

## 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