

Straws Pulled At Random

Meshuggah

What solace lies in the arms of fate
The ill embrace of uncertainty
When did I leave this in other hands
To be pulled down at chance Ripped away by destiny-claws
Am I another of fate's possessions
Dwelling the lie of freedom
Just another straw pulled at random Reclaimed by deceiving time
A silent judgment I can not overrule Drawn back into the origin-vortex
Uprooted and ground to dust
Retracted into anti-existence
A magnet repelled by life's polarity Denied the self control of fate
We flow suspended in semi-life
Until the ever imminent day
When oblivion claims our breath Nowhere indefinitely
Not dead, not alive
Existence-patterns ripped of symmetry
As will and fate divide Have I appeased the gods of fate
Am I allowed another day
Must I die to escape
The scanning eyes of death

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