

# Emilie Autumn, Goodbye

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 lead  
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