New Kind Of Freedom

Caliban

Sweet sins scars my horizon.
Got nothing to expect in this emotional unstable time.
Looking forward there is a meanningless life to go.
Path of sorrow! Age of decay!
Pictures of wrong decisions veils my sleep but the lines are drawns.
Nothing could release me. Am I born to excuse my way of thinking?
Am I force to justifiy who I am? Death.
Sweet death could be a mercyful fate.
Delivered of despair.
New kind of freedom.
A new kind of face.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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