

# Cirith Ungol, Paradise Lost

Underneath the new born sun,  
Man and beast rejoice as one,  
They cast aside their age-old kings,  
Smash their chains and spread their wings.

Their seed corrupt, their lies undone.  
The final fall - man's will be done.  
They torch the sky and rape the land,  
And plead for truth with blood-stained hands.

Mark their reign with greed and fear,  
As justice calls to deafened ears,  
Their twisted dreams bring forth the day.  
A world of ash, and slow decay.

Underneath the blackened sun,  
The final battle fought and won.  
Mankind claims their just reward,  
And chaos sounds the final chord.