

# Danse Macabre

## Danse Macabre

Death is tapping its foot  
To a bewitching tune  
Truly in a joyful mood  
Clouds covering the moon  
In the midnight hour  
The dead perform a dance  
Danse Macabre Danse Macabre Danse Macabre  
In the midnight hour  
The dead perform a dance  
Peasants, nobles or kings  
Like puppets on a string  
Dance they all will  
When Death spreads its wings  
In the midnight hour  
The dead perform a dance  
Danse Macabre Danse Macabre Danse Macabre  
In the midnight hour  
The dead perform a dance  
Danse Macabre Danse Macabre Danse Macabre  
Like withered flowers  
Now skeletons in trance  
One can hear the North winds blow  
But louder is the violin  
The living, their heads they bow  
For they know Death will always win  
Danse Macabre Danse Macabre Danse Macabre  
In the midnight hour  
The dead perform a dance  
Danse Macabre Danse Macabre Danse Macabre  
Like withered flowers  
Now skeletons in trance  
Danse Macabre Danse Macabre Danse Macabre  
It's already certain  
For Death allows no chance

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>