

# Cirith Ungol, Blood And Iron

The tangled web is slowly woven by feeble leaders mankind's chosen  
To satisfy their evil dreams the churning gears of war machines

With iron will they tread across this burning speck of worthless dust  
Their metal standards now unfurled they purge the humans from their world

Children of misery centuries long who walked with kings now walk alone  
They lie in fear a million deep like cringing herds of human sheep