

Voltaire, The Last Word

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 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 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 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 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