

## Guilty Demeanor

Epica

Whenever stories are prescribed  
That we could never obelise  
Then how could anyone supply a doubt?

I take you at your word

But the tale could have a flaw  
And if you find yourself in awe  
Then you'll only hunger for the truth

Veritas numquam vincitur ipsa  
Ne quae dicuntur imprudenter credas

When I'm crucified, taunted and denied  
I'll stand strong, with my back against the wall

At times it seems so very hard  
All that we learned we must discard  
That everyone you'd ever trust  
Has lied

Veritas numquam vincitur ipsa  
Ne quae dicuntur imprudenter credas

When I'm crucified, taunted and denied  
I'll stand strong, with my back against the wall

When I'm crucified, haunted and defied  
I belong to the few that died for all

You cannot question or defy  
Or you'll find out the hard way why  
You'd better run before you walk alone

When I'm crucified, taunted and denied  
I'll stand strong, with my back against the wall

When I'm crucified, haunted and defied  
I belong to the few that died for all

Veritas numquam vincitur ipsa  
Ne quae dicuntur imprudenter credas  
Sed tua teneas