

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

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And injure others
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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

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I just take care of myself and no-one else

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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Never finding fulfilment
The source and end is you (In Lack'ech)