

# Charon, House Of The Silent

Cold rising around the silent house where the love in bloom died with the last harvest  
Whispering walls remembrance to hold and the voices they weep no one hears, no one hears.  
So is the moon reflecting back your sorrow, surely I'll follow  
Laying beside your bed waiting for the last breath  
Can it be done, can it be saved till we apart  
Slowly ran water down to fill you  
Slowly turns tide for us to weep  
For this I was given the silent house and the voices are dead, buried in to my head, buried in to my  
So is the moon reflecting back your sorrow, surely I'll follow  
Laying beside your bed waiting for the last breath  
Can it be done, can it be saved till we apart  
Slowly ran water down to fill you  
Slowly turns tide for us to weep  
For this I was given birth  
For this I was given name  
Slowly ran water down to reap.