

# Final Dance

Eskimo Callboy

We hope you're fucking ready to party like a star  
Just take off all your clothes  
and get your shots from that bar.  
Tonight you're gonna die but it's fucking worth it.  
So take your last sip, baby.  
This will be your final dance.

And everything is running out of control.  
We got the pockets full of money and a heart made of gold.  
You gotta keep your head up high and start to move your body bo  
dy and shake your ass.  
Come on!

No matter where you came from but we know where you'll end.  
No matter where you came from you're gonna end right now.  
You're gonna end right now.  
And we just wanna say 'You're gonna end right now.'  
These shining lights are not a disco ball.  
We wanna dance tonight, so give a fuck 'bout  
heaven's call.  
We want sex, we want drugs, wanna show off our horns.  
We are your saviors cause we are the sinborns.  
This is gonna be your final dance, the last call.  
You can hide but we know where you're fucking at.  
Raise your head and cry for salvation cause tonight we dance in  
to doom.  
This is not your fucking prom night.  
This will be your final dance.  
This is not your fucking prom night.  
This will be your final dance.

And everything is running out of control.  
We got a whole lot of whisky and some girls at a pole.  
You gotta keep your head up high and start to party till you bl  
ack out, dance to your end.  
You're gonna end right now.  
And we just wanna say 'You're gonna end right now.'