiate soul left alive to tell
How bravely they fought, by treason they fell
Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves
They live on in history that immortally savesGo, tell the Spartans, stranger passing by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie

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