# Misty Mountains (feat. Tim Foust)

## Peter Hollens

Far over the Misty Mountain cold
To Dungeons deep, and caverns old
We must away, ere break of day
To find our long, forgotten goldThe pines were roaring on the height
The winds were moaning in the night
The fire was red, it flaming spread
The trees like torches, blazed with lightThe wind was on the withered heath
But in the forest stirred no leaf
Their shadows lay, be night or day
And dark things silent crept beneathaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
The wind went on from west to east
All movement in the forest ceased
But shrill and harsh across the marsh
Its whistling voices were released
Farewell we call to hearth and hall
Though wind may blow, and rain may fall
We must away, ere break of day
Far over wood and mountain tall
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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