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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