

Quietus (grunt version)

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
Deprived of my own innocence, denied The infinity of recurring torment
Your comeuppance
Dwelling in a mind, mixed up and
Your regret has spread over the sea Deprived of my own innocence, denied
The infinity of recurring torment
Your comeuppance
Dwelling in a mind, mixed up and
Your regret has spread over the sea
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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