

# Scorpions, The Sails Of Charon

Dark night, there is no light  
In the realm of the black magic man  
Souls flight into the cold blight  
Of the destroyer's magic land

Poor man! Those 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

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Burn out your evil desire  
The dark Angel's kingdom is  
Made out of mire

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Keep on for the kingdom of light  
There is no darkness  
And there is no night