

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