

I can feel your silent laughter
When you put your bold hands on my fate
On my fate
Sometimes it doesn't feel right
What my life serves cold onto my plate
Onto my plate
But if I count on your favor you would leave me
If I turn my back on you you'll do that too
You're the queen for those who win
Maker of what could have been
Empty promise we can choose
You get blamed when we're to loose
I would like to taste your kindness
Yet I fear I may become your slave
Become your slave
I can throw my fate in your face
Would you come if my resources gave?
Or to my grave
Some would kill to feel your grace
Some have died of your embrace
Some live by your fickle star
Some hate you for who you are
You're the queen for those who win
Maker of what could have been
Empty promise we can choose
You get blamed when we're to loose
There's never any easy way
Despite that's what you try to say:
There's never any easy way
...all you need to do is to pray... to me.
And I try not to hear your call
I fear that could just be my fall
And I try not to hear your call
While you keep dice of chance to roll
Then again it's down to myself
How much pride can I take from your aid?
From your aid
Could I stand to look in my face?
Claim my life mine, self esteem forfeit
All too late
But if I count on you favor you would leave me
If I turn my back on you you'll do that too
You're the queen for those who win
Maker of what could have been
Empty promise we can choose
You get blamed when we're to loose