

# The Axis Of The Mist

## Inquisicion

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!