

Inquisicion

"The Axis Of The Mist"

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Going back to the Dark Side;
Behind, where Spectres live,
Back to your Den in the Stench of Graves,
Where nothing can defeat the Shadows
The Axis of the Mist Eclipsing the Golden Sun,
I wait for the Night to come And spread the Evil Seed

Rotting bodies betray Them,
And the Creatures that devour the Land.

The Worm that gnaws, grows and feeds on Them
It's a Monster that buries the Souls...

The Axis of the Mist Eclipsing the Golden Sun,
I wait for the Night to come And spread the Evil Seed
Oh, They'll stop believing,
Driven to Blindness;
Oh, They'll stop believing,
White Worm rise again!

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