

# Iced Earth, Mystical End

On the plains of the desert  
A murmured cry was heard  
From the echoes of a wind song  
Singing of a word

The word of the land begotten  
Is very seldom taught  
To natives of the desert  
Which tribes of old have sought

Way up in the sky the sun is burning bright  
All the natives screaming, screaming to be free  
The teachings of a wasted life and a darker death  
The burning sun is turning black falling from the sky

## Bridge

As the moon fades away  
And the sun turns black  
The darkest fall from the sky  
Prepared for their attack  
In the dawning hour  
The doom and destruction begins  
Inside the natives minds  
It seems it never ends  
At once the sun turns back  
And the battle stops  
Everyone's in grave danger  
Except for those of the dead  
For the one who shall deceive us  
Is the one...

On the day of the night things were always well  
But on the night of the light all night things fell  
Thrown into the pit you hear the natives scream  
The legend lives on in the Sun God's eye