At Fate's Hands

Fates Warning

Ours is the cry of the helpless, told in the timeless truth of the written word Trapped by the tempest of the blind our muted calls can't be heard Helpless as we stand amidst the push of thoughtless hands We are adrift without direction in a raging storm on a calm sea Clinging to our expectations to stem the tide of destiny Helpless as we fall beneath the crush of waters walls

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