

Battleroar

"Narsil"

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Through the First Age's course
By the mines at the earth's core
A blade of fire was forged
That shone with the light of Sun and Moon
Banishing darkness and fear
By the Second Age's war
In the year 3441
A Last Alliance was formed
That night, on the plain, were elves and men
And Narsil, the sword of the King

All leaders fell, but Sauron's spirit fled
The remnants told the tale of the broken sword

The shards, preserved
Were kept in Rivendell
Awaiting for the heir
Numenorean, Eagle of the Star
Chieftain of the Dunedain

Elrond foretold
The sword wouldn't be reforged
Until the ring was found
And the Shadow returned
Then the blade of Elendil
Would return to Minas Tirith

The day has come! We're marching off to war
Up from the ashes, your light shall guide us

Flame of the West, soaring unstained
Unextinguishable sun of wisdom
Reforge the sword, as deadly as of old
Your seven stars shall gleam in battle

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