

The Troll

Cirith Ungol

Hides under a bridge,
Where he can t be seen.
Huddled under a bankside,
Staring into a stream.
Wanna cross this bridge,
Well better be aware.
There is a brown hairy troll,
Gonna give you a scare.

Yea, I'm the troll,
This is my bridge,
Go turn around,
Back through the ridge.
Yea, I 'm the troll,
Don t you even dare,
Yea, I'm the troll,
Gonna get you there,

Monster from beneath.
Bastard of grief,
Such a sad sigh,
Does he wanna die?
In a mind of fear,
The troll lives in my mind.
I must forget this fear of regret.

The Troll
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The Troll will charge a toll,
That is, your life,
So this is it,
You better think Twice,
Don't cross the bridge,
Where he lives.
But, its too late
Cause here he is,