

Oh, my captivating ego, conqueror so oft in strife,
I hit you, I break you, I **crush** you to nothingness,
and each time you return to life.

Then, behind a frontage of illusion, and with a mask of pretence,
I hide you, but can't reduce you.
Yet in spite of your victory, the false vision of yourself persists.

But when in humility, I bend my head low,
with eyes cast downward, dominating my thoughts,
it is then your turn to be vanquished.