

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