

Born with eons of sorrow
Cursed son of Hurin
Crossed the mountains of shadow
Exiled from Dor Lomin
Onward the hidden kingdom
Away from the eyes of Morgoth
Bearing the helm of his fathers
Crafted by gold and grey steel

Out of the land of Doriath
He followed the ancestors call
An army of lawless by his side
Became the fear of the orcs
Gurthang spread blood and disaster
The time for battle has come
The serpent will die from the chosen
No one can escape the black sword

Dragonhelm, ruler of blacksword and steel
Lord of fate

Pride of the great house of Hador
Shield me from wound and from death
Strike in the fury of battle
As the dragon that lies on the crest
Fear in the hearts of beholders
The powers of Hurin grow strong
The serpent will die from the chosen
No one can escape the black sword

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