

Not My Final Song

Elvenking

I am looking around, laid down in my coffin
See faces with tears in their eyes
But hey wasn't (that) her?
and I also see the guy who used to hate me so much?

And I don't need mourning laments
To be sincere you can kiss my ass
If 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 theater 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 sing me this final song bizarre