

Mordor

"Wind - Storm Song"

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Wind why do you blow into poor people's eyes
And push the rich ones ahead
Not letting them have a breath of poverty
Wind you stream the hair
Of bad and good people
Chill their bodies with your blow
Cool our excited minds

Swing me on enormous sky
So that I could flight like the birds

Rise me into the air upon the swirling clouds

Wind croon your song
The most cool melody
Wind tell your story
In your cold song

Wind you are immortal
You outlive whole world
You are indestructible
Sinister and quiet

Wind you break in your arms
All the growing trees
Sometimes you are might
And then delicate graze

Why do you wail like wolves
Starving in the wilderness
Sometimes you croon quiet
Your deadly lullaby quiet
Wind you pretend me
With your fresh inspiration
You rush always ahead
Changing someday the tempest

Swing me on enormous sky
So that I could flight like the birds
Rise me into the air upon the swirling clouds
And tease me in your cold touch

Wind croon your song

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