

# Unto a Long Glory...

## Summoning

Over the land there lies the long shadow.  
Westward reaching wings of darkness;  
The Tower trembles to the tombs of kings  
The doom approaches the Dead awaken;  
For the hour is come for the oathbreakers  
At the stone of Erech they shall stand again  
Hear there horn in hills enchants  
Who shall call them  
From grey twilight  
Forgotten ones? Out of doubt, out of dark  
Hope rekindles, and hope in end  
Over death, over dread  
Over doom lifted  
Out of loss, out of life  
And out of doubt, out of dark  
Over death, over dread  
Out of loss,  
Unto a long glory... The heir of him to whom the oath they swore  
From the North he shall come  
And he shall pass the door  
To the Paths of the Dead  
Mourn not overmuch - mighty was the fallen  
And war now calls us! And hear there horn in hills ringing  
Who shall call them  
from grey twilight

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