

Orcs im Frühling

Geschichten und Gedichte aus Mittelerde

Von Venedig-6379

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.