Arena Of Concealment

Caliban

The image of the world I live in
Born into to fall into oblivion
Is the huge arena of illusion and deceit
Nothing's real, not a thingCurtain call and the show starts
Commonness and self-laceration against the unceasing
Lape of redemption, clowns the masters of disguise
Are man's prototypeMy fear of the future increases
This arena is crowded with clowns
Curtain call and the show starts
Just one tear releases a violent river

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