

A Game Divine

Peccatum

I can not but to love my destiny
I can not but to cherish my fate
I can not but to accept and worship
The fatal immortality
Of the circular pact

A game divine it seems
NO
I deny this theory of chance
Yet, what control?

Searched for
Craved for
Found and captured
Held into the fires ever burning

Yet, grim is the face of Fortuna
In her incomprehensive ways
Fierce are the truths and lies
That fell beyond her grace

And grim are the faces we pull
In those few moments of sight
Fierce are the horrors revealed
By the scorching, merciless light

I can not love their destiny
I can not cherish their fate
I can not accept the fatal line
The theory of chance
Beyond grace

A game divine it seems
NO
I deny this theory of chance
Yet, what control?

Even she must face the mirror
Even I must face myself

It might just be fate