Incentive

Epica

How can we conduct
Symphonies of our destruction
Without having a clue
How to interpret the darkest notes?

There is no need to feel so depraved
A spotless disease is what I am
All those fools that I have enslaved
Were so long ago already damned

There is no need to be so engaged
The master of the stash is what I am
All this distress is what I have engraved
Is forming the path that I defend

Come with me, acquire the key
To unlock forbidden doors
Come with me, be finally free
The incentive, you decree

There is no need to feel so alone
When your white guide knocks at the door
Don't you disappoint her, no don't you dare
She'll destroy you to the quick, to the bone

Come with me, on your knees
The celebration ends
Come with me, never flee
Save me from this

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