

Caliban, Tyranny Of Small Misery

The wake up means walking on the edge.
Wrong desicions running through my veins Immortal sorrow scars on my soul.
Rejected and trapped in myself.
Black velvet was the gift of the time.
Nothing left to loose.
Nothing to believe hands tied feet chained.
Hidind behind shadows of anger.
To wake up means walking on the edge.
But I often feel that misery.
Is the most important part of being happy!