Pallbearer, Devoid of Redemption

The old man approached the river
His gray head hanging low
His frail bones, tired and weakened
Stepped beyond the shore into the cold

And he knew there is no hope for redemption
No mercy would fall upon his wretched head
A wicked soul, who did not long to see the sunrise
With sullen heart, he cursed the churning waves around him

Swept into the dark, too late to return, he breathed in
From the emptiness, fear rose up in his throat
And then he knew

No more time, no more breath
No more hope, no more dawn
Only void