

Riddles in the Dark

Howard Shore

Far over the Misty Mountains cold,
To dungeons deep and caverns old,
We must away, ere break of day,
To find our long-forgotten gold. The pines were roaring on the heights,
The wind was moaning in the night,
The fire was red, it flaming spread,
The trees like torches blazed with light.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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