

Fate's Triumph

Jag Panzer

Turn, turn Hellhound, turn and face your death
Your bloodline is over. By the name of MacBeth
I command the throne, none can defy
None of woman born, None of woman born
Foolish tyrant, you have no days left
Ripped from the womb at my mother's death
I am the doom you face in your dreams
Let steel ring out. Damn thee who cries hold.
Your head my prize now. The prophecy foretold.
The tyrant's reign is at an end, Malcolm is king
All serve his name. Our solemn king.
Fate triumphs this day!