

## 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