

Crossing the Rubicon

Sabatón

He is crossing the Rubicon

Hundred years before our Lord, from the cradle to the sword
A sign of what's to come, of what can be undone
On to conquest tempting fate, in the footsteps of the great
A consul on the move, he's building bridges and his

Enemies enter the field
Knowing their fate has been sealed
Africa, Italy, Spain, and Gaul will kneel

He is crossing the Rubicon
Heading home to where he belong
Born to rule it alone, the glory of Rome
He is crossing the Rubicon
Over the river at last, the die has been cast

Fortune does favour the brave, from the Senate to the grave
This man would seek it all, this man would heed the call
The Republics doom and fall, he's the man who caused it all
Dictator on the move, he's burning bridges as his

Grip of the power of Rome
Secured as he heads for the throne
The 15th of March the knives would cut to the bone

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