Another Me "In Lack'ech"

Epica

If you search for enrichment
And injure others
Earning more than you can spend
You'll pass the bordersWhen you think you've succeeded
But something's missing
Means you have been defeated
By greed, your weaknessThis fantasy is not enough for me
I want it, I'll take it away from you
Your misery that softly incites me
All I do is using, abusing youLife is often miserable
In the search for happiness
The power so desirable
They bring so much distressLife is often pitiful
In the search for blessedness
If we weren't so insatiable
There would be much more than lessWhen you think you've succeeded
But something's missing
Means you have been defeated
By greed, your weaknessIf you search for enrichment
And injure others
Earning more than you can spend
You'll pass the bordersI cannot see why you'd be another meWhen you think you've succeeded
But something's missing
Means you have been defeated
By greed, your weaknessI just take care of myself and no-one elseThis fantasy is not enough for me
I want it, I'll take it away from you
Your misery that softly incites me
All I do is using, abusing youLife is often cynical
In the search for hopefulness
We're only wanting more and more,
So we got into this messWhen you think you've succeeded
But something's missing
Means you have been defeated
By greed, your weaknessIf you search for enrichment
And injure others
Earning more than you can spend
You'll pass the bordersI cannot see why you'd be another meWhen you think you've succeeded
But something's missing
Means you have been defeated

By greed, your weaknessI just take care of myself and no-one elseAll that you've taken from others
Will be taken from you
All that your dissonance smothers
Will then come back to you
Whatever happens tomorrow, and whatever you do
Just keep in mind, that the source and end is youWhen you think you've succeeded
But something's missing
Means you have been defeated
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And injure others
Earning more than you can spend
You'll pass the bordersI cannot see why you'd be another meWhen you think you've succeeded
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By greed, your weaknessI just take care of myself and no-one elseThis fantasy is not enough for me
I want it, I'll take it away from you
Your misery that softly incites me
All I do is using, abusing youNever finding fulfilment, the source and end is you

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