

Cruachan, Sauron

From the south a shadow will rise,
With blackened soul and an evil eye.
He will bring his terror to the land,
Those who oppose shall fall by his hand.

In the land of Mordor - blackest of all,
He sits on his throne in his darkest hall.
There he will plot against the North,
His orcs and demons will issue forth.

Sauron, Sauron, darkest of all,
The nine are abroad, you can hear them call.
Sauron, Sauron, the war you will win,
When you have reclaimed the ruling ring.

With Balrog tall and orc so small,
This army will make his enemies fall.
The hated Northerners are coming soon,
He bides his time, he sees their doom.

His ring is lost but not for long,
He knows the shire, this land of song.
The ring is there he sees it clear,
Soon to be his to rule in fear.

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The nine are abroad, you can hear them call.
Sauron, Sauron, the war you will win,
When you have reclaimed the ruling ring