

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