

American Lesion, Fate's Cruel Hand

There's a leaf in the sky and it's floating on by
A new season dawns but something is gone, oh
There are days in the past and days waiting for me
I don't need a visionary in order to see
You can do what you want to me
'Cause I don't have the energy
To retreat or hold ground or barely to stand
But I feel the sting from fate's cruel hand, oh
Like a bond true and pure, we're never quite sure
Our choice in the play, it erodes away

When you can't, can't compete, it ends with total defeat
You just let it go, so nobody knows you're suffering
You can do what you want to me
'Cause I don't have the energy
To retreat or hold ground or barely to stand
Oh, but I feel the sting from fate's cruel hand
Hand, hand, hand
Hand, hand, hand
Hand, hand, hand