

# Another Me In Lack'ech

Epica

If you search for enrichment  
And injure others  
Earning more that you can spend  
You'll pass the borders

When you think you've succeeded  
But something's missing  
Means you have been defeated  
By greed, your weakness

This fantasy is not enough for me  
I want it, I'll take it away from you  
Your misery that softly incites me  
All I do is using, abusing you

Life is often miserable  
In the search for happiness  
The power's so desirable  
They bring so much distress

Life is often pitiful  
In the search for blessedness  
If we weren't so insatiable  
There would be much more than less

When you think you've succeeded  
But something's missing  
Means you have been defeated  
By greed, your weakness

If you search for enrichment  
And injure others  
Earning more that you can spend  
You'll pass the borders

I cannot see why you'd be another me

When you think you've succeeded  
But something's missing  
Means you have been defeated  
By greed, your weakness

I just take care of myself and no-one else

This fantasy is not enough for me  
I want it, I'll take it away from you  
Your misery that softly incites me  
All I do is using, abusing you

Life is often cynical  
In the search for hopefulness  
We're only wanting more and more  
So we got into this mess

When you think you've succeeded  
But something's missing  
Means you have been defeated

By greed, your weakness

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All that you've taken from others  
Will be taken from you  
All that your dissonance smothers  
Will then come back to you  
Whatever happens tomorrow, and whatever you do  
Just keep in mind that the source and end is you

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This fantasy is not enough for me  
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Never finding fulfilment  
The source and end is you (In Lack'ech)