

# 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