

Charon "House Of The Silent"

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Cold rising around the silent house where the love in
bloom died with the last harvest
Whispering walls remembrance to hold and the voices
they weep no one hears, no one hears.
So is the moon reflecting back your sorrow, surely
I'll follow
Laying beside your bed waiting for the last breath
Can it be done, can it be saved till we apart
Slowly ran water down to fill you
Slowly turns tide for us to weep
For this I was given the silent house and the voices are
dead, buried in to my head, buried in to my head
So is the moon reflecting back your sorrow, surely
I'll follow
Laying beside your bed waiting for the last breath
Can it be done, can it be saved till we apart
Slowly ran water down to fill you
Slowly turns tide for us to weep
For this I was given birth
For this I was given name
Slowly ran water down to reap.

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