Sycamore Dreams

Caliban

You're the source.
My disbelief in innocence arise.
Feel that ghost seducing me.
Try to reach a hand in that golden circle.
You are no angel. And my heart is more than emptyness.
In the shadow of myself and I sleep under the trees
and no one else is sleeping well.
Burn me tonight. Feeling my lies slip away.
Burn me tonight.
And kill the demons in me.
Facing a saint feeling my life slip away.
Burn me tonight.
Until I'm disapointed.
Burn me tonight and kill the demons in me.
I disbelief in the summer in pearl lake.
I'm the pine float.
And now you're falling apart from me.
You are no angel!!!

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