

# Caliban, Sycamore Dreams

You're the source.  
My disbelief in innocence arise.  
Feel that goth seducing me.  
Try to reach a hand in that golden circle.  
You are no angel. And my heart is more than emptyness.  
In the shadow of myself and I sleep under the trees  
and no one else is sleeping well.  
Burn me tonight. Feeing my lies slip away.  
Burn me tonight.  
And kill the demos in me.  
Facing a saint feeling my life slip away.  
Burn me tonight.  
Until I'm disapointed.  
Burn me tonight and kill the demons in me.  
I disbelief in the summer in pearl lake.  
I'm the pine float.  
And now you're falling apart from me.  
You are no angel!!!