

Aurora Borealis, War Of The Rings

Thus the story is told of the war of the rings,
Of the dark lord and the orcs and the foulest of beings,
Of the plague and the darkness that spread like a fire,
Of the eagles in the sky which soar so much higher,
Of the wizards and the dwarfs and the mightiest of all men,
Of the halfling and the task which carried all the burden,
Of the kings and the queens and the forest filled with elves,
Thus it is told on the greatest of all tales

Beware the black hand reaching from above
The armies of evil stretching like an ocean
Wolves and men engulfed in a blood bath
The armies of the virtuous will spread their wrath
Majority of the war rests on he who carries the ring
Into the mouth of the malefic king
If the one is cast into the eternal fire
The good will likely triumph and the world will again be brighter
Fiercely fighting, raging, dying, thousands slain, cast down not in vain
Day after day, night by night, mighty catastrophe, middle earth has ever seen

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