

# Epica, Menace Of Vanity

Compulsive expressions of your social weakness  
Vented on your countless made up enemies

I cannot know how you feel  
When you don't say anything

We don't care what you say  
We'll never join the games you play  
We won't bleed for all your sins  
We never followed your way now so  
We don't care anymore  
How you'll perform your last encore

Your misplaced sense of superiority  
The result of your unbearable form of Vanity

I cannot know what you see  
When you don't show anything

We don't care what you say  
We'll never join the games you play  
We won't bleed for all your sins  
We never followed your way now so  
We don't care anymore  
How you'll perform your last encore

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When you don't say anything  
I cannot know what you see  
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