

Summoning, Lugburz

Cold be hand and heart and bone,
and cold be sleep under stone:
never more to wake on stony bed,
never, till the sun fails and the moon is dead.

In the black wind the stars shall die,
and still on gold here let them lie,
till the dark lord lifts his hand
over dead sea and withered land

When the winter first begins to bite
and stones crack in the frosty night,
when pools are black and trees are bare,
it is evil in the wild to fare.

To lay down my will upon the Land, Lugburz

No sound disturbs this place of blackened souls
This winter walls of stone and ice behold thy might
Again I'm kneeling down to hear these strange tunes of war
Night, oh beloved night, your wisdom floats into my mind
and forms my thoughts of Middle-Earth
to build up a new mighty empire