

Quietus (Score Version)

Epica

Quietus

by Epica
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
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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