

The One Missing

Rival On A Tray

He's been waiting for to deceive some more.
Is that all I could get?

Turn around to go through the woods below.
This ain't fight, this is no good.

Five to one in war, biggest brawl for't all.
He'd seen it all and again.

Hunter for the brunt, take what he sure can't.
But now it's over - this is the fate.

"Is it now?" he yells as the bells aring.
Total rioty as the hunt begins.
"There's a rival on a tray - following my way."
Victim hunter change their role to-day.

Smell the enemy, instinct's vanity.
There ´s no sound when he moves.

Leaves beat in his face. Follow his bloodtrace,
go, run at him, hunt him down!

Turn the twist of fate. Let him catch the bait.
Once he has it I have him.

But it's understood. When we meet for good,
There is now way to come back.

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All you need is compensate. Let him feel your hate.
Show that devil that

Things ain't never what they seem to be, it's only me
on my final trip.

Hunt me, I'm your wolf.