

# My Last Words

Megadeth

My life's on time,  
But again my sense is late.  
Feel a might unsteady,  
But still I have to play.  
Six to one's the odds,  
And, we have the highest stakes.  
And, once again I gamble with my very life today.

Highly polished metal,  
The oil makes it gleam.  
Fill the terror chamber,  
Your mind begins to scream.  
Your life is like a trigger,  
Never trouble till you're squeezed.  
Now you crack a smile,  
As you give the gun a tease.

Place the piston down,  
Now give the gun a spin.  
Soon as the spinning stops,  
Oh no, the game starts in.  
A hateful way of vengeance,  
A bit of playful sin.  
Load another bullet,  
Now the second round begins.

A couple grains of powder,  
A couple grams of lead.  
A touch against the trigger,  
A touch inside the head.  
Take another drink, and  
Raise the last bets.  
Think about my last words,  
They might be what I just said.  
A click comes from the hammer,  
That couldn't drive a nail.  
Sense the numbing cold blue,  
Or the red of Hades' grill.  
A fraction of a second,  
Do you lose, or maybe still,  
Pass it to the left,  
And collect your mighty kill.

Add another bullet,  
The third round begins.  
Soon as the spinning stops,  
Oh no, the game starts in.  
Please, no I.O.U.'s,  
No markers for death.  
Does anybody play? Anybody,  
Somebody, anybody play.

You, you, next victim, you next to die.  
You, you, next victim, you next [s: your turn] to die.  
You, come on, next victim, your turn to die.  
You, come on, next victim, your turn to die.