

Indk

"Rallying Point"

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Yar-hoi!
Yar-harri-hoi, the urge to destroy!
Poison blades and calling out across the open sea
So long
March away singing a fighting song
Off to foriegn soil not to toil
But to war
Doom comes
Sound tha drums
The storm is coming on
We'll be marching off to war
O' ere the break of dawn
Life's fast- drain the flask!
Yhere's n'eary to wonder why
Make the merrier now for tomorrow we all may die
Uruk-hai!

Of wanderlust and out to die
We've tarried long on the banks of poverty now the
hour's night
Those who will- come up!
For now we take the final sup
Few defy the Fell Beast
But this hour we dare!
O- We have no place to go
Wanderers of dust and dale
We come to you through hill and vale
On and on - hither we're drawn
Through dusk and dawn
The muster of the Outlands in the distances come on

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