

## **Cirith Gorgor**

# **"Wandering Cirith Gorgor"**

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Six roses of damnation  
thorns of oblivion, dreams unfold.  
Stars enlighten a darkened sky  
like reminders of ancient stories, still untold.

As shadows dance through the landscape  
the dreamy spires now grow bold.  
Like statues of gods once fighting autumn wars,  
the remains shaped in purest gold.

Silver is the eye that sees it all  
reflecting its light on marbled stone.  
The beauty of night oppresses his thoughts  
at once an eclipse darkens the halls.

He wanders beyond the gates to their kingdom  
through cemeteries of dismal dreams and misery.

The snow-covered mountains, so dark and cold  
lay hidden in the silence of a deathlike eternity.

The smell of passion and gloomy romanticism  
laying over the dusk-filled gardens:  
Gardens drenched in the colours of temptation  
but hidden in the music of the dead.

The wanderer goes on and on  
his kingdom will never be theirs, never.  
In bittersweet desire, grim and everlasting  
through all times he wanders, alone and forever...

Wandering Cirith Gorgor  
Walking the path to Gorgoroth  
Wandering Cirith Gorgor  
Walking the path of the dead

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