

SEAMLESS

I used to believe there was such a thing as coincidence.
But that was well before the collaboration began.
Every Sunday my problems meet at a local coffee house.
First they gloat. Then they vote about future plans.
The evidence for conspiracy is everywhere in my life.
The point's to see just how much more I can stand.

Chorus: Seamless, sewn watertight. Guess who's the target tonight
Seamless, smoother than ice, foul stars on the rise.
It's seamless. There's nothing to tell. My fate's a mile under hell.
Seamless, that's what they are. Deal any hand and they steal all your cards.

I used to believe there was such a thing as random probability.
But that the chain reaction vaulted out of control.
My troubles pass the baton with ruthless cold efficiency.
They trade high fives then relish an evening stroll.
At once they are the judge, the jailor, the hooded executioner.
My sentence is multiple lives without parole.

You can say all you want about symmetry, poetry, chaos theory and the fall of man.
I wish I were anyone but myself.

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