

## Certainty... Corpses Bleed Cold

Caliban

Arms are weak, my feet are stiff & cold  
why do I not escape  
arms are weak, my feet are stiff & 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 & cold  
why do I not escape  
arms are weak, my feet are stiff & 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 colours my skin deep red,  
no death, but eternal torture...