

Caliban, About Time And Decisions

When time decides.

The circle made from love and trust breaks.

The chain breaks. An emptiness reveals.

Memories start to swallow me.

Searching the unknown of frustration from being into nothing.

Freedom. Way stars. My aim.

The joy of existing.

What remained of waitin so long was the bitter
and painful experience of being left.

Reality. I'm tightly embraced Wounds of love never going to heal.

As long as the past remains. Only covered by illusion.

The outer wrap breaks from inner pain.

Got to be strong and egoistic. Thats the way it is.

Oh our so beautiful world.

A world dies lonely. ...and the beginning of nothing...