

# Stigmata

## Caliban

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 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  
No one to hold my hand I can't believe what's left of myself  
I can't believe what's left of myself My time is up  
My time is up  
My time is up  
My time is up I feel like I'm gone as long before my time is up  
I feel like I'm gone as long before my time is up My time is up 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 can't believe what's left of myself  
I feel like I'm gone as long before my time is up  
I feel like I'm gone as long before my time is up

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