I start my journey. it will be hard, But my wisdom will be my guide.

Going on my way, facing all as a noble man.

My only weapon is my speech raised all over the rest.

My mind will always know what is the best,

To trample underfoot over all who dare take me off this crusade

I can't surrender. I have made an oath.
I can't allow myself to take even a rest.

The hate of the envious just give me more strength to dig their grave.

It will never make me fall, just know that once and for all.

I am like the steel, I am really impossible to break.

A pile of dead bodies I can see now, so that means that the top I could finally reach.

Now I can tell that all was worth it. The time has a prize. to the tireless man...