

# Gladiator

## Silent Force

Circusmaximus

Was a time, in a land, at a place faraway,

In a place we know as Rome

Many years, torn away, fades the distant memory  
Try to think, what was life, when you knew one thing,  
that was please your king or die

Was a way, as a slave that you could become free,  
Masses will bet on his name,

Women lust after his fame  
The gladiators face is masked by pain

His wife and child will be slain

Promises someday he'll take revenge

Against the one who's to blame  
The one who's to blame  
Was a time, that he led, many men through the mud  
All in honor of thier king

Counts the days, till he's done, where he wants to go is home  
Then he's called to the tent, where he finds he is  
dead

That was murdered by his son

In his grief, then he turns and announces he is free  
There is a price on his head

He then escapes with tears shed  
The gladiators face is ripped by pain

His wife and child have been slain

Vows that someday he will take revenge

Against the one who's to blame  
The ones who's to blame  
We will live if we work as one

He must stay alive to meet them  
The gladiators face is ripped by pain

He is well on his way

Falls beside the one, he has revenged

Strength and honor, no shame  
Honor No shame

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