

Forsaken Horizon

Caliban

a glance back, a glance into the now
tears sweeten the day, but the aftertaste is bitter
where are the good old times, where is my dependence - bullet!
in your presence my memories swallow me
moment for moment you throw me back
a new way, the same paths, old fears
I'm the tool of my demons,
they hide the depths of my soul, in darkness
(I'm not ready for this way, to open up, to give - blade!)
let me go before I end, lonely.
I cannot be what I am
Fill me with new hope.