

# Summoning, Dor Daedeloth

My heart for your word, Ered Engrin,  
and watch your folk, tired and small  
all hope lies in its last breath...  
You won't fear us, for we won't bring you anything  
but a fading spirit,  
the essence of my frost cries...

frost and ice destroy...

My heart for your word, Dor Daedeloth,  
You have seen the journey of time, and let us,  
half mortal beings, take part of the truth  
and the solitude of mankind, forever...

Wherever we go, wherever we stand, silence  
covers the blood soaked land,  
and so we pass the mountains of Ered Gorgoroth.

Five shillvets are crossing the plains  
to the wide open forests of the west  
on and on they are travelling, in  
the direction of Hithlum  
called Nebelland, that made me  
asking for eternity...