

I am a Roman Soldier

One of many who fight for Rome and for Glory

Those Celts are not worthy

Our army is fierce and mighty

The world, we will rule with Strength and Honour

I am a Roman Soldier

The sun gleams from shields slung over the backs of
my comrades

Our swords clank at our sides

Some choke on the dust as I peer ahead.

Celtic warriors are coming, coming.

I am a Roman soldier

My mother's voice rings in my head,

"Come back with your shield, or upon it."

I wonder if my blood will be dried

and brown on someone's feet someday.

I am a Roman soldier and I am sick of fighting.

The army surges ahead and I watch it.

Shimmering and moving with a rhythm.

Thousands of blades of grass tossed by the wind.

I am a Roman soldier.