

## According to Plan

Augustana

It's like life imitating life,  
Constantly repeating history until it's blind  
It's like time only speaks in rhymes  
Repeating repetition til you're lost inside your mind

Was I a terminal distraction?  
Or just a chemical reaction?

Or is it chance or is it fate?  
Was I just standing in your way?

I find it hard to understand  
How you love this ordinary man  
And so extraordinarily  
Maybe it's all unraveling according to plan

It's like life imitating life  
Constantly revolving round the tips of sharpened knives  
It's like time draws a crooked line  
Repeating shapes and patterns til it just can't be defined

Is it a critical invention?  
Or just fulfilling it's intention?

Or is it chance or is it fate?  
Or are we simply meant to wait?

I find it hard to understand  
Yeah that it's all left up to chance  
And so arbitrarily  
But if she sees something in me

It must be life imitating life  
Manipulating varying degrees of wrong and right

I guess it might just possibly  
May be all unraveling according to plan