Battlelore, War of Wrath

The northern winds
Of baneful colds
Forever night
Of northern lights
In the Elder Days
Morgoth's realm in Northern Waste
Great threat to Arda's child
The War of Wrath it to become
Centuries of forlorn fight
Last hope, the aid divine
Guardian of the world
Gods of justice and lights
Came and defeated the one
The master of disharmony
All ablaze by the glory of their arms
Swell of the trumpets filled the sky
Morgoth banished from the Middle-earth
His reign, never shall rise again
In the Elder Days
Morgoth's realm in Northern Waste
Only ruin from the ancient times
By the battle of the Gods