

i've spread my wings i've cut the strings
my puppet days have died
i've prayed until i have free will i've shut out all the lies
i can't make sense of fate's portents on patterns i've relied
i've given in my demon twin lies dying by my side
the future is a mystery now the stars have turned to grey
my freedom rests on knowing how to think and do and say

sun-sign believers enlightenment achievers
you strange deceivers you are not my kind
sun-sign believers speaking tongue receivers
tarot card faith healers the blind leading the blind

'do what thou wilt' the blood was spilt an ego thus caressed
accepting none but only one is where my freedom rests
presenting now the sacred cow 'you cannot trust free will'
they stand in line of their birth signs their emptiness is shrill
their clockwise universe is ticking out their lives
an orgy of pre-destiny held by threads of time

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we must invent again ourselves
become the sum total of our perceptions
do not react as you did yesterday
don't you become a slave to your memories

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