Feint

Epica

The very brightest candle of all has been extinguished Smothered by those who could not bear to face reality

Every beat of your heart tore the lies all apart Made foundations quiver
Every wave in the lake caused the porcelain to break And I shiver...

The leftover tallow just doesn't contain
All the right answers
Under a sea of dust lies a vast wealth of wisdom

As untouched snow turns red Innocence dies

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This black page in history is not colourfast, will stain the next All that remains is just a feint of what was meant to be This black page in history is not colourfast, will stain the next And nothing seems in life, in dreams like what was meant to be

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