

Van Canto "Frodo's Dream"

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Standing on the top of the mighty hill
Fair voices are blowing with the wind
The light of the moon glistens in his hair
As he stands alone and abandoned by the night
He is caught, but meant to be free
He is strong, his power comes from within
And as shadows so big cover the moon with black
He raises his head and lifts his arms up to the sky
His wand creates a mighty lightning
An eagle appears to bear him away
The wolves they cry out frightening
And wind blows through his hair as he flies away
Into the night
Soon he disappears
And in the back the attack of the black riders start
The sound of black hooves echoes in his mind
But forever he will roam
Forever he'll be there to fly away
And no one ever stops him on his way
The strong ones they were born to survive, not to die
And I wake up awaiting my last cry

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