

The Curse Of The Kings

Battlelore

Once great kings of the Secondborn
Cheated their faith with the Rings of Sauron
Nine for mortal men
Turned them into the shadows of immortal

Without their maste they have no focus
They have no choice but to obey
Without their Rings they have no life
This curse is their soul and presence

They speak with the voice of grave
With a touch, colder than death
No man can ever defeat them
Black is the way they stay

Nine silent horsemen
Riding forever for their lord
In the night which shall never end
No daylight for their eyes

Unholy aura of god Melkor
Encircle their heads, never let them rest
Forced to serve forever in shadows
Master of the dark and living death

No life anymore only darkness and pain
Shape of shadow no flesh nor blood
All passions now gone no reason to be
Cused by the Lord of the Rings