

# Riddles in the Dark

[Howard Shore](#)

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 heights,  
The wind was moaning in the night,  
The fire was red, it flaming spread,  
The trees like torches blazed with light.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>