

## Boatman's Call

Ereb Altor

A man in coat unknown  
A voice so dark and cold  
And skin pale and white  
He walks throughout the land  
Sickness and death in his trace  
Men reeks of fear when he arrives  
Slowly by foot he scorched the land  
Until a river of greatness appears at his feet

Driven by a force from beyond  
He must pass to complete his task  
No one can deny his will  
He can turn himself into a friend

Deceiving and deadly he is  
And the boatman  
Fooled to row the boat to the other side

After the crossing he said:  
"I will not pay you  
I'll give you a gift  
A blessing from plague  
When the others will die  
You will live"

The boatman returns to his shore  
Finding the mark of the plague  
All are dead  
Left all alone, he search the lands  
All he ever found was death  
The boatman's call  
A wish to die, torment of solitude  
The boatman's call