

The War Of Wrath

Battlelore

The northern winds
Of baneful colds
Forever night
Of northern lights

In the Elder Days
Morgoth's realm in Northern Waste
Great threat to Arda's child
The War of Wrath it to become

Centuries of forlorn fight
Last hope, the aid divine
Guardians of the world
Gods of justice and light
Came and defeated the one
The master of disharmony

All ablaze by the glory of their arms
Swell of the trumpets filled the sky
Morgoth banished from the Middle-earth
His reign, never shall rise again

In the Elder Days
Morgoth's realm in Northern Waste
Only ruin from the ancient times
By the battle of the Gods