

## Minas Tirith

Arrayan Path

Minas Tirith

Through the Fields of Gondor  
built to Guard the Ruins  
strong and proud and beyond Horizons  
the Tower of the Sun  
hear the Tale of the Stone City

Oh Minas Tirith rising  
let me see your Fire  
and now the Children Cry  
and now the Angels sigh  
Oh Minas Tirith rising  
filled with the Desire  
to cross your Hills and Die  
upon your Mountainside  
and now the Souls of all the Men  
who saw reality  
and every cursed one.  
I want to see you Bleed  
that now your Children Cry but  
your Walls are like the Phoenix  
rise rising again

Dying Earth I wonder  
why you cursed your Children  
my dying Breath on my Final Journey

In the Tower of the Sun  
in this age of a Thousand Winters

SPOKEN:

The Hill of Guard,  
is fasing East  
the white City of Kings,  
will never know your Name  
and as we Fight,  
Sword with Sword  
in front of the City Walls,  
we Die with Pride