

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