Certainty... Corpses Bleed Cold

Caliban

Arms are weak, my feet are stiff and cold
Why do I not escape
Arms are weak, my feet are stiff and cold
I'm the scourage of my self made wallsShadows of the past thrown on me
And broke my walls
All the time that has passed
However the pain is not less
Hopelessly caught in emptinessRecognition of boredomArms are weak, my feet are stiff and cold
Why do I not escape
Arms are weak, my feet are stiff and cold
I'm the scourage of my self made walls

Songwriters
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