

Of Orcs And Elves

Battlelore

Light seers fair and proud
First born noble crowd
Open hearts uncorrupted
Maintain eternal tranquility

Beats, filthy kind
Sick soul, broken mind
Light burns their blackened eyes
Spoiled blood, impure heart

See their purest forms
Hear high minded thoughts
Denote the total contrast of
The race made by Morgoth

Stretched elven bodies
Torture pestilencia
Dark side of the distant stars
Unnatural creation

Irony how they were taken
So far from each other
Deepest dark, merest light
From the one and the same awakening

Cunning was the plan of Morgoth
Those foolish did all the work
He came and culled the harvest
Bred the fruits for his purpose
Unaware folk of the stars
Forced into wounds and dreadful scars
To raid the lands under his summons
Destroy the race that they once were