

# 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 thing  
Curtain call and the show starts  
Commonness and self-laceration against the unceasing  
Lapse of redemption, clowns the masters of disguise  
Are man's prototype  
My 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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