

Lord Vicar, The Last Of The Templars

Coming through the night
I am carried by the wind
Mansion in my sight
I'm the redeemer of the sin

He met me by the door
Praying for the dead
Remembering the war
And how I always walked ahead

Son, cry for Jerusalem
Where the order raised their Steel
To fight the hordes of men
And to claim back every hill

I walk the night alone
Unholy friend of fear
My flute is made of bone
The sound is cold and clear

A whisper in the dark
My hand will never fail
You will know my mark
Silence will prevail

King of the Dead...