

Riding towards the war,
Like noble ancient knights.
Down on their knees they fall,
Before the evil eyes.

The symbol of salvation under darkened clouds,
Facing demons that fell from above.
The legions of pure evil marching through our world,
And the eyes of the grave turn so cold.

The modern martyr calling from the lost millennium.

Trust in the word and they,
Die by the crucifix.
Drifting further away,
Into a night of mist.
Preachers of the fallen temple,
Struggling on to raise the crucifix.

Disciples worship icons in their church of gold,
While the masses keep walking on by.
Scriptures of wisdom fading on the walls of stone,
As a flower when winter arrives.

The modern martyr calling from the lost millennium.

Riding towards the war,
Like noble ancient knights.
Down on their knees they fall,
Before the evil eyes.

Preachers of the fallen temple,
Struggling on to raise the crucifix.

The choir of angels standing by the monument,
Singing praise lead by this harmony.
As darkness falls in the protected paradise,
The world outside still waits for the feast.

Trust in the word, and they,
Die by the crucifix.
Trust in the word, yes they,
Die by the crucifix.

Drifting further away,
Into a night of mist.
Riding towards the war,
Like noble ancient knights.
Down on their knees they fall,
Before the evil eyes.

Preachers of the fallen temple,
Struggling on to raise the crucifix.