

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