

# The Sail Of Charon

## Scorpions

Dark night, there is no light  
In the realm of the black magic man  
Soul's flight into the cold blight  
Of the destroyer's magic land  
Poor man, whose spirits are stronger  
They're the ones who will reign  
You're struggles are in vain  
Blind man, you're suckin' your own blood  
Soon black magic's dying  
You'd better start crying  
Blind man, you're suckin' your own blood  
Soon black magic's dying  
You better start crying  
Throw out your evil desire  
The dark king's kingdom is  
Made out of mire  
Throw out your evil desire  
The dark king's kingdom is  
Made out of mire  
Keep on for the kingdom of light  
There is no darkness, there is no night

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