

Cirith Ungol, The Troll

Hides under a bridge,
Where he can't be seen.
Huddled under a bankside,
Staring into a stream.
Wanna cross this bridge,
Well better be aware.
There is a brown hairy troll,
Gonna give you a scare.

Yea, I'm the troll,
This is my bridge,
Go turn around,
Back through the ridge.
Yea, I'm the troll,
Don't you even dare,
Yea, I'm the troll,
Gonna get you there,

Monster from beneath.
Bastard of grief,
Such a sad sigh,
Does he wanna die?
In a mind of fear,
The troll lives in my mind.
I must forget this fear of regret.

The Troll
The Troll
The Troll

The Troll will charge a toll,
That is, your life,
So this is it,
You better think Twice,
Don't cross the bridge,
Where he lives.
But, it's too late
Cause here he is,