

Join the Legion

Cirith Ungol

Our comrades in arms lying dead in the streets
From choking on metal that s spineless and weak.
The Jackals are gloating, with victory in hand.
But the last true believers rise up from the land, Howling our metal we light up the world,
And the banner of Ungol is proudly unfurled.
Raising our legion, and now you belong,
And the point of the blade will be screaming our song, Crushing the upstarts with steel in hand,
Our forces together, and nothing can stand.
The Legion of Chaos shall vanquish the wrong,
And sweep them aside to make way for the strong,

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