

Summoning, Morthond

We heard horns in hills ringing
The swords shining in South-kingdom
Steeds went striding to the Stoningland
As winds in morning (War was there?)

(There run dark waters
Morthond
...the morning at day's end...
...lords took and lowly...)

Grey now
as tears gleaming
silver red it rolled then
foam dyed with blood
(flamed at the sun Morthond)

Grey now as tears gleaming silver
Red then it rolled (clearest?) water
Foam dyed with blood flamed at a sunset
As flowers mountains burned at evening

Foam dyed with blood