The Last Word

Voltaire

What do you call it,
When another forces your hand.
And what will they say,
When they find me here this way.
And know, no no no 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.
Rapping with his bony fingers,
He's come to take me home,
He'll envelope me in sleep,
Wrapped in black feathery wings.But before we fly, here's my goodbye.I get the last word,
I get the last laugh,
As sure as the room is growing cold.
I'll have the last two word,
I'll have the last laugh,
As sure as my blood is running cold.They won't call it suicide,
Because I've got the killer's name
Engraved so deeply in my veins.
They will call it homicide,
Because 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,
As sure as the room is growing cold.
I'll have the last two word,
I'll have the last laugh,
As 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.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/