

Caliban, Arena Of Concealment

the image of the world I live in
born into to fall into oblivion
is the huge arena of illusion & deceit
nothing's real
not a thing curtain call & the show starts,
commonness and self-leceration against the unceasing
lape of redemption - clowns
the masters of disguise
are man's prototype my fear of the future increases
this arena is crowded with clowns
curtain call & the show starts
just one tear releases a violent river