

Fate Line

Music and Words by Jennifer Schaffer
© SOCAN 2009

My fate line, my fate line, my fate line
Is longer than my life
My fate line, my fate line, my fate line
And sharper than a knife
It cuts through imagined victories
Over all those stubborn ghosts haunting me
My fate line, my fate line, my fate line

Deep in the bone, I can't extract it
Source of my words, like ancient sandskrit
Still, though I try, I can't predict it -
Just what the next dictate will be

Hands like my mother's - so familiar
Cast the stones that make the waters stir
A future hidden in the rivers
Carved deep into my calloused skin

I can't escape
Those escapades
That I eschew too late
I'm preordained
And predisposed
To predicate my fate