

Caliban, Certainty...Corpses Bleed Cold

Arms are weak, my feet are stiff & cold
why do I not escape
arms are weak, my feet are stiff & cold
I'm the scourage of my self made walls

Shadows of the past thrown on me
and broke my walls,
all the time that has passed,

However the pain is not less-
hopelessy caught in emptiness

recognition of boredom...

Arms are weak, my feet are stiff & cold
why do I not escape
arms are weak, my feet are stiff & cold
I'm the scourage of my self made walls

dreams of hope come up
and let me fall again even deeper
into the band of pain,
steel colours my skin deep red,
no death, but eternal torture...