

Epica, Quietus

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 its not going to happen to you,
thought you could hide

The infinity of recurring torment, your comeuppance
Dwelling in a mind, mixed up and
Your regret has spread over the sea