

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.