

## Sails of Charon

### Testament

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

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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