

Guardians

Isengard

He was the choosen one
Old and grey
He had lived forever

They had to go from the northern lands
Through war and rage
He had to break the spell

Blinded by the light

The sun was down the grey man came
With stories from the past
A ring was made in dragon flame
The wizard came at last
The dawning came from withered lands
Beyond the early spring
A broken sword in his hand
The crownless will be king

The world is dark in mountains old
In caverns made of stone
The light of sun is black and cold
No shadow stands alone
In elven halls the prophet spoke
"The black skies shall turn grey"
A silver stream and wisdom woke
"The morning will be day"

Guardians
We are the guardians of Isengard
Guardians of Isengard

The world was young
The mountains tall
In elder days
Before the fall
The winds were warm
Beneath the sky
If his kingdom will come
A dreaming eye
Can't fade away
Can't dream away

Someday the geat king will return
Look in his eyes you'll see them burn
And by his wisdom you will learn
Someday the great king will return

The day is behind the night ahead
And there are many paths to tread
A deadly sword a healing hand
He will return into his land