

## Caliban

# "Certainty, Corpses Bleed Cold"

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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 walls

Shadows 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 emptiness

Recognition of boredom

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 walls

Dreams of hope come up  
And let me fall again even deeper  
Into the band of pain  
Steel colors my skin deep red  
No death but eternal torture

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