

At Fates 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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