

Wolfpack Unleashed "Last Dance Of A Dying King"

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Behold the royal tenderness, celebrate the golden age
Pompous parade of decadence, acclaimed by the
plebs
And he who smiles, who cheers the most
Is the ruler himself of fields so green and seas so wide
His glory still shines bright

Beware of those close
Watch out -- betrayal grows

Another empire turns to dust
As an old wound opens again
The actor's new, the pain sol old
This is the last dance of a dying king

The king must face his destiny -- even he must bow

This treatment has been planned by long -- the time is
now
And now he feels the burning knife driven in his back
He sees the face now of his wife grinning in delight

Another empire turns to dust -- as history repeats itself
The actor's new, the pain sol old
This is the last dance of a dying king

Dance... fall... whore

And so his love dethroned the king
The king is dead she killed the king

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