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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