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Reverend Bizarre "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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