

Summoning, Khazad Dum

From ashes and fire be broken
A light from the shadows shall spring
Renewed shall be blade that was broken
The crownless shall again be king

The world is grey, the mountains old
The forge's fire is ashen and cold
No harp is wrung, no hammer falls
The darkness dwells in Drui's halls

The shadow lies upon his tomb
But still the sunken stars appeal
In the dark and windless Mirrormere
There lies his crown in water deep

'Til Drui wakes again from sleep
A deadly sword, a healing hand
A trumpet - voice, a burning hand
A lord of Wisdom...

Fire and shadow - both defied
In Khazad-Dum his wisdom died
In joy thou hast lived

If thou hearest the cry
of the Gull on the shore
Thy soul shall then rest
in the forest no more...