

## Caliban "Stigmata"

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I made one step back and reached out my hand  
To touch my picture in the mirror  
I'm sticking in an armour of fear  
Observing my image from the outside

I can't believe what's left of myself  
I can't believe what's left of myself

I 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 hand  
No one to hold my hand

I can't believe what's left of myself  
I can't believe what's left of myself

My time is up  
My time is up  
My time is up  
My time is up

I feel like I'm gone as long before my time is up  
I feel like I'm gone as long before my time is up

My 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 armour of fear  
Observing my image from the outside

I can't believe what's left of myself  
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I feel like I'm gone as long before my time is up  
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