

## Frodo's Dream

Van Canto

Standing on the top of the mighty hill  
Faint voices are blowing with the wind  
The light of the moon glistens in his hair  
As he stands alone and abandoned by the night  
He is caught, but meant to be free  
He is strong, his power comes from within  
And as shadows so big cover the moon with black  
He raises his head and lifts his arms up to the sky  
His wand creates a mighty lightning  
An eagle appears to bear him away  
The wolves they cry out frightening  
And wind blows through his hair as he flies away  
Into the night  
Soon he disappears  
And in the back the attack of the black riders start  
The sound of black hooves echoes in his mind  
But forever he will roam  
Forever he'll be there to fly away  
And no one ever stops him on his way  
The strong ones they were born to survive, not to die  
And I wake up awaiting my last cry