

Facade Of Reality

Epica

Sanguis meus tibi non iam perbibendus sit
Macula aeterintatis
Numquam detergenda
Quisnam surget et deteget
Imaginem veritates ?
People created religious inventions
To give their lives a glimmer of hope
And to ease their fear of dying
And people created religious intentions
Only to feel superior and to have a license to kill
Our desire to die is stronger
Than all your desire for life
There is no getting away from it now
Only true faith survives
People created religious inventions
To give their lives a glimmer of hope
And to ease their fear of dying
And people created religious ascensions
To subject the others and to enslave, just to further enrich themselves
It doesn't matter where we die
It doesn't matter that you cry
We'll take you with us
A disgrace on the beyond
O servator, sempiternus
Te grati coluimus, Odor atrox quo non superfundis intolerabilis est
Deceive yourself by yielding
to soft words that cause no pain
Enrich yourself with different views
Learned without disdain
A disgrace on the beyond
That can never be undone
Who shall rise and unveil
The Facade of Reality?
Is there still room for new dents in old wrecks?
A disgrace on the beyond that can never be undone
Deceive yourself by yielding to soft words
Enrich yourself by making up your own mind
Sanguis meus tibi non iam perbibendus sit

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