In The Mist By The Hills

Satyricon

In the mist of the shadows by the river of the fogpalace
Two great spears and a flag of dominion and hate
Over the chasm riders of doomAnd sometimes the water dares to reflect... As days pass by and the light
Is becoming weaker I can watch the death of the sun from my
Enormous view
Still sometimes I thought my own eyes were deceiving meMany a misty morning's battle. Further on more experience
Soon it's time to hear the sound of the horn in far distance
The deathtone call for warIn the mist by the hills the day darkens
In this forest death rules
Over this chasm riders of doom and face him with a deadly pale
Spectre face
Grim as stone, ride to the deathfields... Blackness and doom
A total eclipse of the sun
Die by the northern triology in the mist by the hills

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