

Tragic Flaws

Steel Prophet

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 crumb
le down, run my world into the ground

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

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