

## Caliban

### "New Kind Of Freedom"

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Sweet sins scars my horizon.  
Got nothing to expect in this emotional unstable time.  
Looking forward there is a meaningless life to go.  
Path of sorrow! Age of decay!  
Pictures of wrong decisions veils my sleep but the lines  
are drawn.  
Nothing could release me. Am I born to excuse my way  
of thinking?  
Am I force to justify who I am? Death.  
Sweet death could be a merciful fate.  
Delivered of despair.  
New kind of freedom.  
A new kind of face.

Caliban New Kind Of Freedom

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