

A vengeful angel flies around the sun, dripping his wax down on those that watch. The feathers fall next, they're dancing down. Such a graceful decent, so unlike his own. Crashing down to earth, destruction in his wake he caused. There I go again, trying to narrate so I could hide my role. Have to own up, have to concede, they used me like you. We all have our jobs, markers of our fate, that dictate our place. But now I know it's not his fault. How could I hold him responsible? So wrought by what I've done, I wouldn't wish it on anyone. So what of the man with the wooden god? Never did him good, but never steered him wrong. Can't claim the same, the blood on my hands marks my guilt, exposes my crimes. I've played with lives, like the Gods of old. But I'm no God I'm just a fool. The leader of the mob, king of the swayed, culpable. The moms and dads who turned to me now clutch their torches at my door. Try to alleviate the burden of my guilt. I never really had agency. I'm just a false prophet, just a heretic, powerless without your belief. But now I know it's not his fault. How could I hold him responsible? So wrought by what I've done, I wouldn't wish it on anyone. A young couple meets and falls in love and live so happily ever after, it's a platitude. But it's a lie, affections unrequited. The presence of someone else will complicate the best laid plans of invertebrates made evil by love. But now I know it's not his fault. How could I hold him responsible? So wrought by what I've done, I wouldn't wish it on anyone. Trapped inside a frame not of my design. Simply follow the story and remember the lines. I had no choice, this is how I was cast, this is how I was cast, I had no choice. Trapped inside a frame, not of my design, follow what is destined and tow the line. There is no escape, that's why they call it fate.