

Trollshaws  
Short way to the East  
Trollshaws  
The land of the beast  
You may hide on the hills  
Lurk into the woods  
You have already smelled your thrills  
You can pray, you can run,  
For us it's more fun, we will crush you  
And steal your goods

Woods in the North  
By the Great East Road  
Hideout for the brutes  
Grave for the fools

Trollshaws  
Short way to the east  
Trollshaws  
The land of the beasts  
Imprudent Ranger will be in danger  
Wise one chose another road  
Mindless adventurer, hero or rogue  
Try to slain me and they'll give you gold

They will tear your Elven ears  
Dwarven heads cut with their beards  
daring man shall run like hell  
Deficient Hobits eaten as well

Castle of Arnor  
Deserted by wars  
The ancient ruins  
Lair for the grunts

They will tear your Elven ears  
Dwarven heads cut with their beards  
daring man shall run like hell  
Foolish Hobits eaten as well

Goliaths of Sauron  
Vagabonds of the night  
Denizens of Trollshaws  
Slayers of the night