

# Forked Height

## Battlelore

Walls of Isengard  
Face the northern winds  
Carved black pillars  
Rising high up to the sky  
Arcane relic  
Crowned by the four peaks  
Feels the autumn breeze  
From the fields of steeds Orthanc, The Cunning Mind  
Great Fang, Forked Height  
Many narties for this towering sight  
Sight as black as a night Tall, black tower  
Home for the Palantiri  
Lair for the crystal globe  
Foresight of might  
Wizard so pale and old  
Guarding the elven stone  
He did not realise  
The shadowed gaze of lies Armies of new orc tribe  
Marching as the Uruk-hai  
Created by corrupted mind  
Mind of Saruman the White  
The war began and he almost won  
Brave horsemen of Rohan  
Anger of woods he did not see  
Ents arrived, his enemy The robe he carried, white as snow  
Wasn't all the truth  
The eastern sights of the Eye  
Poisoned his mind  
The tall tower of fair wisdom  
Turned to fortress of chaos  
Death and despair on the sky  
Dim the sunlight

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