

# Epica, The Phantom Agony

[I. Impasse of Thoughts]

I can't see you, I can't hear you  
Do you still exist?

I can't feel you, I can't touch you,  
Do you exist?

The Phantom Agony

I can't taste you, I can't think of you,  
Do we exist at all?

[II. Between hope and despair]

The future doesn't pass  
And the past won't overtake the present  
All that remains is an obsolete illusion

We are afraid of all the things that could not be  
A phantom agony

Do we dream at night  
Or do we share the same old fantasy?  
I am a silhouette of the person wandering in my dreams

Tears of unprecedented beauty  
Reveal the truth of existence  
We're all sadists

The age-old development of consciousness  
Drives us away from the essence of life  
We meditate too much,  
so that our instincts will fade away  
They fade away

What's the point of life  
And what's the meaning if we all die in the end?  
Does it make sense to learn or do we forget everything?

Tears of unprecedented beauty  
Reveal the truth of existence  
We're all pessimists

Teach me how to see and free the disbelief in me  
What we get is what we see, the Phantom Agony

A te spiritus noster devoratur  
Et nostra anima capitur

[III. Nevermore]

The lucidity of my mind has been revealed in new dreams  
I am able to travel where my heart goes  
In search of self-realisation

This is the way to escape from our agitation  
And develop ourselves  
Use your illusion and enter my dream...