Cirith Ungol, King Of The Dead

Thunder howls, The King will rise again The time has come, to pay for all your sins Silence shattered by his gasping cries His savage touch will end your world of lies

Who has dared to desecrate his crypt Shall soon be hanging lifeless in his grip Who has dared to stalk him in the gloom For he has freshly risen from the tomb

Crown upon his head King of the Dead

The sword descends, the blood shall fall like rain Its rising tide will cleanse your world of pain His grip will rob the living of their breath For as he ruled in life, he rules in death