

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 doom And 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 me Many 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 war In 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 trilogy in the mist by the hills

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