

# The Tenth Legion

Folkodia

A ship raises sail  
Heads out to the sea  
Ready for the enemy's defeat

As Naiads of woc  
We bear down upon  
Messina's straights  
With flaming bolt  
Ballistae of bronze:  
We're ready to board!

Red churns the sea  
With enemy blood

Trimeres sinking ablaze  
Neptune doth claim the dead!

Black smoke filling the air  
The depths shall be our grave!

O! Glorious day!  
We are baptized in blood!  
Our name shall be  
In remembrance of thee:  
We shall hence be known  
As "The legion of the straits"!  
What destiny commands  
Lies in distant lands...

Desert sands  
And cruel Gods  
The blades of Judas  
Masada falls!  
Let them rejoice  
They know not  
That these walls  
Shall be their tomb!

Sunrise is come  
Mithras guide us forth!  
Into the thick of war  
Where heroes rise  
Breast-fed by wolves  
The blood of fallen foes!  
Frater, steel thy heart  
And take up your sword:

There is killing to be done!  
Fell deeds - fire and blood!

Frater, steel thy heart  
And take up your sword!

O! Glorious day!  
We are baptized in blood!  
Our name shall be  
In remembrance of thee:

We shall hence be known  
As "The legion of the straits"!  
What destiny commands  
Lies in distant lands...

An oath sworn on battlefields  
The promise of the ironclad:  
I swear to bleed by spear and lash  
But never, ever shall I retreat!