

# Petra Berger, Dancing With Demons

So the Kings about to die  
His final way to leave me  
Hes still dressed in black and white  
But now the odds cannot deceive me,  
She will fall from power  
As she can no longer sign  
Her name next to his  
Her shame hard to miss  
And Ill hold my head up high

Though shes no longer with him, now the dice have been tossed  
Ill keep my pain alive, for the time we have lost  
To strike in perfect rhythm, to catch his final breath  
Im dancing with demons, Im dancing with demons

So the end can come at will  
And take what shes denied me  
The love I dreamt of still  
The rage I felt when she defied me  
Now he lays there crying  
As he calls her name out loud  
But now Ill defend  
My vows till the end  
I wont let her near his shroud

Though shes no longer with him, now the dice have been tossed  
Ill keep my pain alive, for the time we have lost  
To strike in perfect rhythm, to catch his final breath  
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No vengeance, no treason  
Nothing to Machiavellian  
No tangens, no poison  
Remember youre Italian  
Shell vanish, shell vanish  
Be banished, be banished  
Its pointless, now hes  
Now he is gone, gone

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