

Misty Mountains – Hobbit

M-m-m

Far over the Misty Mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away, ere break of day,
To find our long forgotten gold
The pines were roaring on the height,
The winds were moaning in the night
The fire was red, it flaming spread;
The trees like torches blazed with light

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Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych