

# Guilty Demeanor

## Epica

Whenever stories are prescribed  
That we could never obelise  
Then how could anyone supply a doubt?  
I take you at your word  
But the tale could have a flaw  
And if you find yourself in awe  
Then you'll only hunger for the truth  
Veritas nunquam vincitur ipsa  
Ne quae dicuntur imprudenter credas  
When I'm crucified, taunted and denied

I'll stand strong, with my back against the wall  
At times it seems so very hard  
All that we learned we must discard  
That everyone you'd ever trust  
Has lied  
When I'm crucified, haunted and defied  
I belong to the few that died for all  
You cannot question or defy  
Or you'll find out the hard way why  
You'd better run before you walk alone  
Veritas nunquam vincitur ipsa  
Ne quae dicuntur imprudenter credas  
Sed tua teneas

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