Inishmore
"The Final Dance"

The heavens strike fire and lightning hits the ground,
The earth starts to rumble and Thunder to pound.
This war has taken many lives and many still will fall,
We're ready to fight tyranny we have heard the call.
Salvation - Will they show mercy?
Glorious - Will we survive?
Nobel - Majestic and gentile!
Destiny - They start the attack!
I walk through the city where life filled the streets,
Now it's a wasteland full of pain and of needs.
And out of the twilight I see her come near,
She takes my hand and her voice sounds so clear...
It's the final dance in the old world,
The band plays on when the lights go out.
And the setting sun will enlighten the day,
And the morning star will guide my way,
When the time has come to die
She leads me to this empty hall,
A majestic ballroom of long gone times.
The candles shining on the wall,
Like an apocalyptic sign.
I walk through this lost world, full of magic and might,
Enchanted by it's beauty, forgotten is the pain outside.
Out of nowhere an orchestra plays!
She takes my hand and we start to dance,
To this endtime symphonies melancholic and sad.
And once again I hear her voice sound so clear,
Her beautiful lips whisper soft in my ear...
It's the final dance in the old world,
The band plays on when the lights go out.
And the setting sun will enlighten the day,
And the morning star will guide my way,
When the time has come to die
I don't know how long we danced in this hall,
But from one moment to the other it all was gone.
We were dancing under stars on a hill next to town.
The orchestra still played as the bombs struck the
ground
And fires burned in the city not far away,
The night shone as bright as a long sunny day.
The bombs they came closer and for the last time I
hear,

Her voice whispering soft into my ear...