

# 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