

## Voltaire "The Last Word"

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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

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