

Uruk-Hai, From The Iberian Winter Lands

Dark clouds cover the sky and the gloomy hibernal nights
Pleny of legents come back to the forests
Iced mountains return to my eyes together with the vision of morbid lands

Black birds fly though forsaken cementerys, where the fog spreads its cold land
Bells call christians and Moon call ghosts
And among nude trees walks the Santa Compana

Arid, open up the Castilla tableland where the winds blow legend
Whispers under a hibernal white Moon
The Sorcerers are gathered in an Aquelarre to the God of the Moon like in Goya square
Falls the snow in December days and cover the savage forest
Where the shadows of winter dance under a nocturnal Moon

Forgotten in time, the trees open their hands
And my soul fly in a eternal abyss of dark hate
Trough this mystical lands
In black winter days