

Evile, We Who Are About To Die

Blood on the sand
Where the gladiators stand
Thunder from the gods
Who deal in the fate of man

Hail Caesar
Those who are about to die
By turn of his hand
Commit your blood to the sand

Roar from the mass
As they bay for blood to spill
Hail, Caesar stands
To bring this game of death to life

Hail Caesar
Those who are about to die
By turn of his hand
Commit your blood to the sand

We who are about to die
Salute you

Silence, a warriors stands
With an axe held in both hands
Hail, Caesar stands
All eyes fixed on his hand