

## Battle

### "The Curse Of The Kings"

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Once great kings of the Secondborn  
Cheated their faith with the Rings of Sauron  
Nine for mortal men  
Turned them into the shadows of immortal

Without their maste they have no focus  
They have no choice but to obey  
Without their Rings they have no life  
This curse is their soul and presence

They speak with the voice of grave  
With a touch, colder than death  
No man can ever defeat them  
Black is the way they stay

Nine silent horsemen  
Riding forever for their lord  
In the night which shall never end  
No daylight for their eyes

Unholy aura of god Melkor  
Encircle their heads, never let them rest  
Forced to serve forever in shadows  
Master of the dark and living death

No life anymore only darkness and pain  
Shape of shadow no flesh nor blood  
All passions now gone no reason to be  
Cused by the Lord of the Rings

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