

## Exmortem

### "Storms"

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Storms

Shall reign upon our hearts and minds  
To watch us fall  
Determination and the will of many shall overcome  
Our tears that have only forced our will and might  
Into this past that binds and keeps  
Our glorious dreams from breathing life

Across these sacred lands  
And ancient battlegrounds  
Into an empty shell  
That we ourselves have yet to fill  
We fall into false sense  
And only strive to stand,  
And fight until that final day  
We'll rise above... All!

The call to arms is at present hand,  
Before us all lies our own lives  
To die with honor and the will to strive  
We'll show them all that we as one carry honor,  
Pride and our banners high  
No mortal man shall strip us of this day  
When we shall reign in glory...

Forward march into blistering might  
Throughout the ages and through the night

Forward, to Isengard  
Forward storms of Isengard  
Forward, to Isengard  
Forward storms of Isengard

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