

Cirith Ungol, Black Machine

Climb aboard the Black Machine
Fills your head with evil dreams
Fills your head with thoughts of fire
A quick escape - your one desire

Ride the Black Machine

Pearly whites behind back drawn lips
Ride with the Masters of the Pit
Snapping jaws of the dogs of doom
Kick your way from this stagnant tomb

Ride the Black Machine

Climb aboard the Black Machine
To that place you've never been
The Black Machine will take you higher
Your burning soul our one desire