

Summoning, Flesh And Blood

There was dancing and was ringing
There were shadow-people singing
Ancient songs of olden gods

Old shadows linger in thine ancient gate,
Thy robe is grey, thine old heart now is still
Thy robe is grey, thine old heart now is still
Thy towers silent in the mist await
Their crumbling end, while through the elms
The Gliding Water leaves these inland realms,
And slips between long meadows to the Sea

There was dancing and was ringing
There were shadow-people singing
Old shadows linger in thine ancient gate,
Thy robe is grey
Thy robe is grey

Thou art the inmost province of the fading isle,
Where linger yet the Lonely Companies;
Kortirion, I will meet the winter here

Thy towers silent in the mist await
Their crumbling end, while through the elms
The Gliding water leaves these inland realms,
And slips between long meadows to the Sea

There was dancing and was ringing
There were shadow-people singing
Ancient songs of olden gods
Old shadows linger in thine ancient gate,
Thy robe is grey, thine old heart now is still

Kortirion, I will meet the winter here, and conquer you