

# The Winds Of War

Isengard

It is the coming of a day  
When dragons rise before me  
My people will be set free

I hold the power of the wind  
The flaming skies caress me  
I'm calling the winds of war

I raise my sword into the air  
And feel the warmth of the sunrise  
And as I stare across the fields  
I was embraced by the war winds

Across the fields of destiny  
They're marching into glory  
In triumph and agony

I am the chosen to be king  
As ravens fly above me  
I'm claiming our victory