

His Chosen Fate

Sinai Beach

Hell is all around me, or at least it seems to be.
I look to the side of me - emptiness.
I look to the other - suffering and loneliness.
I wonder, can it get any worse?
And all of this reminds me of man's gift turned curse:
Free will given to man by God,
For He longs to be loved by those who choose.
For with free will comes real love, real hate,
And the freedom to not be robotically used. Dark days of the Human Race.
I tried to see man's beauty,
But chaos reigns in his chosen way.
My friends welcome to man's stage. Man is chaos. Man is insanity.
What's stopping anyone from mutilating me?
Fear is the basis of society,
Invoked merely by the hand that is punishing.
Man is his so-called master,
And it turned him into a monster.
Man is his so-called master,
And it turned him into a disaster. Disaster. Dark days of the Human Race.
I tried to see man's beauty,
But chaos reigns in his chosen way.
My friends welcome to man's stage.

Songwriters

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