Dor Daedeloth

Summoning

My heart for your word, Ered Engrin, and watch your folk, tired and small all hope lies in its last breath... You won't fear us, for we won't bring you anything but a fading spirit,

the essence of my frost cries...frost and ice destroy...My heart for your word, Dor Daedeloth, You have seen the journey of time, and let us,

half mortal beings, take part of the truth

and the solitude of mankind, forewer...Wherever we go, wherever we stand, silence covers the blood soaken land,

and so we pass the mountains of Ered Gorgoroth. Five shillvets are crossing the plains to the wide open forests of the west on and on they are travelling, in the direction of Hithlum called Nebelland, that made me asking for eternity...

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