

Goodbye

Emilie Autumn

And so I've said too much and not enough
And so the play is finally at an end
You never had the care to call my bluff
And so I must be pleased to be your friend
But what, then, was the purpose of this game?
I never really had a chance to win
It's true, I rather like who I became
But what am I to do with who I've been?
For I may wish to meet myself someday
Among the ashes of a fire long dead
To see my shadow there and hear it say
That it was happy with the life it led
What emptiness awaits me? This I fear
Far more than any peril I might face
My purpose in this world became less clear
When you were taken from your cherished place
Within my wishing heart and went your way
So willingly it almost makes me ill
To think it never crossed your mind to stay
Pushes the dagger deep, completes the kill
And yet how much of this was done by me?
Had I the courage, would you still have flown?
How sad to think this was not destiny
But my mistake, yet how could I have known?
Now here is my dilemma, as it seems:
Do I accept the score that fate has set
And calmly watch the passing of my dreams,
Or do I dare to place another bet:
That where the curtain falls another rises?
If I am wrong, then strike me for my sins
But I believe our acts and thin disguises
Were but a prologue to what now begins

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