

Caliban, Stigmata

I made one step back and reached out my hand...
to touch my picture in the mirror
I'm sticking in an armour of fear
Observing my image from the outside

I can't believe what's left of myself...

I always tried my best and I never justified
I tried so hard but in the end it doesn't even matter
nobody's out there, no one to hold my hand

I can't believe what's left of myself

my time is up

I feel like I'm gone as long before - my time is up

my time is up
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