

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