

The crossing

**Rebirth**

Why is the sun so cold and so black?  
What are these sins that weigh on my back?  
Why are my tears nailed to my face?  
What is this dreadful and unhappy place?

A flickering flame beats in my chest  
The bowed back of Charon beckons his guest  
The wind of a scythe. A whispering slash  
The so very quiet sound of a splash

The river is wide and dark and deep  
So many souls must the ferryman keep  
The flow to salvation so slow and so long  
The ebb-tide of wrongs past, so equally strong

Marred by the silt and the shingle of sin  
The price has been paid. Let the light come back in