

# Elvenking, Not My Final Song

I am looking around, laid down in my coffin  
See faces with tears in their eyes  
But hey wasn't (that) her?  
And I see also that guy who used to hate me so much?  
And I don't need your mourning laments  
To be sincere you can kiss my ass  
I you had to tell me something  
I can do nothing, now I'm dead and gone  
I'm singing proud my final song  
Dedicated to the ones still living  
I'm singing loud my final song  
For the ones who have ears to hear  
Don't you think it's sardonic?  
You're considered a great one, but no one has shaken your hand  
I don't wanna end up like Poe or Van Gogh  
Not knowing what they'd have become  
So listen, I don't want your tears when I'm gone  
Please smile at me 'till I'm still fond  
Call me a cynic, have passed all the limits, but now I'm here...  
...singing proud my final song  
Dedicated to the ones still living  
I'm singing loud my final song  
For the ones who have ears to hear  
This is not my final song  
More words and notes are in my pocket  
This is not my final song  
There are more stories to tell  
Life often offers unreal circumstances  
A theatre of souls, a circus of dances  
Everything does happen for a real reason  
I surely don't know, I'm victim of treason  
This funeral march starts to be boring  
This coffin is narrow, the suit is too sober  
Pass me my hat and my broken guitar  
And sign with me this final song bizarre