

Reverend & The Makers

"Last Of The Templars"

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Coming through the night
I am carried by the wind
Mansion in my sight
I am redeemer of the sinned

He met me by the door
Praying for the dead
Remembering the war
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

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

King of the Dead
King of the Dead
King of the Dead
King of the Dead

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