Khazad Dum

Summoning

From ashes and fire be broken
A light from the shadows shall spring
Renewed shall be blade that was broken
The crownless shall again be kingThe world is grey, the mountain's old
The forge's fire is ashen and cold
No harp is wrung, no hammer falls
The darkness dwells in Durin's hallsThe shadow lies upon his tomb
But still the sunken stars appear
In the dark and windless Mirrormere
There lies his crown in water deep'Til Durin wakes again from sleep
A deadly sword, a healing hand
A trumpet - voice, a burning hand
A lord of Wisdom...Fire and shadow - both defied
In Khazad-DÃ»m his wisdom died
In joy thou hast livedIf thou hearest the cry of the Gull on the shore
Thy soul shall then rest in the forest no more...

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