

# Pallbearer, Devoid of Redemption

The old man approached the river  
His gray head hanging low  
His frail bones, tired and weakened  
Stepped beyond the shore into the cold

And he knew there is no hope for redemption  
No mercy would fall upon his wretched head  
A wicked soul, who did not long to see the sunrise  
With sullen heart, he cursed the churning waves around him

Swept into the dark, too late to return, he breathed in  
From the emptiness, fear rose up in his throat  
And then he knew

No more time, no more breath  
No more hope, no more dawn  
Only void