

Epica, The Phantom Agony

[I. Impasse of Thoughts]

I can't see you, I can't hear you
Do you still exist?

I can't feel you, I can't touch you,
Do you exist?

The Phantom Agony

I can't taste you, I can't think of you,
Do we exist at all?

[II. Between hope and despair]

The future doesn't pass
And the past won't overtake the present
All that remains is an obsolete illusion

We are afraid of all the things that could not be
A phantom agony

Do we dream at night
Or do we share the same old fantasy?
I am a silhouette of the person wandering in my dreams

Tears of unprecedented beauty
Reveal the truth of existence
We're all sadists

The age-old development of consciousness
Drives us away from the essence of life
We meditate too much,
so that our instincts will fade away
They fade away

What's the point of life
And what's the meaning if we all die in the end?
Does it make sense to learn or do we forget everything?

Tears of unprecedented beauty
Reveal the truth of existence
We're all pessimists

Teach me how to see and free the disbelief in me
What we get is what we see, the Phantom Agony

A te spiritus noster devoratur
Et nostra anima capitur

[III. Nevermore]

The lucidity of my mind has been revealed in new dreams
I am able to travel where my heart goes
In search of self-realisation

This is the way to escape from our agitation
And develop ourselves
Use your illusion and enter my dream...