

## Orodruin

# "Pierced By Cruel Winds"

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Coming forth from the horizon, an army of the dead  
On top of woolly mammoths they ride, galloping ahead  
Across the mountains pillaging all that is in sight  
Satisfying the ancient ones, death it's appetite.

As the stars align  
Signaling our demise  
We take arms and fight  
To save our lives

They are closing in  
We will never win  
Against forces undead, we shall bow our heads

Everyone is dying, those who fear it's might  
Of the few, of the unbroken, who will stand and fight.

Against forces undead, we shall bow our heads  
What can we do, we've succumbed to you.

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