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 kingsThe 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 DeadMourn 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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