

King Of Transilvania

Cryonic Temple

As the sun is going down, on a dark and cloudy sky,
You can see there's something coming your way
A wagon lead by horses, so black just like the night
Without a coachman and it's running on it's own

He's back to take his throne again

So beware all my friends, lock up your doors tonight
From this moment you shall never be alone
Raise up all your hands, and hail the king tonight
The King of Transylvania is coming home

The legend talks about him, the returning of the Lord
A name that no one ever dares to say
Rumours told he's dead, killed in ancient times
But that's a fatal lie and you will know
He's watching all of us from his throne