

The Hills Lyrics by Satyricon

"In The Mist By The Hills"

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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 the 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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