

Abyssic Hate, Land Of Impenetrable Darkness

Scathing flames black as the night
Transform into a powerful shape
Black warriors in a cursed land
Are embraced by the winters dusk

Unholy trinitities form beneath the stars
They shall return from beyond these gates
Horror and pain infect their skin
As he steps from the mist

Screams of pain sweep the enchanted lands
By the red moons of Mordor
Furious winds caress the robes
Of the nine horned beasts

His mortal foes are but destroyed
From the ruins do they arise
Savages from all foreign shores
Will hear their tormented cries

The flames of the fire contain nine darkened hearts
All weak skin they wither and transform
Unleashed powers as the ring is restored
Eternal cremations where death is their strength

The hymns of mourning and sorrow embrace the once world
Pure evil forces infect these bitter winds