Stigmata

Caliban

I made one step back and reached out my hand
To touch my picture in the mirror
I'm sticking in an amour of fear
Observing my image from the outsideI can't believe what's left of myselfI 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 handI can't believe what's left of myselfMy time is upI feel like I'm gone as long before - my time is upMy 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 armor of fear
Observing my image from the outsideI can't believe what's left of myself
I feel like I'm gone as long before, my time is up

Songwriters
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