

Night Of The Storm

Mystic Prophecy

A dark mist hanging over the sky
Unholy rites, look into the flame
Screams of vain, a crying voice calls me
And takes me away

I can see the end
But still I feed my dreams
With bleeding hands

The night of the storm
Into your soul
Hellfire tries to deceive you
The night of the storm
Into your mind
And now your last breath is mine
The night of the storm

The secrecy becomes my dark mask
I turn myself into the black of darkness
They chase me in shadows
And take me away

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