The Last King Tiger

Ignitor

Final night of April, in 1945
The ending of an era, the final diatribe
Orders from the Führer drive to the fray
The cold, burning city won't live another day

Thus, on the eve of sure defeat
The tigers rumble out to meet
The Russian troops sent to bring the city down

Piloted by men who are still boys
Bearing lugers instead of wooden toys
Conscripted from every German town

Left behind them are the sunny days
All that remains now are the scarlet rays
Of the fires consuming Berlin.s streets

Grinding gears and pulling levers hard
They take the tiger up the boulevard
And at the steps of the Opera House,
They turn to meet...

CHORUS:
Innocence lost, in this holocaust
As the last king tiger rolls on
Ideals of war, don't matter anymore
As the last king tiger fights on

Defend! Cam the orders from below
But what of fighting could they know?
Secure and safe in the Führer's cave

Of the terror watching Russia bearing down
Berlin is falling all around
This machine will become their cold grave

CHORUS

The cab is reeking of cordite
Bitter stench of the Reich's failing might
Adrenalin has kept the crew awake

While April slowly turns to May
Smoke rides, heavy, dark and gray
Thing tiger turns about to escape

The tiger's treads paint patterns on the street
The crew is spent and must admit defeat
Will there be mercy from the other side?

As the rumble fades into the dawn
The future stretches out so long
For a nation which can no longer feel pride.

Innocence lost, in this holocaust
As the last king tiger rolls on
Ideals of war, don't matter anymore

As the last king tiger fights on

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