

# 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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