

Land Of Impenetrable Darkness

Abyssic Hate

Scathing flames black as the night
Transform into a powerful shape
Black warriors in a cursed land

Are embraced by the winters dusk
Unholy trinities form beneath the stars
They shall return from beyond these gates

Horror and pain infect their skin
As he steps from the mist
Screams of pain sweep the enchanted lands
By the red moons of Mordor
Furious winds caress the robes
Of the nine horned beasts
His mortal foes are but destroyed
From the ruins do they arise
Savages from all foreign shores

Will hear their tormented cries
The flames of the fire contain nine darkened hearts
All weak skin they wither and transform
Unleashed powers as the ring is restored

Eternal cremations where death is their strength
The hymns of mourning and sorrow embrace the once world
Pure evil forces infect these bitter winds

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