

Monsters Reprise

$\text{♩} = 124$ $\text{♩} = 124$
4 4 *f*

I am the dra-gon slay-er's son. Ev' ry-one used to call me

13

that. Can it be true there's no-thing more than fail-ure cours-ing through my veins?_____

19

Do I be - lieve it? Can I ac - cept it? Is there a part of me that knows my fa-ther's

24

leg - a - cy was no more than a fal - la - cy cre - at - ed_____ to

29

mask a man be-hind his name?_____ Why should I be-lieve her

37

now? She's been ly - ing all a - long. Most of what she says is wrong, or at the least,

43 $\text{♩} = 118$

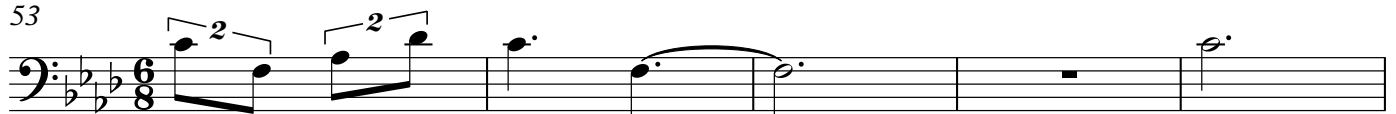
ver - y mis-lead - ing. Yet it bears the ring of truth, Some-how

47

jibes with what I feel. If I sleep or if I kneel, it will be there, haunt-ing me.

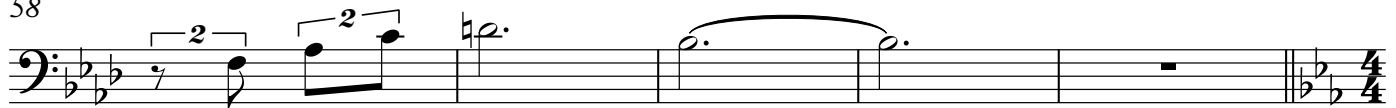
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53



Why should I be - lieve her?_____ Why

58



do I be - lieve her?_____

63



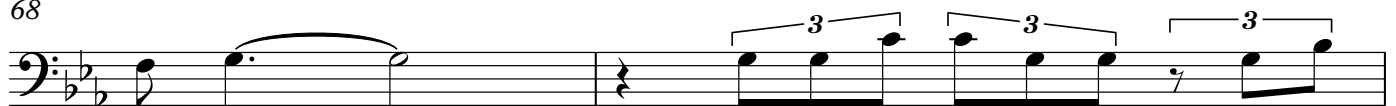
Is it be-cause my un - cle al - ways had mis - giv-ings a - bout his

65



bro - ther?_____ Was it the way Gi-selle broke down when I re-fused to call her

68



mo - ther?_____ That could be part of it Could be

70



part of it, but the heart of it is a rea-son that com-pels me like no o - ther.____ This

73

$\text{♩} = 116$



man that she said was not so ver - y diff-rent from her_____ This

77



man, I ad-mit, was not so ver-y diff' rent from me._____

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83



Mons - ters make mons - ters. This ap - ple's too close to the tree. I

87



see in my-self this ten-den-cy to heed my dark-est in-ner-most voic-es. I come on a

92



jour-ney, A point-less, me-an-der-ing jour-ney, Ac-com-lish-ing no-thing, I swag-ger and strut, A

97



ban-don-ing peo-ple I love, for what? George and the dra-gon?! How fool-ish it is look-ing

102



back. My fam-i - ly must have a knack for mak-ing stu-pid self-ish ar-ro-gant choic-es.

107



I thought I could face him. But how can I pos-sib-ly face him? Be - rept of all but the

112



strength of my frame, My soul is left in con - fu - sion and shame, If

115



I met this crea-ture I might do the same as my fa - ther!_____

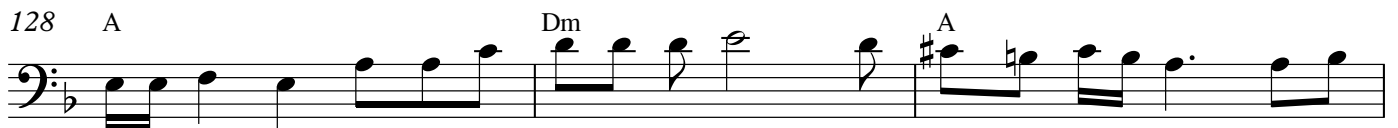
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119  *Dm* *A* *C*

And _____ when Ni-gel fell, like an an-gel to hell, Was he seal-ing the des-ti-ny of his

124  *G* *Bb* *Dm* *Bb*

chi-ld as well? Or can I re-fuse to blind-ly fol-low And choose to slay my sin re-gard-less of

128  *A* *Dm* *A*

what I might lose? And when I look to the sky, Lord Christ, what can I say? Have I

131  *C* *G* *Bb*

e - ven ack-now-ledged that there's a part you might play? Or have I for - got - ten I'm a

134  *Dm* *Bb*

crea - ture of _____ clay Who was formed _____ to bear your im - age and

136  *A* *Aaug*

fall on your grace? Can there be vic - tor-y? Feels con-tra-

141 

dic - tor-y. Weak - ness so rare-ly _____ pre-vails. I'll just go home and be

148 

No-bod-y great. There with my friends share their fate. I pray I'm not too late.