Rukeli's Last Dance

Thomas Azier

The white - oak is waiting for the cut
Caked in flour, hair dyed blonde
All he ever wanted was to dance with the crowd around him
And now the're gonna watch him fallLooking down into his darkened eyes
The great white prize was held aloft
And all he ever wanted was to dance with the crowd around him. But now they're gonna watch him fallTake your turn, the floor is yours again
Flour and blood, mixed up, and your hair dyed blonde
Take your turn, the crowd is yours again
Covered in blood, messed up, ready to take them on, ready to take them on

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