

Cirith Ungol, Master Of The Pit

Pray you never kneel
To the Master of the Pit
Violently stirring their brew of corruption
Lords of the dark summon certain destruction

Pray you never kneel
To the one who calls you slave
With the hearts and tongues of the Gods in their hands
The Legions of Hell bellow forth their commands

Bow down and kneel
To the Master of the Pit
Though the powers of Chaos are those you abide
You raise your sword to cast him aside

You know there is no escape
When you see your sword in flames
As the hellrains pound the darkening land
Man and sword begin their last stand

You know you'll never kneel
To the Master of the Pit
Feverish prayers of life ever after
As your doom driven blade drinks the soul of the Master