Caliban, My Last Beauty

A morning full of death.
Beauty trapped in miserable emtiness.
Offer me life. Offer me love.
Don't ask me where the sunshine's gone.
Offer me life. Offer me love. Offer me the moon.
All my figthing in this shadow land is in vain.
Searching the inner clarity - Reality of my existance.
Feeling empty. Endless the way.
Endless the search and the distortion of the present.
Shadow land a place of silence love?
Happyness? Emptiness! Lonelyness! Alone is the death!
Nigth the beauty of silence a different consciousness to complexe for reality.
Misunderstood feelings in the circle of life.
But the moon is still There!