

Orcrist

Battlelore

Shadows hiding, the deepest dark
The game is on for the hunt
The gleam I wear burns your eyes
With the fear I shall thrive

Night casts its veil
Thousands of stars lead the way
You by my side
Until the end of time

There is no place
In a world of silence
Where you can't be found
You are on my ground

The funeral moon behind the clouds
Glowing grim and blue
Streams of black flow around
Dead black eyes, the cleaving sound

Night casts its veil
Thousands of stars lead the way
You by my side
Until the end of time

"The Great Goblin gave a truly awful howl of rage when he looked at it, and all his soldiers gnashed their teeth, clashed their shields, and stamped. They knew the sword at once. It had killed hundreds of goblins in its time, when the fair elves of Gondolin hunted them in the hills or did battle before their walls. They had called it Orcrist, Goblin-cleaver, but the goblins called it simply Biter. They hated it and they hated worse any one that carried it."

Murderers and elf-friends!
Slash them! Beat them! Bite them! Gnash them!
Take them away to dark holes full of snakes
And never let them see the light again!

There is no place
In a world of silence
Where you can't be found
There is no shelter (There is no shelter)
No cave nor dungeon (No cave nor dungeon)
You are on my ground (You are on my ground)
There is no place (There is no place)
In a world of silence