

Epica "Quietus"

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The culprit, you act before thinking
Caught in your ignorant sin
And lying to your own reflection
You thought you could hide

Deprived of my own innocence, denied

The infinity of recurring torment
Your comeuppance

See, hear the torture inside
Devouring what was left of my pride
You thought it's not going to happen to you
Thought you could hide
Deprived of my own innocence, denied

The infinity of recurring torment
Your comeuppance
Dwelling in a mind, mixed up and
Your regret has spread over the sea

Deprived of my own innocence, denied

The infinity of recurring torment
Your comeuppance
Dwelling in a mind, mixed up and
Your regret has spread over the sea

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