

The Last Word

Voltaire

What do they call it
When another forces your hand
And what will they say
When they find me here this way
And know, know, know, know
That it wasn't my idea
No it wasn't my idea
But, oh, just to see your face
When you find me here like this

Now there's no time for wondering
Darkness is now at my door
Wrapping with his bony fingers
He's come to take me home
He'll envelop me in sleep
Wrapped in black feathered wings
But before we fly
Here's my goodbye

I get the last word
I'll have the last laugh
Sure as the room is growing cold
I'll have the last word
I'll have the last laugh
Sure as my blood is running cold

They won't call it suicide
'Cause I've got the killer's name
Engraved so deeply in my veins
They will call it homicide
'Cause I've got your name
So clearly carved into my wrist

The weak and the lame
Will find their way to escape
But why should I leave
All this beauty behind
And forfeit the joy in my life
In the name of an enemy

I'll have the last word
I'll have the last laugh
Sure as the room is growing cold
I'll have the last word
I'll have the last laugh
Sure as your blood is running cold

Far be it for I
To leave all this beauty behind
I will stay
To watch you wither away
And with any luck
You may be hit by a truck
And I will remain
To dance upon your grave
Oh, look, can't you see
How much your death means to me

Please won't you play
In a busy street
Far be it for I
To leave all this beauty behind
I will remain
To dance upon your grave