Caught as you are in the trouble and strife. Best make what you can of this mortal life.

Well some people make things and others destroy things.

Beware when dangers slip in, of damage adventures will bring.

For life is a hazardous thing that slowly seeps under your skin.

And causes your being to sting.

Well the fickles of providence will or they won't. But you're damned if you do and you're damned if you don't.

Some people will love you - and others will hate you.

Never heed what doubters say. Your instinct will show you the way.

In times when you wander and stray. No master for you to obey. Save dying for some other day.

Well the spoils of friendship are bitter and sweet. So take a close look at the council you keep. For some people will aid you while others will fight you.

But what do you really know? Just into which battle do you go?

Examine your own shadow. Your adversary it may show as clear as the horns that you'll grow.

As clear as the horns that you grow. As clear as the horns that you grow.