

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.