

# 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 You, you, next victim  
You next to die.  
You, you, next victim  
You, your turn to die  
You, die, next victim  
You, your turn to die.  
You, die, next victim  
You, your turn to die.  
You, die!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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