

Testament, Sails Of Charon

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 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

Blind man, you're suckin' your own blood
Soon black magic's dying
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Throw out your evil desire
The dark king's kingdom is
Made out of mire

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