

Middle Earth

English Dogs

Climbing higher and higher
The mountaintop grows ever near
Winding like a cobra
This dangerous way that I have to endure

Demons are awaiting
Their moment to conquer the world
Their ritual beginning
Deep inside of Middle Earth

Two suns nearly meeting
To cast the light in the dark
The stone is preparing
To be used for evil, there's no turning back

I look and I see
The altar, the prison for the Eye
But then, to my horror
The entrance of evil is shaped as a "T"

Four I have seen now, but my will is strong
Fight for my homeland, I must go on
Feeling the strength of the souls that rely on me

I throw caution to the wind
In a last attempt for the stone
Demons separate, there he stands
The messenger, against me on my own