

A Faith Called Chaos, Witless And White Knuckled

It's when I'm not looking
That I must fleet these blows
Like one arms afire,
But the others not hitting home
You could say that it's up to fate
That there's forces that move to our design
But I feign to leave it up to fate
In what others have made
It's not right,
But no one cares anymore.
It is the least of our worries now
I can't trust anything,
Least of all these hands I gave my self
I can't keep my gloves up
The knockouts only inches away
Already I'm out and over
And pulled down by these waves
I've got right now
Witless and white knuckled,
I've got right now.