

You're selling water to the drowned
You offer silence to the ones who hear no sound
You're selling prayers to the deserted
You're bringing preachers to the already converted
You offer rope, all along with chairs
A guilty conscience to the only one who cares
You're preaching water and drinking wine
You bring distraction to those waiting for a sign

Raise your hands, raise your voice
This is all wrong
You just never had a choice
We make you believe
You'd better not see
For all of this you're just a Caliban to me

You offer options to the ones who can't decide
Of what is right or wrong or otherwise have died
You're casting doubt among who just believed
Silence suspicion in the ones to be deceived
If there's no evil, then there's no good
And you'll be the only one who ever understood
Things do just happen, no need to cry
You've seen it all and it always passes by

Raise your voice and raise your hands
This is all real
You just never had a chance
We make you believe
You'd better not see
For all of this you're just a Caliban to me