

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