

# The Incredible String Band, The Eyes Of Fate

Oh, who can see in the eyes of fate?  
All life alone in its chronic patterns.  
Oh, swan, let me fly you  
To the land of no winds blowing.  
I know nothing, and know that I know nothing;  
All is in the eye, and in its blinks of seeing.

So just like the morning  
The ghost of the following day.  
Listen: Ory, cry, cry.....  
Rear the rollers wild and stormy  
Echoes wholly only lonely long beforey, ory ory.

All rivalry and opinion still cast their wild spells.  
Effort and contrariness change the directions of time.  
The lion still growls in your hollowness.  
Please let's be easy, please let's be friends.  
Watching and learning like small children.  
Till out of the morning is growing the strength of the day.

Listen: Ory, cry, cry.....  
Rear the rollers wild and stormy  
Echoes wholly only lonely long beforey, ory, ory.

Servant of fame or fame for a servant,  
You see what you see, you see seldom what is.  
Servant of fate or fate for a servant,  
You see what you see, you see seldom what is.

Servant of fate, ohhhhhh.