

# Fangorn

## Battlelore

The southern end of the Misty Mountains  
Waters of Entwash and Limlight  
There it stands, the mighty wood of great age  
Hiding secrets from the early years  
Once so green and great that it reached  
All over the Eriador  
Huge tracts of lost lands  
Beleriand covered by this great vast forest  
Creatures hiding in the deepest shadows  
Keeping the darkest ones away  
Great guardians, fathers of woods  
Defending their ancient pride  
Long ago they wandered the land  
Nowadays there's left only a few  
Others crushed by the armies of unlight  
In Fangorn there lives the eldest one  
The eldest of the ents  
This forest named after him  
Fangorn, Treebeard  
The guardian of his lands  
The oldest being in Arda  
So much evil he has seen  
So much shadows in his dreams  
With his heart full of grief  
He trusts and still believes  
To his kingdom so serene  
For his entlings and him  
Hear me my fellow ents  
It's time to march into the battle  
The evil has raped our lands too much  
So many brothers gone by the darkness  
Every orc under the banner of the hand  
Will be crushed by our hate and anger  
Every Uruk who stands against our power  
Will be teared apart from his life  
The white hand of Saruman  
All his glory soon beaten down  
All the walls and towers of Isengard  
Destroyed by the entish wrath  
Die, die uruk-hai!  
The war is over and all is silent  
Ravens fly to Isengard  
Tall creatures with the shape of a tree  
Marching north with victory  
Their work is now finished

Ents have crushed their enemy  
Dead uruk's every where  
Reign of Saruman gone for good

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