

# Caliban, Arena Of Concealment

the image of the world I live in  
born into to fall into oblivion  
is the huge arena of illusion & deceit  
nothing's real  
not a thing curtain call & the show starts,  
commonness and self-leceration against the unceasing  
lape of redemption - clowns  
the masters of disguise  
are man's prototype my fear of the future increases  
this arena is crowded with clowns  
curtain call & the show starts  
just one tear releases a violent river