

AC/DC, Through The Mists Of Time

See dark shadows on the walls
See the pictures
Some hang, some fall
And the painted faces all in a line

And the painted ladies
The painted ladies

Through the mists of time
The mists of time
And the restless cries
Through the mists of time
On a mountain high
Through the mists of time

Hear the whisper of the whirlwind
Monster shadows, a light gone dim
Dark horses roam in my sleep
Mystic voices conjure up our dreams

And the painted ladies
The painted ladies

Through the mists of time
The mists of time
And the restless cries
Through the mists of time
On a mountain high
Through the mists of time