

Rachelle Ferrell**"The Bard's Tale - Fantasy"**

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Smoke is rising up to sky
A land, called Mordor, we'll be passing by
There, by the ruins he stands
Sauron, the leader of darkest lands
Minas Morgul, Minas Tirith
I hope you will never see it
Are two fortress of the army of evil
Sauron, the leader is like the devil
Barad - D r is the high, dark tower
From there Sauron controls his power
With the ring of darkness he win
For the army of goddess it will be a sin
Who will be the lord of the rings
Who will be the one who win
The one ring is what Sauron demand
In this dark and unholy land
Dwarfs and Dragons are fighting
Until the army of goddess is dying
When there will be noone left
Then the sun's colour will be black
It will be so dark like at night
When the good ones have lost the fight
Then Sauron will be the king
Who ruled the world with help of the ring
The weapons you should find
Before you will face him
Is the black shield of blind
And the magog sword of sin
You must find them all
In heaven you will dwell
Or you'll be visited pal
By the demons of hell
Smoke is rising up to sky
The land, called Mordor we're now passing by
Now we are standing here
When you'll see him, don't have fear
At the black gate
Kill him without a lack of faith
Then this nightmare will end at last..
A bard's song is written every day
So many things the writer will say

But now my song has come to an end
'Cause this bard's tale has an open end...

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