

## Raising Fear "Charon"

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The souls are approaching their destinies  
Trembling in darkness and lost  
By the Acheron river they gather confused  
And slowly the ferry arrives  
A man silhouette through the sulfurean mists  
On the boat that carries the dead  
Its voice comes profoundly  
Resounding in the air  
In awe the shadows retreat

A figure in black  
Fiery and grim  
Tall, skinny old man  
Charon (lunga e sfuma sulla prossima parola)

Woe to you  
Wicked spirits! Hope not  
Ever to see the sky again

I come to take you  
To the other shore across  
Into eternal darkness, there to dwell  
In fierce heat and in ice

Sighs... lamentations...  
Loud Moans... Dispair...

The old man is here to collect them all  
Those spirits, faint and naked, gashing their teeth  
Demonic figure with coal burning eyes  
Beckons and strikes with his oar  
All those who linger on the dark wretched strand  
Voice outcrying deep and hoars

Chorus

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