

## 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!