

Battlelore

"Of Orcs And Elves"

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Light seems fair and proud
First borns noble crowd
Open hearts uncorrupted
Maintain eternal tranquillity

Beast, filthy kind
Sick soul, broken mind
Light burns their blackened eyes
Spoiled blood, impure heart

See their purest forms
Hear high minded thoughts
Denote the total contrast of
The race made by Morgoth

Stretched elven bodies
Torture pestilential
Dark side of the distant stars
Unnatural creation

Ironic how they were taken
So far from each other
Deepest dark, merest light
From the one and the same awakening

Cunning was the plan of Morgoth
Those foolish did all the work
He came and culled the harvest
Bred the fruits for his purpose
Unaware folk of the stars
Forced into wounds and dreadful scars
To raid the lands under his summons
Destroy the race that they once were

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