

Guilty Demeanor (Instrumental)

Epica

Whenever stories are prescribed
That we could never obelise
Then how could anyone supply a doubtI take you at your wordBut the tale could have a flaw
And if you find yourself in awe
Then you'll only hunger for the truthVeritas numquam vincitur ipsa
Ne qua dicuntur imprudenter credasWhen I'm crucified, taunted and denied
I'll stand strong, with my back against the wallAt times it seems so very hard
All that we learned we must discard
That everyone you'd ever trust has liedWhen I'm crucified, haunted and defied
I belong to the few that died for allYou cannot question or defy
Or you'll find out the hard way why
You'd better run before you walk aloneVeritas numquam vicitur ipsa
Ne quae dicuntur imprudenter credas
Sed tua teneas

Songwriters

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