

Aglarond

"The Gift Of Darkness"

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Nine black warriors
Ride through the ancient forest
Ride on black horses
Like shadows fast as the wind

Their long swords shining like stars on heaven
They guide them to their destiny
Them to their destiny

Nine brave warriors
Walk through the ancient forest
Getting a great power
The most requested by evil

Evil creatures waylay them
To obtain what they lost a long time ago
Their only defense are their arms and swords

Screams of sorrow come from darkness
A cold evil wind
Blows from mordor it is
The fury of the dark lord

Who acclaims the great ring the most powerful
He will recover it
Recover anyway

Three rings for the kings
Of the high elves under sky
Seven rings to the gnoms lords
In their halls made of stone

Nine to the mortal men
Condemned to die
One for the dark lord
On the dark throne
In the mordor's land
Where shadows reigns

One to enslave all rings
To find them all in time
And drive them

Into darkness

Nine brave warriors
Walk through ancient forest
Getting a great power
The most requested by evil

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