

## New Kind Of Freedom

Caliban

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.