

# Summoning, Mirkwood

How deep you long for death  
now as your kingdom fades away  
and the darkened thorns of sunlight  
tremble through these frozen lands of doom

Now as we are waiting in motherlike darkness  
we reopen our history, that once belonged to them  
oh, have you seen the end of the bard  
never forgotten, the land of sleep,  
the time before the birth of the worlds

The echoes of his harp,  
have poisoned the air  
the horizons of the earth  
have drowned

I have heard you were strangers in a false land,  
where visions turn to faith  
No longer I am now