

Mork Gryning "Templars"

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Gorgon

We are templars, of an old order
And we are believers, of an old conception

Before the birth of time we roamed spaces unknown
Undreamed of dreams, fabulous scenes
A spectacle beyond the most vivid human fantasy

A crown of glory adorned our shapes
The night sky was our home and the stars our desolate
hosts

Templars, I summon thee my friends so old
Awaken from thine dwelling sleep
And let us once more ride our steeds to eradicate the
weak

Have you heard the starwinds blow?

Far our where the watchers lure
You should be pleased of your ignorance
For knowledge can be a most dreadful curse

A crown...

Templars...

My words shall sound the alarm, legions awakened to
arm
My sword shall shatter the bonds, and we'll see what'll
come from beyond

Oh, rise our legions
Feel the rage at heart
An army of ghouls and demons
Led by the templars

Do you hear the starwinds blow?
And do you feel the darkness creeping upon you?

