

Hall Of The Mountain King

The Who

[Blackmore/Night (arrangement only)]Mysteries of ages told, stories now will unfold

Tales of mystic days of old are hidden in these walls
Hear the witches play their tunes, sing their songs to the moon
As they play the night will move, in the hall of the mountain king
Wild child so innocent
You took that away
Thoughts of wonder and surprise hide themselves in your eyes
As the smoke begins to rise inside the mountain halls
Ancient tales of witches love, answers lie through that door
All you'd ever want and more, is calling for you now
Through darkened corridors
Try but you cannot break free
You took her innocence
Now you will answer to me

I am the mountain king
Are you not afraid? I am the mountain king
Listen to the bells
In a midnight fantasy, more than any eye can see
Hear them laughing crazily, It's out of your control
Mysteries of ages told, stories now will unfold
Tales of mystic days of old are hidden in these walls
Through darkend passages
Run but you cannot escape
You took her innocence
And for this crime you must pay
I am the mountain king, are you not afraid?
I am the mountain king

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