

The Great Gathering

Battlelore

The Mountain is breathing again
The fires are awoken
Like a bleeding wound
It weakens our strength

The Fallen One has returned
With the lords of the Unlight
Long is his arm over our lands
Cloaking the eyes of our brothers
To get us lost in the dark
Tight is the grip of his hand

It is time at last
To counsel together in faith
To bound the spear
And the shining sword
The hour is late
It is time at last
To march to the Battle Plain
To stand together until the end
Last Alliance of Men and Elves

Men of Elendil
Elves of Gil-galad
Dwarves of Durin
The Last Alliance

The great gathering
The host of the ages
Might of the elves
And the wrath of men
Led by the fierce undying legends
Snow Point and Fire
And White Light

The great gathering
The host of the ages
Surpassed the demise
But only the greed
In the heart of men
Left the evil alive