

Straws Pulled at Random

Meshuggah

What solace lies in the arms of fate
The ill embrace of uncertainty
When did I leave this in other hands
To be pulled down at chance

Ripped away by destiny-claws
Am I another of fate's possessions
Dwelling the lie of freedom
Just another straw pulled at random

Reclaimed by deceiving time
A silent judgement I can not overrule

Drawn back into the origin-vortex
Uprooted and ground to dust
Retracted into anti-existence
A magnet repelled by life's polarity

Denied the self control of fate
we flow suspended in semi-life
Until the ever imminent day
when oblivion claims our breath

Nowhere indefinitely. Not dead, not alive
Existence-patterns ripped of symmetry. As will and
fate divide

Have I appeased the gods of fate
Am I allowed another day
Must I die to escape
the scanning eyes of death