

Storms

Shall reign upon our hearts and minds
To watch us fall
Determination and the will of many shall overcome
Our tears that have only forced our will and might
Into this past that binds and keeps
Our glorious dreams from breathing life

Across these sacred lands
And ancient battlegrounds
Into an empty shell
That we ourselves have yet to fill
We fall into false sense
And only strive to stand,
And fight until that final day
We'll rise above... ALL!

The call to arms is at present hand,
Before us all lies our own lives
To die with honor and the will to strive
We'll show them all that we as one carry honor,
Pride and our banners high
No mortal man shall strip us of this day
When we shall reign in glory...

Forward march into blistering might
Throughout the ages and through the night

Forward, to Isengard
Forward storms of Isengard
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