

Danse Macabre

"Danse Macabre"

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Death is tapping its foot
To a bewitching tune
Truly in a joyful mood
Clouds covering the moon

In the midnight hour
The dead perform a dance

Danse Macabre Danse Macabre Danse Macabre
In the midnight hour
The dead perform a dance

Peasants, nobles or kings
Like puppets on a string
Dance they all will
When Death spreads its wings

In the midnight hour
The dead perform a dance

Danse Macabre Danse Macabre Danse Macabre
In the midnight hour
The dead perform a dance

Danse Macabre Danse Macabre Danse Macabre
Like withered flowers
Now skeletons in trance

One can hear the North winds blow
But louder is the violin
The living, their heads they bow
For they know Death will always win

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In the midnight hour
The dead perform a dance

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Like withered flowers
Now skeletons in trance

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It's already certain
For Death allows no chance

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