

Cold be hand and heart and bone,  
and cold be sleep under stone:  
never more to wake on stony bed,  
never, till the sun fails and the moon is dead.  
In the black wind the stars shall die,  
and still on gold here let them lie,  
till the dark lord lifts his hand  
over dead sea and withered land  
When the winter first begins to bite  
and stones crack in the frosty night,  
when pools are black and trees are bare,  
it is evil in the wild to fare.  
To lay down my will upon the Land, Lugburz  
No sound disturbs this place of blackened souls  
This winter walls of stone and ice behold thy might  
Again I'm kneeling down to hear these strange tunes of war  
Night, oh beloved night, your wisdom floats into my mind Nuit ,  
  
and forms my thoughts of Middle-Earth  
to build up a new mighty empire  
[REPEAT 1]