

Dor Daedeloth

Summoning

My heart for your word, Ered Engrin,
and watch your folk, tired and small
all hope lies in its last breath...

You won't fear us, for we won't bring you anything
but a fading spirit,
the essence of my frost cries...

frost and ice destroy...

My heart for your word, Dor Daedeloth,
You have seen the journey of time,
and let us half mortal beings,
take part of the truth
and the solitude of mankind, forever.

Wherever we go, wherever we stand,
silence covers the blood soaked land,
and so we pass the mountains of Ered Gorgoroth.

Five silhouettes are crossing the planes
to the wide opened forest of the west,
on and on they are traveling
in the direction of Hithlum
called Nebelland that made me a King for eternity.