

# Hands Of Destiny

Heir Apparent

Like oils upon a canvas cast in silver, black, and grey  
The angry skies of autumn hold the distant sun at bay  
Mighty airborne armies waging battles in the sky  
The clouds are locked in conflict, sending thunderbolts to fly

Yet in our abundant wisdom  
Man can't tame the sky, the mountains, or the sea  
Held beyond our understanding, helpless to deny  
The Hands of Destiny

A monolithic menace reaches up to touch the sky  
Below, a tiny township, waiting, helpless to defy  
In a violent clamor sends a molten sea of flame  
Bringing forth destruction, leaving nothing to remain

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With the rage of Neptune, savage seas divide the land  
Claiming countless victims of the power at His command  
Dark and dismal waters seem to laugh with fiendish pride  
Leaving those who dared to venture washed up with the tide

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