

Nazgul, Solvitur Ad Elfmuth (Ante Bellum)

Extremos orcos scriptos ab copiis
Septentrionis Kazh-Ran
Navigii parati erant ad solvendum
Versus Ruid-Dor sinus Elfmuth
Theatrum supremi certaminis designatum
Blasphema caterva ad litus
Ex collibus ubi appropinquant
Naves bellicae soloturæ
Intus horum servi suos dominos
Nigris armant
Sanguine eorum lorice adversariorum
Defendentibus eorum
Aura corpora atra convoluta ac sagis
Eorum signa ferentibus.
Nave profecta ornata capitibus principum
Princeps remigium tempus remorum
Pulsu metitur nanorum
Qui a Roze-El ducti
Templum Eldril destruxerunt
Arcanorum artium peritissimi
Nunc cruore manant strigitu
Mille scuticarum quæ eorum
Duram cutem lacerant.
Et eorum dolor, aegritudo, sudori, sanguinis
Permixtus lebum propellit
I portum argentatum quo sol
Iam lassus se conduit.
Omnia parata ad proelio sunt... tympana
Metiuntur magna itinera orcorum
Ac hominum deformum pugnae aviditate
Cupiditate sola contentionis
Ordine procedunt sub caelo cinereo onusto odiis
Sicut domini impiarum animarum

(THEY SAIL TOWARDS ELFMUTH (BEFORE WAR))

When the last ogres were recruited
By the troops of north Kazh-Ran
The warships were readied to set towards Ruid-Dor,
Heart of Elfmuth, designated as the theatre of the last battle.
A blasphemous horde, from the hills,
Goes to the coast where the warships are ready.
Inside, the servants
Arm their lords with armours
Now black for the blood of their enemies
And protecting their bodies
Wrapped by a black breeze
And mantles bringing their insignia.
Sailed the warships
Adorned by the skulls
Of the contrary princes
The scout stresses the time of the row of the prisoners dwarfs
Who destroyed Eldril's temple
Master of mysterious arts,
Who now are bleeding at the sound of thousand whips
Which tear their skin and pain and suffering;
The blood mixed with sweat pushes
The ship towards a silver sea where a tired
Sun plunged.
Everything is ready for the battle
The tympanums stress the forced march of ogres
And trolls
Eager for fighting just for pleasure.
They parade under a grey sky

Full of hatred like the Damned's Master.