

Monopoly on Truth

Epica

Nos docti, pensantes
Sed non semper veridici

At the zenith of wisdom
No defying myself
To the point of reaction
You propose and I dispose

I see what you mean
It's clear, what you say
The truth isn't just a derivative of your views

Truth is a fiction of your views

These are my thoughts
No discussion
My righteous plan

Just think it over now
Another point of view
It's time we realize our errs
Where is it leading to if nobody sees it
There's never an absolute

Nos docti, pensantes
Sed non semper veridici

I can be so enchanting
With words beset in gold
Your senseless demanding
You propose and I dispose

I see what you mean
It's clear, what you say
The truth isn't just a derivative of your views

This is the way
No discussion
In my life

Just think it over now
Another point of view
It's time we realize our errs
Where is it leading to if nobody sees it
There's never an absolute

You're in denial

Can we trust all the facts
And believe that the fancied wise are just and needed?
Do we want to rely on the views
Of the righteous ones who are succeeding?
If you look all around and you see
All the things that are not meant to be
Then you know it's time to let them go

Your fury can no longer stand

This hauteur will come to an end
Looking for leftover friends is in vain
You'll be alone again

No more refusal
Face it , slow down

It is time for renewal
And expect no miracles
(Expect no miracle when you're in an endless fall)
No regrets if you're leaving
You're a true deceiver
(Accept the here and now
Or regret will end up)

Mask of justice, shield of menacing strength
Will not bend, only break

Can't we respect, Can we neglect
(No respecting so neglecting)
Those who are suffering in need of help?
(Those who suffer, needing our help)
You are the one I wouldn't like to become
(You are not the one I would like to become)
Not at all in the end

(Hear our calling)
Carry me slowly
In the depths of your life
(Fear the thunder)
Free me from barren fields
And grey thunder lies
(Semblance falling)
Under the grand facade
The truth loves to hide

Can we trust all the facts
And believe that the fancied wise are just and needed?
Do we want to rely on the views
Of the righteous ones who are succeeding?
If you look all around and you see
All the things that are not meant to be
Then you know it's time to let them go
To let them go

Nos docti
Sed plus scimus
Non sperentes
Quod dicunt Alii