Danse Macabre

Delain

Just 'cause it's part of a plan
That doesn't make it right
If I put my life in your hands
It's still unmistakably mine

Dark its wings across a pitch-black-sky:
Death will come for me, but not tonight

Let the earth cover me
Angels will call for me
But in time
Not tonight

I said I'd walk the mile
Not that I'd walk in line
I can not promise I'll smile
But I can promise I'll try

If I ever make another vow
It's to live for what's right here and now

Let the earth cover me
Angels will call for me
But in time
Not tonight

It's the Art of Death
Give me your best
Give me your darkest
It's the Art of the Fall
That comes for each and all
But I'll keep it waiting for me
It's the Art of Death
Give me your best

Give me your best

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