

## Dagorlad

# "The Warriors Of The Ancient Battle Of Zuljinn"

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There he was,  
The man from the wood  
At the border of the plain of Vorneas,  
In front, over a distance, the Hill of Agony,  
With around, the legions of death,  
The sons of Zul'Dahr and the monsters  
Coming from the depths of earth.

In this barren land  
The nature was not at his side.  
As they were so many,  
He needed an immense, fearless army.

Alean spoke to him,  
A voice in his head,  
In the Valley of Zuljin,  
Use the Power of Water,  
Use the Power of Earth.

Ancient chronicles  
Long time ago  
Thousands of soldiers died,  
Faithful to their lords,  
In a senseless battle  
The Battle of Zuljin.  
On the top of the hill  
Invocation of powers  
Dark clouds packed over his head.  
Soon, rain and thunder came,  
The ground in the valley,  
Turned very fast into mud.

It was a frightening view,  
When by the Power of Earth,  
The soldiers, buried by dust  
Got back to life.  
Got back to life.

Skeletons, thousands of them,  
Holding half corroded weapons,  
Rider, on riding-animals of bone,  
Rose up from the mud.

All of them, given a second chance  
To fight, and die again,  
This time in a significant battle  
So afterwards, they could rest  
In peace, for eternity.

They knew their mission,  
And headed to the Hill of Agony,  
And passing by, saluted by nodding  
Their new lord, Mallek,  
The man from the wood,  
Instrument of their mother,  
Alean, the planet goddess.

The strong man, the ax in his hands,  
Feeling the powers so strong  
Joined them, and leaded his army  
To gain the final victory.

And the rain, the thunder  
Didn't stop  
Till the end...

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