

# Epica, Fa

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, sempiternae  
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

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