

Mirkwood

Summoning

How deep you long for death
now as your kingdom fades away
and the darkened thorns of sunlight
tremble through these frozen lands of doom

Now as we are waiting in motherlike darkness
we reopen our history, that once belonged to them
oh, have you seen the end of the bard
never forgotten, the land of sleep,
the time before the birth of the worlds

The echoes of his harp,
have poisoned the air
the horizons of the earth
have drowned

I have heard you were strangers in a false land,
where visions turn to faith.
No longer I am now