

Might and Glory

Summoning

Rivers of fire at dead of night
In winter lying cold and white
Upon the plain burst forth, and high.
The red was mirrored in the sky.

From Hitblum's walls they saw the fire,
The steam and smoke in spire on spire
Leap up, till in confusion vast
The stars were choked. And so it past

There trumpets sang both long and loud,
And challenge rang unto the cloud
That lay on Morgoth's northern tower,
While Morgoth waits for his hour.

Might and glory flaming for changing dawn
Ancient power revealed of an iron crown

Clear and cold and shining so far and bright
Crush the world in one clash of your binding light