

# The Last of the Templars

Lord Vicar

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...