

Ghosthill

"The Mist"

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Who will tell me why I hear dead silence?
Who will tell me what is life or death?
No voice of despair inside me
And no anxiety outside
And what I feel? Just nothing!
Just wood and night

It's place of rage!
Place of hell!
Place of wasted love and spell!

The Mist - black shadows from the east
Like an instinct of beast
Fear and suffer
The Mist - dark side of judgment list
Evil demons feast
Pain and passion

Can you tell me where my destination is?
Can I tell you what my sense of life means?

Please!
No more rage!
No more hell!
No more wasted love and spell!

The Mist - black shadows from the east
Like an instinct of beast
Fear and suffer
The Mist - dark side of judgment list
Evil demons feast
Pain and passion

Fear and pain!

I feel a cold breath of silence on my lips
The wood ghosts are looking at me
I feel the shiver of bushes and trees,
That's not dreams
Oh, God, save me from this mighty mist

The Mist - black shadows from the east
Like an instinct of beast
Fear and suffer
The Mist - dark side of judgment list
Evil demons feast
Pain and passion

O-o-o,

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