

Heir Apparant, Hands of Destiny

Like oils upon a canvas cast in silver, black, and grey
The angry skies of autumn hold the distant sun at bay
Mighty airborne armies waging battles in the sky
The clouds are locked in conflict, sending thunderbolts to fly

Yet in our abundant wisdom
Man can't tame the sky, the mountains, or the sea
Held beyond our understanding, helpless to deny
The Hands of Destiny

A monolithic menace reaches up to touch the sky
Below, a tiny township, waiting, helpless to defy
In a violent clamor sends a molten sea of flame
Bringing forth destruction, leaving nothing to remain

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With the rage of Neptune, savage seas divide the land
Claiming countless victims of the power at His command
Dark and dismal waters seem to laugh with fiendish pride
Leaving those who dared to venture washed up with the tide

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