

## Truth about Arthur

### Golden Earring

He's looking at me with his eyes closed and his lips are moving  
fast  
Little drops are dripping now from his chin upon his chest  
And every time I try to escape, the little dwarf appears and fades

His glassy hand it touches me, I smell the air of death and life  
Walking through the ballroom of the dead I hear two ghostly voices and a dark duet

Hearin the music of the minuet  
Walkin through the ballroom of the dead  
Voices, I wish they were signing glad

His glassy hand, it touches me, I smell the air of death and life  
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Hearin the music of the minuet  
Walkin through the ballroom of the dead  
Voices, I wish they were signing glad

Hearing the music of the minuet  
Ghostly voices, dark duet  
Hearing the music of the minuet  
Ghostly voices, dark duet  
I don't wanna die!  
Hearing the music of the minuet  
I don't wanna die!  
Ghostly voices, dark duet  
I don't wanna die!  
Hearing the music of the minuet  
I don't wanna die!  
Ghostly voices, dark duet  
I don't wanna die!  
I don't wanna die!