

The Wolves of Paris (Act ii)

Crown the Empire

When the days had grown shortest
And leaves had all died
When light became scarce
And all was covered in ice There lived a pack of wolves
Against every odd
That grew hungry and tired
And needed to hunt They'd sneak in to the towns
At the dead of the night
Seek fire for comfort
And warmth in the light And though they weren't evil
And knew it was wrong
They couldn't escape...
The lust for the blood

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