

Responsibility is the last thing on his mind  
Identity crisis enforced by his peers  
Got to run away to save freedom of choice  
Cheating destiny to alleviate leadership fears.  
Wasting time to sate his selfish desires  
Disconnecting all ties with what has went before  
Not one man will die under his command  
Constant dilemma, chilling to the core.

And by an amazing twist of fate  
All paths lead to destiny  
Irreversible situation arising  
No honourable man would flee.

He was birthed beneath a waxing moon  
Beltaine's festival of fire the time  
The wise and holy men proclaimed  
That all the signs were prophesied

To rule was preordained  
Written in the stars  
To rule was preordained  
Magic in the air  
To rule was preordained  
Born to reign  
To rule was preordained  
Born to rule

Enforced training from his youth  
Time to face inevitable truth  
To be the fire attracting the flies  
His enemies come and many will die