

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 thousands 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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