

Caliban, New Kind Of Freedom

Sweet sins scars my horizon.
Got nothing to expect in this emotional unstable time.
Looking forward there is a meaningless life to go.
Path of sorrow! Age of decay!
Pictures of wrong decisions veils my sleep but the lines are drawn.
Nothing could release me. Am I born to excuse my way of thinking?
Am I force to justify who I am? Death.
Sweet death could be a merciful fate.
Delivered of despair.
New kind of freedom.
A new kind of face.