

## **Barroquejón "The Final Battle"**

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We heard the horns in the hills ringing  
The swords shinning in the South Kingdom  
Steeds went striding to the Stoninland  
As winds in the morning

Long now they sleep  
Under Gondor's greenful grass  
They left in kindled war  
Towards the Great Eye of Mordor

Grey now as tears gleaming silver  
We cry for the renowned or nameless  
At sunset foam dyed with blood flamed  
Red fell the dew in Rammas Echor

In the outskirts, near Minas Tirith  
The strikers prepare up for departure  
Gimli, Legolas, Aragorn and Gandalf,  
The brave sons of Elrond and Dánedain...

... They ride by the valley of the Anduin  
Passing Osgiliath after green Ithilien  
Until reaching the Black Door  
Hoping that the Bearer and Sam  
Fulfil the Mission

The Éowyn Duath at the front now they are  
In the Crossroads they deliberate  
To Minas Morgul or to Morannon?  
Gandalf firmly advised  
To the Black Door!!!

Next to the third day from the departure  
A hundred miles separates from the Shadow  
Save forever King Elessar  
Three times at the day they shout

The long march continued, Náczgul following  
At the sixth day from leaving Minas Tirith  
Before Kirith Gorgor  
The forces are diminished by horror!

At the morning they get prepared  
For being before the Morannon  
[Gandalf:] "Show yourself Dark Lord of Mordor!!!"  
The door's fold loud roared  
Before the Black Liutenant

The Emissary of Barad-d  r  
Shows up the elfic grey cape  
It was from Frodo  
The horror surrounds now to all  
Gandalf takes it from him  
Any covenant is denied!

The total ruin embraced to all  
Frodo and Sam were now captured  
At that dark moment one worse came  
Orquish helmets sounded everywhere!

Mordor followers!  
Started their announce!

From the Elrod Lithui  
The troops were lowered  
N  zgul watching out, darkening the light  
In an infected mist the Faith...  
... went away!!!

A stormful proclaim emerged from incoming Trolls  
The blood ran through the Morannon field  
Pippin managed revenge for Beregond... !

... Killing the Great Lord Troll!  
Arranging himself to DIE!

A signal comes, arrives from the upper skies:  
Gwaihir the Eagle aids but the Destiny wants more!

The Ring faces the Orodruin in flames!

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