

Masters Of Fate

Forefather

Veiled in despair kneels the ill-fated son
Drowning in unnumbered tears
Wretched, the steadfast one watches on high
Pawn in the dark enemy's game
There on the brink the great worm lies slain
Foulest deceit he has sown
Free from his spell, mournful she leapt
Taken by the waters below

Out of a dream, the far-farer heard this tale of agony
Tragedy born in tangled threads of cruel destiny

Those roaring waters he will not defile
Beseeches the black, fickle blade
Answered, the bloodstained on death's iron falls
Ruthless, the curse meets its end

Out of a dream, the far-farer heard this tale of agony
Tragedy born in tangled threads of cruel destiny

Master of fate
Mastered by doom

"Hail, Iron of Death! Wilt thou take the Master of Fate?"
"Yea, I will drink thy blood. I will slay thee swiftly."

Out of a dream, the far-farer heard this tale of agony
Tragedy born in tangled threads of cruel destiny