

Steel Prophet, Tragic Flaws

How many times I've climbed the mountain, to look down on me
From this point I almost can see, the things that make me crumble down, run my world into the ground

The story always ends, with the gouging of eyes, defeat round the bend
It seems the tragic flaw, has conquered again, brought it's painful end

This time I ride out, proud to behold we take the queen, the enemy lies cold
But I gaze into the crystal ball; my folly's brought ruin to us all. Again!

(Solo: SK)