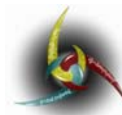




Ainur - From Ancient Times -



Ulmo's Voice - The Power of Unlight

Lyrics: Wilma Collo,
Music: G. Castelli, Luca & Marco Catalano



"Arise from sleep, although
the night is meek
And calm the breath of Earth
below the stars,
Into the space where thoughts
and visions speak
Where desire smoulders
and disquiet jars.

You Turgon, whom the Elves
have called the Wise,
Oh, hear the secret voice
and heed its call
A superb city
on a hill will rise
In mourning and destruction
it will fall.

O Finrod, in the caves
beneath the hills
The form of your desire
will grow alive
To feed the triumph
of the flame that kills
And no shadow
of glory shall survive:

The subtle spectre of distress draws near
Awakening the siege of obscure fear."

