

## Stigmata

Caliban

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

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

I can't believe what's left of myself

my time is up

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

my time is up  
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to touch my picture in the mirror  
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observing my image from the outside

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