

Confession Of Faith "Caliban"

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Then I'd have to say a prisoner's way
Is hopeless indeed for have we not choice and need
At least it seems so since first dawn I new day
Which I've hid and locked away in a pandora's heart
A slight flickered gleam which is all that fashions the
seam
Between this life and the next without choice life is a
dream
In a dream N/A dream
Can you perceive orchard empty blossomed flower
Cut from tree my soul is me
So often that I with listless did lie and say
What a good boy am I but for one man the sky
With immense reply did say what a good boy am I
As a boy as a man I think everyone can invite
temptation
Is it anything is it anyone am I ever finished am I done
The burning heart has a son from whence it seems all
run
I believe choice have we The will to make the motion
sea
Wane or fill these lives that be Or semi-tear the
symmetry
The caliban the I'll set free The humble can the only
Way that I fear I never see Is crooked man with crooked
knee
I believe choice heavy The burdened back the turn us
we
From wax to wane the candle's me To semi-shine the
majesty
The caliban the I'll set free The meager man the only
Way that I fear I shall be As crooked can with crooked
knee
The love I ban the set me free My heart to dirt the only
Way that I fear is for me is choice to choice with love as
key
That I know is me That I have in me

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