

# the last dancer

[iamamiwhoami](#)

The life has gone from this room  
There is no future for me  
There was dancing and the mood  
Shifted from tender to a lifeless beat  
Needless happy as in June  
When this battle stained the white with bleeding  
I will not be equal to  
The fool who cherishes her own misdeed  
Look at the stars in the winter sky  
Everything will bleed tonight  
What a beautiful day to die  
The last I saw of myself  
Was a shadow in the water stream  
In the life that I left  
To walk into the land of defeat  
Now this is home, this is wealth  
Awakening to the sound of the sea  
Where I can watch from a distance  
And rule my land of misery  
Look at the stars in the winter sky  
Everything will bleed tonight  
What a beautiful day to die  
Feel the air grow cold and dry  
Everything will be just fine  
What a beautiful day to die  
The shadow from the former  
Over my shoulder waiting to take me home  
I heard its every call  
I know what it wants  
I'm willing to leave for home

Songwriters

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