

Seven steeples against the sky
challenging the mortal man.
Yet he who dare climb that high
by the clouds be damned
Valley of the seven peaks

3

He walked into that valley.
He was sturdy, he was strong.
He gazed up at his folly,
and at the drop straight and long
down to the valley of the seven peaks

5

The second to sixth days he climbed,
but the seventh was a different story.
The echo of a church bell chime
told of him who'd lost his glory
On top the valley of the seven peaks

7

Loose shale slid down a mountain side:
fall through endless, empty space
Down from nature's deadly pride
One less in the human race.
He's in the valley of the seven peaks

2

Where flowers have never been seen
and cliffs glower at the ground.
Seventh summit, tall and mean,
never by man has been found.
The valley of the seven peaks.

4

He did not know what would be taught;
like a fool he climbed all day
to attain that mountain top:
he was but one-eighth the way
from the valley of the seven peaks

6

The vengeful rain came pouring down,
rock fell from above the clouds,
lightening struck hell all around
thunder laughed at him who'd bowed
above the valley of the seven peaks

8

A mangled corpse, no life to bear,
Fresh blood trickles off some stones
Nature has no need to care,
nor the crows who pick his bones
Valley of the seven peaks