

# Scorpions, The Sail Of Charon

(Ulrich Roth)

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 a little too weary  
You're starting to...

Blind man, you're suckin' your own blood  
Soon black magic's dying  
You'd better start crying

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Throw out your evil desire  
The dark king's kingdom is  
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Keep on for the kingdom of light  
There is no darkness, there is no night