To Erebor

Wind Rose

Hear from afar the mountain's call,
Cries an era lost in fire,
For the long forgotten hoard,
Quenched the dwarves' desire…

Baruk Khazad!
Sigin-tarag!
Gimil Khazad!
Khazâd ai-menu! [2x]

Once from the golden halls,
The mighty rumble of the hammers,
Echoed deep within the earth,
For the forgotten hoard,
And for the solitary mountain,
We're declaring our return…

Dwarves of yore! (The time has come!)
Hammers high! (Straight to war!)
Hear my words…
We are returning,
Claim the throne! (Erebor!)
Break the curse! (The mountain calls!)
Trust my will,
We are returning home…

A raven in the storm,
A harbinger of rising cold,
A tremor in your blood,

That awakens you in the night…

When the lights are gone, the axes fall,
A king is to return…
Now the time has come, into Middle-Earth we ride,
For the crown, seven stars ablaze over the night…

When the lights are gone, the axes fall,
A king is to return…

Dwarves of yore! (Sigin-tarag!)
Hammers high! (To your will!)
Keep the stride!
We are returning home…
Open eyes,
Shield the thief (Side by side!)
Our reward? (The Arkenstone!)

What we live for!

To the burrow of the beast,
The dragon's ire more fierce than fire,
We have sworn to erase,
Hammers fell like ringing bells,
Recall the glory of the dwarves,
From the hollow halls…

Hear (Far away),
From afar the mountain's call,
Cries an era lost in fire,
For the long forgotten hoard…
Quenched the dwarves' desire…

A raven in the storm,
A harbinger of rising cold,
A tremor in your blood,

That awakens you in the night…

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Over the hills,
There's a terror awakened,
We will stand in our father's halls,
As the prophecy told…

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A harbinger of rising cold,
A tremor in your blood,

That awakens you in the night…

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A king is to return…
Now the time has come, into Middle-Earth we ride,
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