

Hobbit

"In Mordor"

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Three rings for the Elven Kings, underneath the sky
Seven for the Dwarf Lords in their castled halls of stone
Nine for mortal men doomed to die, one is for the Lord.
In Mordor death is the cry
In Mordor no one can see the sun
Where the darkest shadows lie.
Rank and file they toil beneath the one who seeks the
ring
Night has overcome the light, the orcs begin to sing
It's for this land we draw the sword as a slave.
Oh where is the sun? The ground is cold beneath my
pathway.
Until the end, upon us all this scar will surely stay.
In Mordor . . . In Mordor

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