

Orkrist "Angmareddon"

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King of the mysteries
Rising as beast
From the past and the realms
On the wings of the hystery

Over slained hills and
The flesh creeping majesty
Hideos shape appeared
Spilled blood in the misbelieves

Dark as the storm may be
Wall of the history
Seeding the fear
In the hearts of the enemy

A horse man, black, tall, hooded
In Battles so despairing
Lifted his sword
And the flames ran down slow

On the blade
Silent day
It Fades away
Shades of death
Came with the dawn

Legions of mountain trolls
Hammer of underworld
Swings in the manacles
Rending as heart as stone

Fields of the Pelenor
Wincing in pain as the
Dreadful voice speaking
Eternally bleeding

The Words of thorn
(In) forgotten Tongue
Until the horn,
From the north
Crossed the tone

As he is coming near, not even a dream
Despairing is mean of the prophecy
Dark the world may see after the king of fear
Rolls across the land in his dark esteem

Disquiet fell upon who conform (to) his lead
Not sign of seven stars, crown above white tree
Blending living night and the deep dark dream
Will be lost in the defeat of his secrecy

As Black spirits of the sea rised upon the creek
So came forgotten power in which none believed
King's immortality and the proud of steel
Should break the worthless fear that rides among the
field

White banners that are streaming in the morning
breeze
In the silver stronghold of the ancient kings
Vanished like a mist that is driven (back) by the wind
Night always had been, and always would be, (and
night) was all

Out of the doubt, out of dark, - to the day's rising
I sing in the sun with my sword
And my heart is breaking

(It) comes the war

I am the king of all this land
With me dies the end of this tale

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