

Can you pay the fair?  
Open your mouth and spit the buried coin  
The boat is ready to sail  
Step inside  
I am the ferryman  
We'll sail the river of woe  
The Dark River  
Dark River  
On its brink is the end of hope  
The Dark River  
Acheron

And a wind blew like the breath of a dying man  
And the waters spawned sounds  
From the motion of slimy reptile tongues

My guests are many  
And they won't leave this peaceful place of fading screams  
Eyes shut  
Gaze mesmerized at the circular form of zero  
They sailed the river of woe  
The Dark River  
Dark River  
They found the end of hope  
The Dark River  
Dark River  
They found the end of hope  
The Dark River  
Acheron

On tunnels underground  
chthonian deltias mock  
the icons that turned blank  
The shades of the once beautiful

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