

Minas Tirith

Arrayan Path

Minas Tirith

Through the Fields of Gondor
built to Guard the Ruins
strong and proud and beyond Horizons
the Tower of the Sun
hear the Tale of the Stone City

Oh Minas Tirith rising
let me see your Fire
and now the Children Cry
and now the Angels sigh
Oh Minas Tirith rising
filled with the Desire
to cross your Hills and Die
upon your Mountainside
and now the Souls of all the Men
who saw reality
and every cursed one.
I want to see you Bleed
that now your Children Cry but
your Walls are like the Phoenix
rise rising again

Dying Earth I wonder
why you cursed your Children
my dying Breath on my Final Journey

In the Tower of the Sun
in this age of a Thousand Winters

SPOKEN:

The Hill of Guard,
is fasing East
the white City of Kings,
will never know your Name
and as we Fight,
Sword with Sword
in front of the City Walls,
we Die with Pride