

# “Power”

by

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Fate is the stark cross of reality and choice...

Have you ever wondered what it would be like, if god came down and handed you a mic,

What, wouldn't that be something special, something worth hearin' - if not once but an echo?

Imagine all that power just sitting in your lap, and you could just mold the world with every rap,

If you were in charge, the architect at large,

Given the will to construct, would you be lost in the thrill 'a lust?

So tell me, honestly,

Spell it out in truth, somethin' of actual proof,

The value you'd take, the things you'd create,

Every single thing you would let be, beholden to all to see,

What would really happen, if life was for you to fathom,

How would it play out, if all wonder and doubt,

Were removed and ended, and He called you uncontended.

I anxiously await your reply, hurry now before it's my time to die.

-What will you do, if everything is left up to you-

You claim to understand reason, that you are above schemin',

But what is trust to a lord, who in his hands holdeth the world,

It has no meaning, it's devoid of feeling,

It's a grand mistake seething, abstract death to the breathing,

Claim it otherwise, you to me despise,

But it can never be, what you desire to free,

Or rather unleash, the monster within the breach,

Your greed and hunger, rampage our hearts shudder and thunder,

Corruption flows in our waters, your plot to ruin our daughters,

Is there no limit, is your malice infinite,

And so it appears, that with sorrow and tears,

You would woo our compassion, and later in demonic fashion,

Force us to bow to your feet, cause us to live life in defeat,

You would us supplant, so in solemn style we chant,

We as a people, united in our divide of evil,

Would have no escape, of you and your fate,

Should He you empower – Listen we speak it louder:

You fool, you would doom us all, we've left the garden, there is nowhere to fall!

-What will you do, if everything is left up to you-

