

Orcs im Frühling

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Kapitel 1: Orc's in Springtime

Spring. Do'ya see it?
The nasty sun comes early
and sends its rays of light
to our un-delight.
Birds are singing,
the bells in our ears are ringing.

Spring. So warm!
From freezing to feazing.
It melts away the ice
that is... somewhat nice.
It casts out the bone-chilling cold,
our beasts are feeling bold.

Spring. Horribly green.
Plants are so pretty. And vile.
Look! Flowers!
Don't trample them,
yet; send out the plowers!
Kill an elf, once in a while.

Spring! Just before summer.
We hate it, we awaite it.
It gives us food,
which is kinda good.
Need some flesh,
Need some bones, our master groans.

Spring! Raining
Raining, wrrr, it's wet.
Washes away my dirt,
give me a new shirt,
darts and bows,
our anger grows.

Spring!
Spring to your feet! Spring to attention!
Spring to the arms! Spring into action!
We spring from Darkness,
what a mess - our homes are caverns,
but now storm into the taverns!

Kapitel 2: Manwe's Folk

Golden creatures, Manwe's folk with

Wings as broad as hope

Arriving!

In the dark shadows of Erebor, where they fought about precious white and gold and

Here in the last alliance, when the other precious woke desire and defiance – so vast!

Irrevocable fates have been fulfilled and death is coming near and fast

Rescue them in the end, the brave and the bold.

Kapitel 3: Helm's Deep

The noblest horseman of all riders
Helm's Deep, the last shelter for your kin, for in the end
Orcs are coming and demanding
Death for all their enemies.
Endure! Raise your spirits and your head, ride on and on and
Neighing and Screaming you must fight until you see the relieving light.