Monopoly On Truth

Epica

Nos docti, pensantes
Sed non semper veridici
At the Zenith of wisdom
No defying myself
To the point of reaction
You propose and I dispose
I see what you mean
It's clear, what you say
The truth isn't just a derivative of your views
Truth is a fiction of your views
These are my thoughts
No discussion
My righteous plan
Just think it over now
Another point of view
It's time we realise our errs
Where is it leading to if nobody sees it
There's never an absolute
Nos docti
Sed non semper veridici
I can be so enchanting
With words beset in gold
Your senseless demanding
You propose and I dispose
This is the way
No discussion
In my life
You're in denial
Can we trust all the facts and believe that the
Fancied wise are just and needed?
Do we want to rely on the views of the
Righteous ones who are succeeding?
If you look all around and see all the
Things that are not meant to be
Then you know it's time to let them go
Your fury can no longer stand
This haunter will come to an end
Looking for leftover friends is in vain

You'll be alone again
No more refusal
Face it, slow down
It is time for renewal
And expect no miracles
Expect no miracles when you're
In an endless fall
No regrets if you're leaving
You're a true deceiver
Accept the here and now
Or regret will end up...
Mask of justice, shield of menacing strength
Will not bend, only break
Can't we respect, can't we neglect
No respecting so neglecting
Those who are suffering in need of help?
Those who suffer, needing our help
You are the one I wouldn't like to become
You are not one I would like to become
Not at all in the end
Hear our calling
Carry me slowly
In the depths of your life
Fear the thunder
Free me from barren fields
And grey thunder lies
Semblance Falling
Under that great fa

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