

Summoning "Morthond"

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We heard horns in hills ringing
The swords shining in South-kingdom
Steeds went striding to the Stoningland
As winds in morning. War was there.

There run dark waters
Morthond, under mountains
Death in the morning and at day's end
Lords took and lowly...

Grey now
as tears gleaming
silver, red it rolled then
foam dyed with blood

Grey now as tears gleaming silver
Red then it rolled... water
Foam dyed with blood flamed at a sunset
As flowers mountains burned at evening

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