

Last Man Standing

Dyecrest

(Takala)

Now I am facing here this fight
I never wanted
I think that I am just a bite
For you to have
Now I am far too weak to protect
Myself from you
Come and strike me down and I won't
Even raise a hand

When everything is taken away from you
it doesn't matter how you're gonna lose
you're going down

I know the winner will be
the last man standing
And when the battle will begin
I'm caught up by surprise
How could I win?

In the end it's all the same how I choose
To fight you down
In the end it's all the same how I'll lose
I'm gonna drown

When everything is taken away from you
it doesn't matter how you're gonna lose
you're going down

I know the winner will be
the last man standing
And when the battle will begin
I'm caught up by surprise
How can I win?

And in the end it is so easy
to laugh about the scars
laugh about the scars
When you don't have a clue
of what they may have done to you
The bloody wounds of misery
you laugh at them in agony
In agony!

Sometimes I'm hoping for these nightmares to take me away
To end the pain
But then reflections of how it used to be
come to my mind like whispering debris
I have to end the pain
I'm begging for a chance to fight again