

Dark River

Septic Flesh

[Music: Chris A. Sotiris V. Spiros A., Lyrics: Sotiris V.]Can you pay the fair?

Open your mouth and spit the buried coin

The boat is ready to sail

Step inside

I am the ferryman

We'll sail the river of woe

The Dark River

Dark River

On its brink is the end of hope

The Dark River

AcheronAnd a wind blew like the breath of a dying man

And the waters spawned sounds

From the motion of slimy reptile tonguesMy guests are many

And they won't leave this peaceful place of fading screams

Eyes shut

Gaze mesmerized at the circular form of zero

They sailed the river of woe

The Dark River

Dark River

They found the end of hope

The Dark River

Dark River

They found the end of hope

The Dark River

AcheronOn tunnels underground

chthonian delties mock

the icons that turned blank

The shades of the once beautifulCan you pay the fair?

Open your mouth and spit the buried coin

The boat is ready to sail

Step inside

I am the ferryman

Acheron

Dark River

Acheron

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