

Battlelore "Dwimmerlaik"

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Curse you foul beast!
Surrender or face my blade
Curse you foul beast!
Your armies will meet their fate
Against your hordes until they fall
Heroes of Rohan ride to last breath
Of your orcs and your trolls
This is their death

Fool of a man
Do not try to tempt me
Mortal powers of yours
Are not nearly enough
My blessing so cruel
Will be your doom
Far beyond is the dawn
Of my death

Curse you foul beast!
Past are the years of the grief
Curse you foul beast!
The end is to come for the One Ring
Your abyssic eyes fooled your mind
I'm no man, that I can tell
Feel my sword the time is to die
Maid of Rohan will break thy spell

Be damned vile being
Enchantment of the ages
Vanquished and gone
Now my spirit flies free
Brief moment I'll see
The most beautiful spark of the light
To eternal damnation
My soul shall flee

Can't you see the eve of your defeat
Can't you see when your enemy
Crumbles down the walls of yours
Slays the reign and takes your throne

Witch-king of Angmar, Dwimmerlaik

Warlord from the North came and tried to
Fight with the heir of Eorl's tribe
By the daughter of Rohan he died

New day without the fear
Gone are the tears
No more guarding the skies
Words of hope without the lies

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