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